Nash Describes The Waco Crucifixio

Edited by FENTON JOHNSON

Pictorial Review of Recent Race Events

George W. Harris Discusses Colored Citizens and the Campaign

The Inauguration of Principal Moton

Wm. Pickens on "Carrizal" and Ten Other Big Features

September, 1916

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The Champion Magazine

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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs relating to Negro life and current Negro events desired. When not available and accompanied by necessary postage, they will be returned.

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A Confidential Talk

We presume that you like the initial number of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE. The Editorial Department has striven hard to give the reading public what it wants. This is the first colored magazine to recognize the importance of theatricals, music and athletics. We want this to be the magazine of the masses, for after all one finds that the masses have the greatest intelligence.

The October number will be twice as good as this number. "The Ledger" will be more complete, there will be reports and feature stories of every Negro convention in August, and numerous illustrations. "Scrip" will tell you of an interview he had with the shade of George Walker in the delightful Scrip manner, and Binga Dismond, the famous athlete, will tell you about colored baseball teams. Yes, there will be a short story and probably some verse.

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The Circulation Department

The Champion Magazine

Vol. No. 1 September, 1916 No. 1

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE

BORN of the desire to serve a struggling race impartially, THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE comes out of the wilderness with the aim to make racial life during this twentieth century a life worth living. America cannot accomplish her purpose so long as her peoples remain unassimilated. The Negro, due to a prejudice born of politics and the spirit of slavery, has remained alien, and will remain alien so long as his problems are placed in the hands of propagandists.

The great mission upon which THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE has embarked is that of the reconciliation of the races. We will strive to our utmost to produce a better feeling between black and white; we will aim to lift up the spirit of the Negro so that he may be able to realize that he is a force in world achievement. THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE will do all in its power to impress upon the world that it is not a disgrace to be a Negro, but a privilege.

Racial enmities we will not brook. Nor will we tolerate that within the race that tends to prevent the race from reaching its millennium. We will give a square deal to all, holding malice toward none and extending the olive branch wherever possible.

JUSTICE HUGHES

JUSTICE HUGHES, the Republican nominee, is worthy of the highest commendation. He is a man of principle, a man of purpose, and a man who is more closely allied to public interests than to politics. He is a dangerous man for Wall Street, and likewise a dangerous man for the Bourbon South.

Charles Hughes has always been an unwavering friend of the Negro. At Albany and Washington alike, he has stood for the principle exemplified by the great Theodore, "A square deal for all, regardless of race, color, creed or previous condition of servitude." The crimes like those of the Taft and Wilson administrations can not be found in the record of Governor Hughes. On the Supreme Court bench he has proven himself another Harlan. It is due to him more than any other man that the notorious Grandfather Clause has been repudiated by the highest judicial body in this country.

The Negro loves his friends and wishes men of such calibre all that fortune may grant them. As for Hughes, he will, unless he does something contrary to his record, pass into history crowned with the gratitude of ten million swarthy Americans who know no flag but the Stars and Stripes.

ROBERT RUSSA MOTON

ROBERT RUSSA MOTON has, with all due pomp and ceremony, assumed the robes of the late Booker T. Washington. His accession to the chief office at Tuskegee Institute places him at the head of the industrial order in the South.

The eyes of the world are upon him. What will he do now that he has control of the Booker T. Washington machinery? Will he follow in the footsteps of his great predecessor, or will he, in the name of false conservatism, sell out to the enemies of his race?

We do not think that Moton will be

untrue to the trust placed in him. He may not be the genius that Washington was, but he has the insight of one who may profit by the failures of others. The industrial South cannot triumph by the enthroning of racial conflict. The world at large desires to see Mr. Moton practice the doctrine that made Booker T. Washington great: "I will let no man drag me down by making me hate him." Love is the keynote of success; cowardice is the beginning of failure.

HOT WEATHER RELIEF

DURING the summer months no portion of the American population suffers so much as the poor of the Negro race. America has plenty of charities dealing with conditions that grow out of both peace and war, but she has none that comes directly to the material relief of the black man. Fresh air funds, Salvation Army outings and other summer features are for those of the more fortunate race. For the Negro child whose parents cannot afford high rents it is the slums, with its filth and its narrow confinement, month in and month out.

Cannot something be done to relieve the North of the horrors of its Federal Street and its San Juan Hill? Cannot we give playgrounds to the dark children that they might not be confined to the streets? Cannot we clean up the slums of such cities of the South as New Orleans, Atlanta and Louisville?

What is the answer?

THE NEGRO EXODUS

AND so we are to have a race problem in the North! Strange news! Negro labor is to compete with white labor in States that have hitherto made Negroes economic dependents. The war—that horrible war that is turning the world upside down—is responsible for this innovation. And yet the world moves on and the irresponsible element of the South continues lynching and all the other evil results of propaganda.

If trained Negro labor is respected, the North need have no fear. The cheap laborer is undesirable in any race; weed him out. Lift the Negro from the position of a menial and instead of regretting it, the white North will rejoice. There will be no conditions similar to those on the Pacific coast. The Negro has a higher conception of life than the Chinese coolie. Economically, he gives more to this country than any of the other alien groups.

We gladly welcome this exodus. It will cause a more equitable distribution of the Negro population and therefore a lightening of racial prejudice.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

NO white American poet of the older generation has so touched the heart of the Negro as the late James Whitcomb Riley. His poetry was born of that simplicity that touches a peasant race as easily as the music of a harp or a fiddle. He knew the great outdoors—the fields, the water, the sky; he knew how to sing of them as no other poet has since the New England supremacy.

In this country Riley's name will be coupled with that of Paul Laurence Dunbar. There is much in common between the Negro dialect of Kentucky and the Hoosier idiom, and there is also much in common between the minds of Dayton's poet and Indiana's bard. It is then no wonder that Mr. Riley was the first to recognize talent in the little black elevator boy.

The Negro regrets the passing of Riley as much as he would regret the passing of one of his own singers. Thus we see the great Hoosier played upon the universal heartstrings.

CARRIZAL

THOSE who fought in that ill-starred skirmish at Carrizal, Mexico, and fell, martyrs in the struggle to preserve order on the border, were of the race that is today the footstool of civilization. They have proven beyond doubt the courage of the Negro

and his loyalty to the American flag. The white race that yesterday despised the black man takes off its hat to the Negro, and with bowed head repeats the words of Rudyard Kipling: "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Dhin."

A WORTHY RESIGNATION

STATE UNIVERSITY, a colored Baptist school located at Louisville, Ky., is to be congratulated upon the resignation of the Rev. Wm. T. Amiger, for several years President of that institution. The Amiger administration has not been a credit to State University, owing to lack of executive ability on the part of its head. An unpaid, turbulent faculty, a dissatisfied student body, and the failure to co-operate for the welfare of the community at large, made the Rev. Mr. Amiger an undesirable educational leader.

Of course, State University is not important when compared with the major schools of the race, or even the minor schools, but it is a truth that in the smallest of incidents important lessons can be gleaned. The Amiger resignation should teach the Negro race at large that all its institutions should be very careful in the selection of its officials.

THE WACO CRUCIFIXION

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, aroused by the horrors of the Waco Crucifixion, has instituted an anti-lynching fund for the purpose of wiping out the greatest of American evils. Lynching is not an American sentiment; it is the expression of an undesirable portion of the people. Texas is disgraced and should feel her disgrace. Every public-spirited citizen, anxious to preserve Americanism, should contribute to a cause that would enable Texas to become purified.

Roy Nash, Secretary of the Association, tells you the story of the investigation in this issue. Will you help his organization by pledging at least a dollar? Remember, there can be no reconciliation of the races so long as men disregard the law and make a Roman holiday of their disregard, and we cannot remedy such an evil by merely using words. Action backed by money is the only purgative.

THE OBSERVER

"WHEN war breaks out we hear much of fighting for one's country, even when we are denied a country." remarked the Observer.

"Then, I presume," ventured the Critic, "that your ears have been working overtime."

"And so have my eyes," replied the Observer. "I know that those of African descent must endure. I have been traveling thirty years over the Color line. I have seen lynchings, race riots, segregation and numerous other injustices, but I have also witnessed evidences of that forgiving and forgetting spirit that makes the American Negro the most sublime creature in the world—that makes him a brother of Christ Himself. You remember the crucifixion of the Negro at Washington? Woodrow Wilson, that latter day Pilate, to satisfy the lust of a few courtiers pilloried an entire race, and like his Roman progenitor washed his hands of the entire affair. Did the Negro forget? Did the Negro forgive?

"Come with me to an evening in June, not so very long ago, when the country was stirred by the call to war. Everybody in the black belt of Chicago was out, saying good bye to the Fighting Eighth. The war with Mexico was a white man's war, but the Negro was ready to fight for the white man. Brownsville was forgotten, the segregation at Washington was forgotten, the political crimes of Woodrow Wilson were forgotten. All the black man was thinking of was that the flag must be avenged.

"In their khaki uniforms to a martial strain the dusky boys marched down Wabash avenue, proud of the chance to fight for a great country. What cared they if Villa was of Negro descent? He was America's enemy and America's enemies are the Negro's enemies.

"John Brown's body lies amouldering in the grave,

"But his soul goes marching on.

This was the tune the infantry band was playing.

"And I thought of John Buckner and John R. Marshall. It was Buckner—now in his grave

—who founded the unit from which the Eighth was created. Years ago, when I was yet in the cradle, he formed his little band, the Ninth Battalion, that at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom, the leading spirit of Chicago at that time, succeeded in transforming into a regiment. Buckner was the pioneer, the man with the vision; Marshall was the man who realized that vision.

"I remember Marshall when the Eighth was in Cuba. Big, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired, he was inspiring to all who beheld him. His heart was with the Eighth; that was his regiment. The Eighth must be first, all others second. How proud I was to shake his hand when he returned from Cuba! I was a small boy then, and given to hero worship. To me, Colonel Marshall was greater than the President of the United States. I have seen many heroes since—pugilistic heroes, literary heroes, political heroes—but none who filled so brightly my youthful imagination.

"And as the years advanced, I watched my hero closely. When his followers in the springtime of the year marched in their glory I tramped the hot streets of Chicago, eager to see Marshall proudly riding his handsome stallion, the first commander of his race in America. Ah, thought I, what would have been the feelings of John Brown of Osawatomie could he have seen such a sight? Would he not have rejoiced in the race for whom he gave up his life at Harper's Ferry? Could he have lain mouldering in the grave, or would he not have broken the bondage of death and joined that gallant command?

"The uniform inspires patriotism. I forgot about the crucifixion of Sam Hose, the devastation by race riots of Atlanta and Springfield, the thousands held in peonage in the swamp land of the far South. The tattoo of the drum, the reveille of the fife, the epaulets on the Colonel's coat were to me dreams of glory that outshadowed oppression. Let DuBois whine about the evils in the far South and let Trotter cry out against political slavery, I would end my days shouting for Marshall and the Stars and Stripes.

"When manhood came upon me, with all its opportunities, my hero gave up his sword, somewhat as Moses did at Mount Nebo and retired to his private vineyard. There were speeches made, there were dinners given, there were tears shed, and Marshall the soldier became Marshall the citizen.

"The mantle of John R. Marshall fell upon Franklin Dennison, the soldier, leader of thirteen hundred men. He, too, was of that stuff from which Nature makes heroes. You remember that in primitive days men chose their kings by their stature; by that measure, therefore, the younger Colonel is king.

"When Woodrow Wilson cast his die and bade the American militia to cross the Rubicon and enter Mexico, Colonel Dennison was a happy man. And in that supreme hour he

Col. John R. Marshall.

proved himself to be an alert leader and a courageous spirit. Men of this newer generation rallied to him as eighteen years ago the older generation rallied to Marshall. Night and day he was busy at the impressive armory his predecessor built, cementing together the greatest military organization American Negroes have ever had.

"If the black man avenges those of his race who fell at Carrizal, the execution of the duty will fall largely upon Dennison. May he be equal to the task!

"John C. Buckner has gone to his grave. John R. Marshall has retired. But their souls go marching on. They have given the signet

ring to Franklin Dennison. He goes forth to conquer new worlds.

"And the Negro, like Christ, is at his Calvary. In his agony, he looks up to God crying, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' And God from the Heavens that the poets and the artists have glorified thunders forth: 'I have loved the world so much that I gave it the flower of a tried race that they might defend it against its enemies.'"

THE LEDGER

THE McINTYRE TRAGEDY

DURING July Chicago was the scene of a most unfortunate tragedy. Henry McIntyre, a religious fanatic, and his wife slew five members of both races and defied the police until that body was forced to dynamite their house.

Fortunately for the colored people of Chicago—McIntyre was a Negro—the murderers were morons. The Negro of Chicago has no cause to kill his neighbors. The racial situation in that city is as good as can be expected during this generation, due largely to the impartiality of its Mayor, Wm. Hale Thompson.

The daily press of Chicago is to be commended upon its attitude during this tragic event. One word awry would have plunged the city into a deadly race war and probably would have established the basis for race hatred through two coming generations. The Chicago press realized this situation and joined hand in hand to prevent race feeling from gaining the upper hand.

THE NEGRO SOLDIER IN 1898

AGAIN the colored soldier is in the limelight. Should a war with Mexico actually take place, the country will be dependent largely upon the availability of her Negro military service. The question is asked as it has been asked ever since the days of the American Revolution: Is the Negro a reliable soldier?

Of course, Carrizal is in itself the answer. But we might go further in the past than Carrizal. During the Spanish-American War, in addition to saving Colonel Roosevelt and the Rough Riders from annihilation, the Negro soldier has many noble deeds to his credit. It was Corporal Brown of the Tenth Cavalry who lost his life at El Caney while manning a Hotchkiss gun; his martyrdom is said to have saved the lives of hundreds of white American soldiers. At San Juan Hill, Sergeant Berry of the same heroic Tenth was the first to reach the block house, despite a hail of Spanish bullets, and hoist the American flag. We have not the space to relate any more of the courageous achievements of the colored troopers during the brief struggle of 1898.

There were several volunteer organizations during that year. The Eighth I. N. G., officered entirely by colored men, came into existence as an outgrowth of the Ninth Illinois Battalion. There was the Sixth Virginia N. G., whose highest colored officer was Major J. B. Johnson. The Third North Carolina was another regiment officered entirely by men of color, the Ninth Ohio commanded by Col. Chas. Young, now lieutenant colonel in the regular army, the Twenty-third Kansas and the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth U. S. Volunteers.

During the Spanish War, there were two colored paymasters—Major John R. Lynch, an ex-congressman, and Major R. R. Wright.

OAKLAND NEGROES EAGER TO FIGHT

FROM Oakland, Cal., comes the news that over five thousand colored people are making a strenuous appeal for admittance to the United States army. Sergeant James Brennan, in charge of the Oakland depot of the recruiting department, has been refusing Negro applicants. In the appeal it is pointed out that no provisions have been made for Negroes desiring to enter the military service, although thousands are eager to wear the khaki. In the marine and navy service Negroes are excluded entirely.

MEMORIAL FOR CARRIZAL HEROES

THE Negro citizens of Philadelphia held a meeting June 21 at Allen Hall in commemoration of the martyrdom of those colored soldiers who fell in the Carrizal massacre. Bishop Levi J. Coppin was chairman,

and Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom, Editor of the *A. M. E. Review,* the orator of the occasion. The local Negro posts of the Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish-American War veterans and different Negro fraternal organizations were guests of honor.

Memorial services for those gallant dead of the Tenth Cavalry should be held by both races throughout the entire country. They will do much toward making racial conditions better.

THE DE PRIEST ORDINANCE

OSCAR DePRIEST, Chicago's Colored Alderman, has introduced in the city council an ordinance that, should it become effective, will be the most drastic measure concerning Negro rights that has ever been passed. Mr. DePriest proposes that the Mayor of the city shall have the right to revoke the license of any firm that is convicted of "color discrimination." The local press has ridiculed Mr. DePriest's measure to a considerable extent, and even one colored weekly, *The Chicago Defender,* criticised the timeliness of the act.

Those who have followed Mr. DePriest's career closely will remember that he promised during his campaign for the nomination such a law as this. Mr. DePriest is a practical man. He believes in force as the best method for accomplishing an ideal. That is why he made such an able county commissioner and why today he is a leader in the Chicago city council. Perhaps his ordinance is not a dream: let us hope so.

HAMPTON COMES TO MASSACHUSETTS

MANCHESTER, a suburb of Boston, during August held three meetings to aid Hampton Institute in its struggle to raise its annual funds of $125,000. Miss Harriet Curtis of Manchester was the promoter. Dr. Hollis Frissell, Principal of Hampton, was the orator of the occasion, outlining the accomplishments of the school during recent years and its needs for the future. Principal Robert Moton of Tuskegee Institute and Commandant Allen W. Washington of Hampton were the other speakers. The Hampton Quartette, distinguished for its rendition of Negro folk music, furnished the musical part of the program.

The Boston Transcript says: "Hampton has stood as a model for industrial education, but at the same time it has also proved a definite influence for the preservation of the genuine Negro music and for the music of the Indian. Though collections of Indian songs have been made by the Bureau of American Ethnology at Washington and also by individual students of the subject, there is in this country no large organized effort for the study of native folk music, as there is in France, for instance. Of special interest, therefore, is the work that Hampton is doing along these lines."

The customs of the Negro and the Indian before the advent of Hampton's training were demonstrated by the singing of plantation melodies, planting songs and war dances.

CARTER WOODSON'S MAGAZINE

DR. CARTER G. WOODSON, of Washington, D. C., who recently received his doctorate of philosophy from Harvard University, has established a unique magazine, *The Journal of Negro History.* It is for the purpose of creating an interest in the study of Negro lore and is already showing signs of accomplishing its purpose. Dr. Woodson's periodical will be appreciated by the Negro scholar and will be as valuable an institution as Mr. Work's *Year Book.*

The literary Negro is gaining ground. In the A. M. E. Church two of our leading publicists, Dr. R. C. Ransom and Dr. R. R. Wright, Jr., are at the head of the church publications and Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is editor of *The Crisis,* the organ of the N. A. A. C. P. Benjamin Brawley, historian and critic, is Dean of Morehouse College, and Wm. Pickens, poet and essayist, is Dean of Morgan College. The Authors' League of America contains the names of three colored authors as regular members and one as associate member.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE wishes the *Journal of Negro History* long life and prosperity.

A NEGRO TRADE BOYCOTT

THE colored people of Philadelphia are instituting a boycott against the white merchants on South street. The cause of this singular action was the discharge of the colored policeman in South Philadelphia.

C. Grant Williams of the *Philadelphia Tribune* was one of the leaders in the movement. Dr. Alexander Hamum, Pastor of the Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church, was the chief speaker at the mass meeting that established this boycott. "Action" was the keynote of his address.

The boycott system was, before the Great War, a successful practice in German-Poland. The Philadelphia boycott is the first instance

in recent years that American Negroes have attempted to regulate a trade boycott.

NEGRO PHILANTHROPY IN GEORGIA

EDITOR R. R. WRIGHT of *The Christian Recorder,* in a communication to the editor of *The Philadelphia Record,* calls the attention of the country to a Southern philanthropy different from that of endowing Negro schools. He says:

"Editor of *The Record.*

"Please permit me to call attention to the need of a home for destitute colored children in Georgia, which has more than a million and a quarter Negro population, the largest Negro population in any state in the Union.

"There has been recently organized in Savannah, Ga., the Negro Protective Association, whose object is 'to protect and fit for service' these homeless and destitute colored children. Five acres of land have been purchased, and plans have been drawn for a home which does for colored children a service similar to that done by the Children's Aid Societies. We need $10,000 for immediate use, for the erection and equipment of the home. We need also $100,000 for endowment. We wish some benevolent person or persons would give to the Negro Protective Association for these purposes. It would be a good investment. A friend from New York has already sent a check for $1,000. Major R. R. Wright, president of the Georgia State Industrial College, is president of the home. His home address is the Georgia State College, Savannah, Ga. Present address, No. 105 South Thirty-fourth street, Philadelphia. Donations may be sent to him or any one person mentioned here below. References: Hon. W. J. Pierpont, Mayor of Savannah; W. V. Davis, president of the American Bank and Trust Company; W. F. McCauley, of the Savannah Bank and Trust Company; E. M. O'Brien, president of the People's Bank, Savannah; Joseph Parsons, No. 68 Broad street, New York.

"R. R. WRIGHT.

"Philadelphia, July 22, 1916."

DR. DUBOIS' OPEN LETTER

IN the July number of *The Crisis,* the organ of the N. A. A. C. P., the Editor, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, issues an "open letter" to Dr. Robt. Russa Moton, the new Principal of Tuskegee Institute. Dr. DuBois expresses the hopes of the radical group regarding Dr. Moton, asking that he realize the importance of the higher training, the ultimate need of social accumulation and equitable distribution and finally the folly of conciliation to an extreme point. DuBois infers that under Dr. Moton, he expects Tuskegee to become the N. A. A. C. P. of the South, which at this day many consider as an impossibility. Tuskegee is built upon the foundation of good will toward all races and the hope of industrial achievement. It is as necessary to the South as the N. A. A. C. P. is to the North.

Editorially *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* has expressed its views of Dr. Moton. So far as Dr. DuBois is concerned, it sees in him that fine idealism that in the nineteenth century produced our Sumners and our Phillipses and made possible the abolition movement. His mistake is the failure to recognize that there are two parties in the Negro race and that it is as impossible to convert one into the other as it is to change the Democratic party into the Republican party, or to make Catholicism conform with Protestantism. Dr. DuBois' laurels are great. He has awakened the country to the seriousness of the race problem. It is due to him more than any other man that the N. A. A. C. P. is possible, and it is due to him that the conscience of the nation is not allowed to sleep regarding the condition of the Negro.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE hopes that the N. A. A. C. P. will do nothing to disturb Tuskegee's program and that Tuskegee will do nothing to disturb the program of the N. A. A. C. P. Let all elements work together in the hour of danger.

THE FIRST NEGRO MAGAZINE

IT is interesting to note this volume of antebellum days, the bound pages of *The Anglo African* (Vol. 1, Jan.-Dec., 1859), a magazine published by the abolitionists in the interests of the Negro bondman. The book purports to have come from the press of Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman street, New York City, and has a lengthy "apology" or introduction, in which the editor sees for the Negro "glorious destiny" "the Christian religion" and "the equality of man."

"In addition to an exposé of the condition of the blacks, this magazine will have the aim to uphold and encourage the now depressed hopes of thinking black men in the United States," remarks the editor. And later on he adds: "All the products of the pens of colored

men and women, from whom we earnestly solicit contributions."

The Anglo African was to all knowledge the first truly significant Negro magazine in this country. Among its most distinguished contributors were such immortals as Bishop Payne, John M. Langston, Frances E. Watkins and Alexander Crummel. The opening number had for its frontispiece a steel engraving of Alexandre Dumas that is very valuable, inasmuch as it gives us an idea of the great novelist during his youth.

Sociologists who might examine this volume would see therein much to compare with racial conditions today. A United States judge of that day declared "Colored men have no rights that white men are bound to respect," a clipping from *The St. Louis Democrat* dated July 20, 1859, stated that two Negroes were hanged by a Missouri mob and another burnt alive, and in the footnote to an article on "Chess," it was stated that the colored people of New York had over a million dollars in savings banks.

So far as the contents of this magazine and literature itself are concerned, they compare favorably with the average periodical literature of that day. So far as the present era is concerned they would do credit to such an offering as *The Nation* or *The Dial.* The Negro, like his Anglo-Saxon neighbor in America, wrote good prose before he wrote good verse. To these pages Martin R. Delany contributed a novel in which the Negro dialect was crude and without the sympathetic qualities of Dunbar and Chesnutt and Joel Chandler Harris; Frances E. Watkins had a good short story of the closest type and here and there were poems that expressed "weary throbbing" and "the weepings of mercy." The verse of this volume was either intellectual or too moral to go on record as good poetry.

The reviewer was interested chiefly in a passage from a phantasy entitled, "Afric-American Picture Gallery." The author purports to find a manuscript written in the year 4000 A. D., during the era of Negro supremacy, in which the passing of the white race is described. This extract will best give you an idea of what was in the Negro mind before the Civil War.

"And they wrapped themselves up in their ease and luxury in hopeful security; and their hand slackened; and great physical and mental weakness came over them; and many changes came in among them; so much so that your forefathers looked upon them with much concern.

"Yea, their hair darkened, so also did their eyes and their skin; and they said unto your forefathers, 'Let us come in among you and be of you and partake of your substance lest we die before our time.'

"And these people dwindle at last to leanness; and their bones became small, and thin, and so did their statures, and their minds became feeble, so much so that they wist not what they did; and finally they disappeared from among the children of men."

It is a clever satire; and we wish that all of both races could read it in its entirety. There is, as there has always been, hope for the Negro in the field of literature. He is a dreamer who knows how to present his dreams so that they do not offend good taste.

Students in history might be interested in the parallel accounts of the Nat Turner Insurrection and the execution of John Brown. They are valuable documents and quite a commentary on the Negro's epic hour.—*Anglo-African Magazine,* Vol. 1, published by Thos. Hamilton, 48 Beekman street, New York City, 1859. Not in circulation.

BRAITHWAITE'S "POETRY REVIEW"

WM. STANLEY BRAITHWAITE, who despite his claim to membership in the African race, is considered the leading critic of the younger school has launched in Cambridge, Mass., a significant magazine. It is called *The Poetry Review* and is devoted to the cause of American poetry. Several of the leading New England literary men are associated with Mr. Braithwaite, among them Edward J. O'Brien, who has done as much for the American short-story as Mr. Braithwaite has for American poetry.

A certain group of American poets have great hope that the venture will be successful. This group feels that Mr. Braithwaite is not entirely in sympathy with the so-called "new poetry." Vers libre is at its best a poor substitute for emotion; its present vogue is very similar to that of the pseudo historical novel at the opening of the twentieth century. A reaction will set in that will free poetry of everything that was extreme, even before the imagists came into power.

Mr. Braithwaite's laurels in the literary world are perhaps the greatest of the Negro's achievements. The young poet of Cambridge has proved his race to be the intellectual peer of the other race.

AUGUST CONVENTIONS

AUGUST is the gala month for Negro conventions. It is the vacation month and, therefore, the most available time for large gatherings wherein men and women may exchange ideas and gain from social contact.

Looking over our calendar, we discover that the National Negro Medical Association will meet in Kansas City, the National Association of Colored Women in Baltimore, Md., and a Masonic conclave in Chicago. If we overlooked any important meeting, please inform us, because we are anxious to make a complete survey of all the conventions in our big October number.

This October number will be worth the perusal of everyone interested in the Negro race. In addition to our regular features, we will have news reports from all the big conventions during August, with photographs done by our special letogravure process. The Negro Business League convention will be especially interesting this year, because it will elect a successor to the late Booker T. Washington. The National Association of Colored Women will choose a successor to Mrs. Margaret Washington, widow of the great educator. Do not fail to place your order early for this unique number.

PHYSICIAN DISCUSSES THE CURBING OF TUBERCULOSIS

AT the annual convention of the Interstate Medical Association, Dr. Chas. H. Lewis, a Negro physician of Philadelphia, declared that "the alarming spread of tuberculosis among Negroes is due entirely to the fact that colored people are compelled, through economic conditions, to live in houses which are poorly ventilated and very unsanitary."

"We have done much to curb the spread of tuberculosis in the Philadelphia black belt," said Dr. Lewis. "We did it solely by educating the members of our race in the fact that their surroundings must be healthful." He denied that tuberculosis is a racial tendency.

This calls the attention of the country to the fact that something must be done to make the Negro slum districts better. Tuberculosis is no respecter of race, any more than the other diseases of mankind, and the neglect of any portion of the population will only do havoc to the entire population.

Let social workers, physicians and other agents for the public welfare unite and make living among the colored citizens better, according to the standards of an advanced age. Let our land owning element make a uniform rent scale, whereby colored people can rent at the same prices white people can rent; and if the landowners refuse such reciprocity, let our legislators regulate our renting scale.

NEGRO DEMOCRATS ORGANIZE

THE colored Democrats met in Chicago, July 12, 1916, and formed the National Colored Democratic League. The following officers were elected: President, Adam S. Patterson of Oklahoma; vice-presidents, A. D. Manning, Jas. L. Curtis and C. B. Jefferson; secretaries, Thos. Wallace Swann and A. H. Underdown; treasurer, Robt. C. Hudspeth of Jersey City.

The new league is very optimistic concerning President Wilson. It commends the Virginian for keeping "our country out of war," and for causing the burial of our massacred troopers in the National Cemetery at Arlington without any discrimination due to race or color. The league, however, says nothing whatsoever concerning segregation at Washington and the elimination of the colored man as an important Federal employe. The absence of Wm. Monroe Trotter is also to be noted.

MRS. WASHINGTON SEES DECLINE OF RACE PREJUDICE

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, who has been filling lecture engagements made by her late husband, was the principal speaker at the outing of the Colored Sunday School Association at Minnehaha Falls, Minn., July 19. Mrs. Washington said in part:

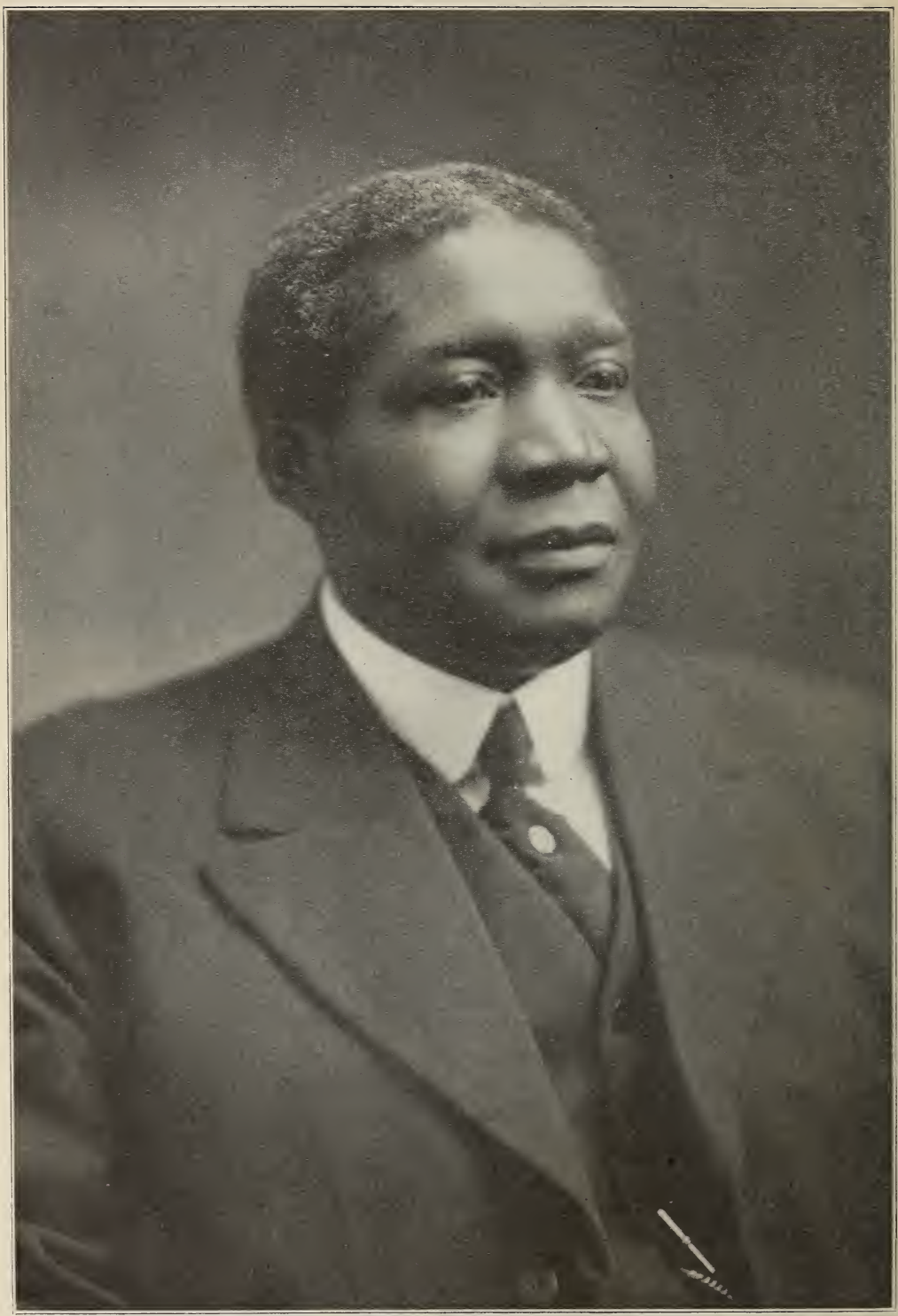
"Conditions are rapidly changing. Race prejudice is passing. In a few years it will be as obsolete as African slavery itself. In my opinion that is fortunate. It will give us an opportunity to adjust ourselves to the wonderful chances that will come to us at the close of the war in Europe."

Mrs. Washington's reception throughout the States has been as enthusiastic as any accorded Dr. Washington himself. As a speaker, she has proven herself to be a good reflection of the dead leader; as a public woman she has given the National Association of Colored Women a creditable administration.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

"SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO."
A Company of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry.

Mobilization of the Eighth Illinois National Guard.



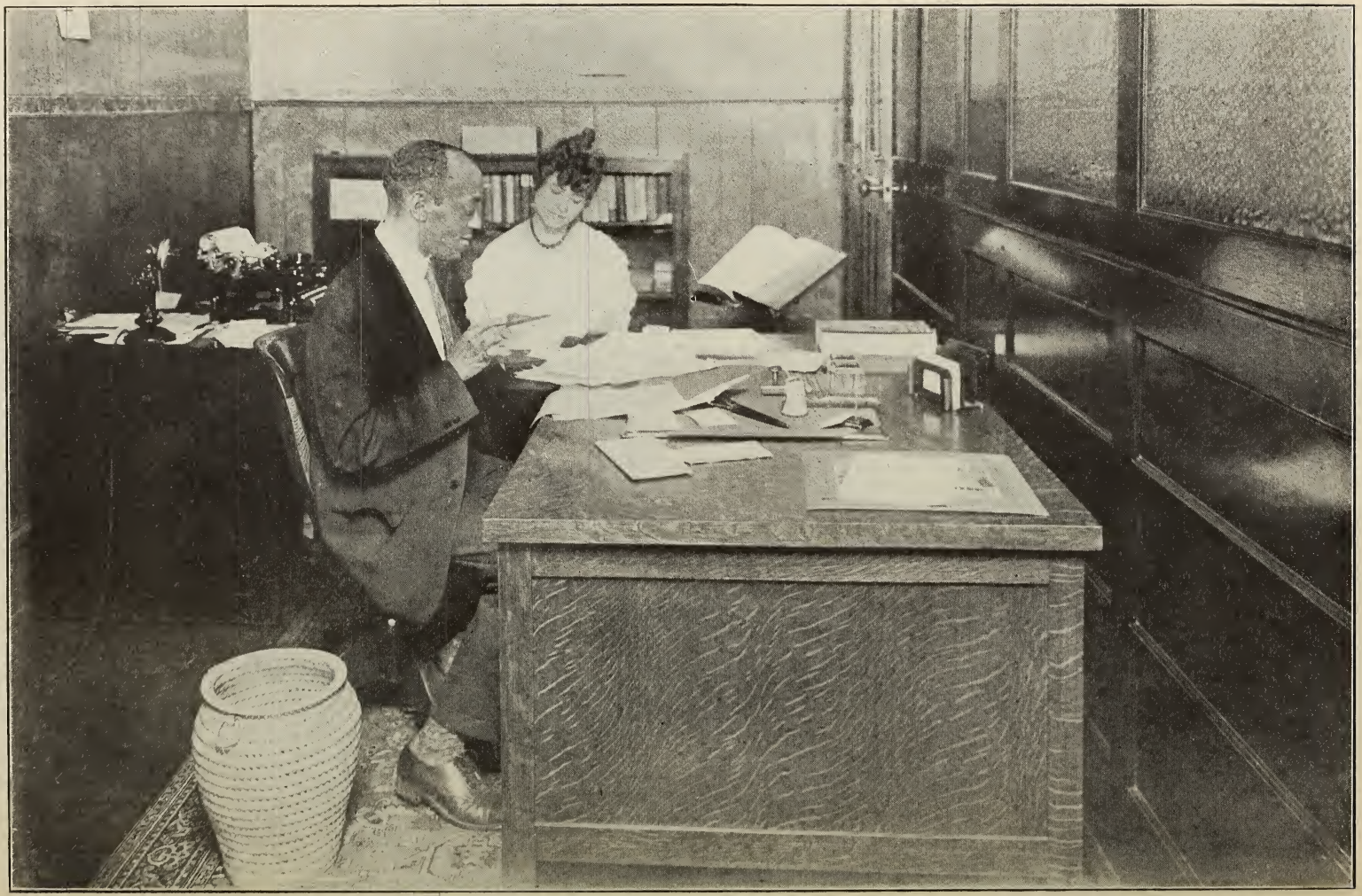
ROBERT RUSSA MOTON,

Recently Inaugurated Principal of Tuskegee Institute.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

The Champion Magazine Building.

The Business Office.



THE EDITORIAL ROOM, THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE. Getting Out the First Number."

Colored Citizens and the Present Campaign

By Geo. W. Harris

IF ever his own condition and that of the country demanded that the colored citizen of these United States take high ground, that time is now. That he again take thought of the nation rather than himself is the duty devolving upon him. That he again unselfishly seek to re-establish the strength, stability and honor of the republic, though his own position as an equal citizen of the republic be doubtful and insecure, is the bitter patriotic pill he again must swallow.

He must further frankly see that the rewards to follow the great service which he can and must render his country in this time of stress and storm will not be commensurate with that service. Now, as always before in the nation's crises, it devolves upon him to resolutely face the future with hope and courage. He must act just as did those black men in the early exploration and discovery of this country. Though they died by thousands, though till this day they remain unwept and unsung, though Balboa, Cortez, Coronado, Ponce de Leon, Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clarke, and Fremont and Commodore Peary alone get the credit. History must record that these brave black slaves chose the better part in their unselfish achievement. They helped to explore a new continent and to establish a new nation and the great republic of all times. Just as their grandsons, likewise slaves, fought 178,000 strong in 1861 to 1865 to preserve the Union; just as at home in the South they defended and protected the women, children and property entrusted to their care while their masters were fighting at the front to keep them enslaved; just as at San Juan Hill, though their race was segregated and disfranchised, they freed a foreign people and saved a future American President; just so today even as they are being called upon to die at the front in Mexico to avenge a nation's honor, in November the colored voters in this country will be called upon to turn the tide at the polls in favor of a strong Americanism and a new reconstruction, a new heaven and a new earth. However vague and abstract the term "Americanism" may seem to the Caucasian of this country, to the colored citizen, "Americanism" represents something as real as freedom and something as dear as life itself.

The Americanism which he seeks spells not only international right and justice and a square deal to all, but we must assure his racial future. Just as good Americans, should the colored citizen again help to put in power an American party of strong patriotic statesmen to replace the weak sectional demagogues in the ranks of democracy? Just as a good Americans, should he again seek to put in power the political companions of Lincoln, Grant and Garfield, and McKinley and Roosevelt?

To them may be safely left the issue as to whether the constitution shall stand, as to whether jim-crowism and disfranchisement and mob murder and permanent industrial and political serfdom for any portion of the people shall prevail, the colored people of this country in the final analysis may well leave to them. They know now as they knew in 1861. They will finally "act up now as they did then to see to it that this country shall not remain half slave and half free."

Whatever were the colored citizens' personal preferences before the Chicago convention, however strong their misgivings as to the sympathy and the strength of the friendship of Charles Evans Hughes for their race, as citizens, patriotic black Americans owe it to their country and themselves to defeat the Democratic party in November. For four years the dogs of Democracy, including every Southern scoundrel and scalawag who could curse the colored people loud enough to be elected have brought the nation to the verge of despair and destruction. American citizens abroad, regardless of color, till now have felt protected, till now they have always been secure and justified in that feeling. The old flag protected all alike away from home, whether upon the high seas or the continents of the old world. The ancient world paid absolute respect to "civis Romanus sum." Americans till now have

needed no other and wished no prouder passport than "I am an American citizen." A casual review of the marine horrors of the high seas during the last two years, a cursory glance at the anarchy and desolation of Mexico during the last four years, will be but to note the murder of American citizens, destruction of American property and the death of American rights and prestige. In the security of all is entrenched the safety of each. For this reason, if for no other, every black man beneath the Stars and Stripes owes it as his first duty to his country to put to an end forever that weak and vacillating administration responsible for this national death and disaster.

But the great issue in this campaign for the colored citizen comes directly home with a force that is gripping and an appeal that is heartfelt. He must help defeat Woodrow Wilson and his Southern race-hating cabinet, congress and propaganda, as a matter of self-preservation. The colored citizen stands today helpless and alone on the edge of the precipice of his political death. Reconstruction passed away and with it not only Bruce and Revels, Pinchback and Elliott and Wright, Cuney and Judson Lyons and the sainted old guard of heroic colored statesmen, but in addition the ballot itself and the civil rights of black men in Dixie. But in their place there gradually grew up a cabinet of colored leaders from every corner of the country appointed by the Republican presidents from Garfield to Taft. These in the more recent years have embodied to Colored Americans their political rights and citizenship. Woodrow Wilson has taken away even that little that was left to them with which they have made themselves still believe that they were part and parcel of the body politic. His dismissal of Register of the Treasury James C. Napier and Assistant Register Cyrus Adams, Assistant Attorney General William H. Lewis, Assistant U. S. District Attorney Jas. F. Cobb, Internal Revenue Collectors Chas. W. Anderson, General Robert Smalls, Joseph F. Lee, Chas. R. Cottrell and Jerome B. Peterson, Auditor of the Navy Ralph W. Tyler and Minister to Hayti Henry Furness and Receiver of Public Money Nathan Alexander, together with practically all other presidential appointments possible, has completed the political degradation of the race. Therefore in both the concrete and the literal sense, the colored citizen in this campaign fights for his very political life.

Above the questions of protective tariff and sound banking systems, both of which the Democratic party has set aside, and both of which affect the black citizens in the same measure as they do white citizens, come the question of not only their right to vote and the right entailed thereby, the right to have that vote honestly counted, but the question of their right to represent as well as be represented in their own government. Every race-hating Bourbon appointed by Woodrow Wilson to office in Washington, in Mississippi, or in New York has been but another nail driven into the coffin of colored men's civil rights. The measure of the political advance of black men since slavery has been the measure of the treacherous and cruel destruction artfully worked out upon him by Messrs. Wilson, Vardaman, Tillman, Hoke Smith, and their like. Every appointive position of trust and prominence stolen, every civil service job possible swept away by subterfuge, the colored citizen stands alone in the Democratic field of ruin. Beside the question of putting an end to his country's and his own further disaster in these respects all others pale into insignificance.

Justice Hughes believes in the stern and vigorous enforcement of the law. This is the beginning of the black race's redemption. He helped to write the anti-peonage and the "anti-grandfather clause" decisions of the Supreme Court. In his letter of acceptance he declared: "I stand for the principles of our civil service."

Charles Warren Fairbanks has been a powerful and practical friend of the colored people. These two leaders stand out against the Democratic doctrinaires and demagogues as the sunlight of midday against the darkness of midnight in a beclouded, trackless forest. Colored voters in every Northern border state, whose elections they control and whose control is the pivot of the nation's elections, must organize, and at once, to defeat Democracy in November. The pulpit as well as the press must join hands with the people in this, their sacred duty. As they love their children and their future, they can and they must be organized and inspired to defeat Democracy.

This is the only political solution for the race. The Republican party—with the republic and with the race—has been recreant to its trust. But today it is the one party of promise to the country, however supine and recreant it has been today with Frederick Douglass. "The Republican party is the ship, all else the sea."

THE CALL OF DIXIE

A Short Story

By Herbert Wilson Clark

GOLDBERGER'S is elegant and unique. Elegant because of its impressive display of electric light, its inlaid marble tables and its tiled flooring; unique because it is the meeting place of the fashionable element of colored New York.

Alice Smith, Goldberger's chief entertainer was at the height of her glory. Everywhere in the great city, and especially in Harlem, men proclaimed her name. Girls ambitious for a place in the theatrical limelight looked upon her with envy. The newspaper men of her race bestowed galleys of praise upon her both for her beauty and her voice. And yet that Tuesday night when Goldberger was entertaining the principal members of a colored theatrical troupe Alice had a weary look as she arose to sing, "Down in Dixie," a song written for her by a popular composer. Billy, the drummer, in Goldberger's orchestra, noticed that look, and sighed, for Billy's heart had long been held in fief by Alice.

After the customary round of applause Alice began in a voice rich and melodious,

"Down in Dixie 'mong the cotton flowers,
How I long to spend my summer hours!"

Dixie! What visions it brought to her. The old home on the plantation that her father and mother had worked so hard to own, and which she had deemed too narrow an outlet for her talent; the cottonfields where she and the other Negro children had played, free from care and sin; the little white church behind the pines, where on Sunday she would go clothed in her cheap finery and listen to the simple old preacher destroy biblical history. It had been five years since she had left the South; and the result had been five years of degradation that ended in her present tinsel glory.

When she had finished her face was tear-stained. During the interval allotted for rest she sat next to Billy and placed her hand in his.

"Boy," she said, "I am going home."

Billy was astonished.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"I'm going back South—that's all."

Alice looked into Billy's face to see what effect her announcement would have upon him. His teeth were chattering.

"You—you—don't mean it, Alice. After all you've gained up here."

"Yes, I mean it, Billy," was her answer. "I've gained nothing up here—nothing but sorrow and degradation. Down home I left a gray-haired mother who believed in me as she did her Bible, and a father whose back was bent with toiling for me. I want to see Dixie again; I want to live once more that simple life."

"But, Alice, can't you see I love you? What am I going to do without you?"

"You love me?"

"Yes; and gladly would I marry you."

"The Southland is not too small for both of us, Billy," was her answer.

That night Goldberger lost his greatest entertainer and one of the most important members of his orchestra. Alice and Billy had heard the call of Dixie.

AFTER THE NIGHT

By Wm. Moore

Some morn a rose will bloom
In the garden so fresh and red,
You will be glad the day is anew
And the sorrowed night has fled.

You will hear the music of life,
You will see the glory of tears,
And a pool will tell of a love
That abides in the heart of the years.

Then grief will go out of your dreams,
The hurt will have gone from your pain,
All the clouds will melt in your skies,
And your world will be fair again.

A Journey to the World of Stage and Music

By Scrip

A DISTINGUISHED journalist said to us the other day: *"Scrip,* in my opinion, you are entirely too severe. You have the vision but you destroy its effect by trying to imitate the wind instead of the sun. I think a sugar-coated policy would do much to remove the evils against which you wail."

Scarcely an hour later we opened our copy of *The Boston Transcript* and was astonished to see Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's apology for not practicing iconoclastic criticism. How hard it is to satisfy the world! There was Mr. Braithwaite desiring to maintain his position by smiling upon the poets and there was your humble servant mildly censured for frowning upon the bad actors and the worse than bad stage literature of his race. Honesty is the best policy so far as criticism is concerned and we certainly aim to be honest in everything we state.

We can use a little of the sugar on our critical table so far as New York City is concerned. We are proud of New York and especially Eugene Elmore and Anita Bush; Elmore, because he introduced colored dramatic stock to that city, and Miss Bush, because she organized the first company of that type. Pretty little Anita! Not a great actress, but a good reader of emotional lines and a capable leader. She is now touring the country in one-act dramas, and would in truth establish a name were she to discard her present manuscripts and seek to portray Negro life.

Did you ever stop to think that the Negro race is an infant in the artistic world? Our technique has not advanced beyond the early Elizabethan period. We still take our audiences in our confidence. When we see a colored actor supposed to be sane sit down and tell the audience, which is merely eavesdropping and not visiting, that he has had five paragraphs of hard luck, but that he expects to get the villain—curse him!—between the nose and the feet before the curfew rings, we do not know whether to laugh or shudder with disgust. Flamboyant speeches, tons of asides

MAUDE J. ROBERTS,
A New Concert Star.

and stilted actions are the prevalent crimes of the colored melodrama. Some day a Negro playwright will give us a Broadway type of drama; until then *pax* realism.

Billie Burke, manager of the New Lincoln theater, New York City, is, in our opinion, a very promising amateur dramatist. He is Mary J. Holmes and Hal Reid rolled into one and has a technique that would make Professor Baker of Harvard, Brander Matthews, or Robert Herrick throw up everything in despair. On the other hand, he is a great organizer, for he has the distinction of giving New York City the most unique stock company since the days Harrison Stewart, Lottie Grady and others were the center of attraction at the Pekin theater in Chicago.

We have never seen more clever acting from members of our race. Special attention should be given Ophelia Muse, who showed extraordinary poise, a gift for romantic feeling and a sympathetic delineation of character. Her best role was that of an Indian maid in the household of a white family. (Billie Burke's characters are always white mulattoes or mulatto whites.) Given Miss Bush's position and a serious playwright with the gift of a Jesse Shipp, Ophelia Muse would make the Negro drama worth while. Other members of the company are Walker Thompson, Clarence Muse, Charles Olden, Mae Olden, Mattie Wilkes, and Inez Clough.

Manager Elmore did not have tremendous success with his company at the Lafayette theater. We do not know who wrote the plays Chas. Gilpin and his associates acted, but we do know that when we witnessed one of the first to be produced, we gladly went to see Billie Burke out Termagant Termagant. Later Mr. Elmore changed the dramatic bill of fare to discarded Broadway plays and was more successful. His actors, although their organization is not as happy an organization as Mr. Burke's, are as good as the average, and with a few changes in the personnel, Elmore has succeeded in cementing together a company as good as, probably, the white stock company in the Bronx.

Since we are speaking of stock companies, let us not forget that Billie King and his associates are playing at the Grand theater in Chicago. You remember it was Billy King who causesd such a disturbance last fall, shaking the thrones of Morganstern and Walton themselves. King, who is a black face of considerable originality, writes his own librettos, of which we can say this much—some are good and some are indifferent. No prolific writer can turn out even material. His best productions so far have been "The Last Rehearsal"

Madam Anita Patti Brown.

and "Preparedness," probably best because the most pretentious.

Two women (excepting Hattie McIntosh, a clever character comedienne) stand out singularly in Mr. King's organization. Estelle Harris, a skillful dancer and a good singer of ragtime, and Therese Burroughs, whose personality is that of the much advertised Eva Tanguay, are those to whom the honors are due. Burroughs is magnetic in everything she does, and has a smile that never vanishes. Howard Kelly is a character actor above the average, and Gertrude Holt sings well.

Can we write a review without letting the name of Bert Williams slip in somewhere? It seems not. Mr. Williams is now a moving picture star, if you please—not that he has deserted Mr. Ziegfeld—and we can go to see the greatest comedian of the race, whether we live in Harlem or in Yam Patch, Mississippi. Speaking seriously, Williams should be a success in motion pictures. As a comedian of the natural stage, he achieved glory chiefly as a pantominic artist. How many mimics, including Cissie Loftus herself, have not given us specimens of Bert Williams playing poker! We are certain the public will feel grateful to the Biograph Company for placing the creator of "Nobody" on the screen.

Now that we are on the subject of photoplays, we are reminded that the colored film companies are doing all they can to push the art. Will Foster, pioneer in the production of Negro moving pictures, informs us that he is about to venture on a five "reeler" depicting racial life. Lottie Grady, of course, will be his star,—Lottie Grady, who knows pantomine better than any other member of her race. The Unique Film Company, controlled by a Chicago photographer, has to its credit a three "reeler" entitled "Shadowed by the Devil." Its theme is morality and it is no worse than the average moving picture of the day. We hope the Unique Film Company prosperity.

This is the rest season for the concert world. Anita Patti Brown, whom we voted two years ago the leading concert singer of the race, is enjoying a well-earned vacation. Roland Hayes, the greatest of our younger singers, is at his Roxbury home with his mother, a delightful woman who has abundant pride in her talented son. Madame Azalia Hackley, who is to the musical world what Aida Walker was to the theatrical world, is in Chicago busy with her conservatory of music. Maude J. Roberts, a newcomer among the singers of national reputation, is busy preparing her winter schedule. Miss Roberts in the last year has established herself as the leader of the younger singers in the Middle West. She was born in Pennsylvania, but was brought to Chicago at an early age. She was educated in the Chicago public schools and at Walden University, where later she served as an instructor. Her musical training was obtained at the Chicago Musical College and under Herman De-Vries, a distinguished tutor of music to grand opera stars. Her public outside of the West is constantly growing larger.

Rosamond Johnson's Music School Settlement is looking forward to another prosperous year. Mr. Johnson has given New York and the race at large distinctive service in the meetings held at the Settlement every Sunday, Through that agency much is being accomplished in the cause of folk music.

Scene From a Negro Photoplay.

CARRIZAL

By Wm. Pickens

"The colored troops fought nobly" at Carrizal, as they did at Fort Wagner, as they did at Richmond and New Orleans, and as they did in the Revolutionary War under the command of General George Washington. Their service in Cuba was brilliant and heroic, and they did the hard drudgery of cleaning up the Philippines. All have admitted, without a single demurrer, that the Negro at Carrizal, Mexico, put up as good a fight as any man of any race, color or clime could have put up under similar circumstances. What lessons can be drawn from this fact and the antecedents of this fact?

The Negro soldier at Carrizal had been given a "square deal" in preparedness to fight: the best military training, the best guns, the best ammunition and the best general equipment that the American soldier can have; to say nothing of possessing the best preparation against adversity by having been usually shoved into the hardest places in our fights with Indians and Philippinos. In short, the Negro at Carrizal had been given a soldier's chance to become a fighter. Is it not logical and sensible to conclude that if the black man be given a man's chance in any line of American endeavor, he will do a man's work in that line? In industry, in art, in science, in religion, in government and politics? Carrizal is no mystery: it simply shows that the Negro is normally human,—that with a man's chance he will do a man's deed. Carrizal is no more a mystery than was Fort Wagner, San Juan Hill, Samuel Coleridge Taylor or Jack Johnson.

Now, in the other phases of life, outside of the army, we generally insist that the Negro be given a *different sort* of preparation from the white man's and then we promptly blame him for not doing the same sort of deed; we say that he must have a different sort of education and an inferior economic status, but that he must support and obey the same laws and pay the same bills. Suppose the United States army had taken the same inconsistent attitude toward the Negro soldier, had insisted that he be given a different sort of training from that of the modern white soldier, that he be equipped with *black* powder and muzzle-loading guns, lest he think himself as well armed as a white man; that he be trained in the military science of the 18th century, lest he think himself as good as white people; that he be given in general "Negro equipment," as men often speak soberly of "Negro education"; if this had been the case, the Negro who stood before the Mexican machine gun in June, 1916, would have been just as human as he is, but his actions would have been different, and he might have disgraced American arms instead of glorifying them. And shallow-minded men would have said: "They failed because of their *race,*—they cannot stand a severe test,—they go down in a crisis,—they are inferior!" And the same "statesmen" who had insisted that they be given muzzle-loading guns and inferior military training would have justified themselves and said: "We told you so,—we knew that Negro soldiers were not worthy of modern rifles and a white soldier's chance."

Such is the logic of blind and blinding prejudice. We blame the Negro for being a little more illiterate than white people, in spite of the fact that we give the Negro child only one-tenth as much money for his education as we give the white child, and one-half as long a school term. We blame the Negro for not being more of an industrial factor, and then we vote to keep him out of our labor union and so out of a job. We blame him for being a criminal and then thrust him back into the slums by a segregation ordinance. We blame him for not developing into a statesman, and then we exert all our energies to keep him from gaining the experience of casting a ballot even in a village election. With our superior economic power we thrust a man into a lower standard of living, and then upbraid him as if he were there by choice.

What the Negro needs and all he asks is a man's chance in the United States of America as well as on the battlefields against the enemies of the republic. He asks no favors; he asks only for consistent treatment. This is inconsistent. If the Mexican who operated that machine gun at Carrizal should cross the Rio Grande and become a resident of the

United States, that same Mexican would have a better chance for the preservation of his life, liberty and property in the state of Texas than the Negro soldier who fought him at Carrizal. Not even a Vardaman or Tillman would have the nerve to dispute the truth of that statement. It seems that there is something radically wrong in America's relation to the American Negro. Give the Negro a man's chance and then measure him by a man's standards, and we shall have a right to expect of him what he delivered at Carrizal.

WACO HORROR STIRS TO ACTION

By Roy Nash

Fifty thousand copies of the story of "The Waco Horror" have just been distributed by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People through its official organ, *The Crisis,* and as a result a campaign for an anti-lynching fund of ten thousand dollars has been launched. Immediately upon hearing the details of this American atrocity, which for barbarity surpasses anything charged against the Germans in Belgium, Judge Moorfield Storey, national president of the association, and formerly president of the American Bar association, and Mr. Philip G. Peabody, both of Boston, each offered to contribute $1,000 toward such a fund on condition that the remaining $8,000 be raised by August 1.

The N. A. A. C. P. sent a special investigator from national headquarters at 70 Fifth avenue, New York, who commenced gathering evidence in Waco, Texas, where the burning occurred, within forty-eight hours after the lynching. Inasmuch as fifteen thousand people had sanctioned the affair by their presence and dozens of pictures were taken, there was no difficulty in ascertaining the names and addresses of the ring-leaders and the failure of both the judge and sheriff to make the slightest effort to protect their prisoner. The association is bending every effort to secure a distinguished Texas lawyer with courage enough to bring the case against these murderers into court.

Politics, the investigator found, was at the bottom of the affair. Sam Fleming, the sheriff, is up for re-election at the Democratic primary in July. His opponent, Buchanan, though illiterate, has "three dead niggers to his credit," and is therefore very popular. Unless he is to go back to selling buggies and cultivators for the hardware store, Sam needed a lynching to increase his popularity. The murder of Mrs. Fryer on Monday, May 8, came just at the right time.

Jesse Washington, a colored boy of seventeen, confessed to both murder and rape. His trial was set for Monday, May 15. The crowd began gathering from the surrounding country on Sunday. When court opened 1,500 crowded into the room, inside the rail, about the judge's desk and jury box, and 2,000 more waited in the courtyard.

The district judge of the Criminal court, R. I. Munroe, elbowed his way to his desk, and the boy was brought from his chambers, where he had been secreted since the sheriff brought him from Dallas in the middle of the night. As the jurors were called, the crowd yelled, "We don't need any jury!" but the trial was allowed to be hurried through. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of murder and assessed his punishment as death. The defendant had waived his legal rights, and would have been hanged that same afternoon. There was a pause of a full minute. The court stenographer slipped out with his records. Sheriff Fleming sneaked out, too.

Then a big fellow in the back of the courtroom yelled, "Get the nigger!" They took him before the court had pronounced judgment, without the judge lifting a finger in pro-

test. Down the back stairs they rushed him to the crowd waiting outside. They put the chain in his mouth so that he wouldn't choke too soon, and when those lugging at it broke it, the driver of the Anheuser brewery truck, who led the rabble, wound it around his own wrist rather than take chances that the boy should die too soon. Many had come a long way to attend this party and they didn't want it to end in a minute. Everybody was happy; they shouted and sang like a bunch of fans at a ball game, according to a Waco paper.

When the boy's clothes had been cut up and distributed as souvenirs there were not enough pieces to go around, so somebody cut off an ear for his keepsake. The Waco *Times-Herald,* published the same afternoon, said: "On the way to the scene of the burning, people on every hand took a hand in showing their feelings in the matter by striking the Negro with anything obtainable; some struck him with shovels, bricks, clubs, and others stabbed him and cut him until, when he was strung up, his body was a solid color of red, the blood of the many wounds inflicted covered him from head to foot."

They took Washington to a tree on the City Hall lawn, just outside the window of his honor, the mayor, which he generously shared with Mr. Gildersleeve, the photographer to whom we are indebted for our cuts. A chain was thrown over the limb of this tree, and while the fire was being lit, this bloody thing was hoisted into the air where everyone would have a full view. A manicurist who works for Goldstein and Mingle, whose windows look out on the square, told the investigator she saw them unsex the lad. As the chain tightened around his neck, this half-dead creature reached up convulsively to grab it, so they cut his fingers off.

The Waco *Times-Herald* makes no bones of it! "Fingers, ears, pieces of clothing, toes, and other parts of the Negro's body were cut off by members of the mob that had crowded to the scene as if my magic when the word that the Negro had been taken in charge by the mob was heralded over the city. As the smoke rose to the heavens, the mass of people, numbering in the neighborhood of 10,000, crowded the City Hall lawn and overflowing the square, hanging from the windows of buildings, viewing the scene from the tops of buildings and trees, set up a shout that was heard blocks away. Onlookers were hanging from the windows of the City Hall and every other building that commanded a sight of the burning, and as the Negro's body commenced to burn, shouts of delight went up from the thousands of throats, and apparently everybody demonstrated in some way their satisfaction. . . . "

The body of young Washington was burned to a crisp and was left for some time smoldering in the remains of the fire. "Women and children who desired to view the scene were allowed to do so, the crowds parting to let them look on," says the newspaper account. One father, when questioned about the propriety of holding his little son on his shoulder where he could get a good view, is reported as saying:

"My son can't learn too young the proper way to treat a nigger."

At twelve o'clock the crowd adjourned for lunch, as usual; but by a quarter past one some of the boys were back to continue the fun. A cowboy who had ridden in off the range created a diversion by lassoing the corpse and riding all over town with the remains dangling at the end of his lariat. When the head bounced off as he galloped through the "reservation," the ghetto where the Negroes and prostitutes are segregated, some little boys set it up on one of the doorsteps and extracted the loose teeth, which are reported to have brought as high as five dollars apiece from those who could afford such rare and permanent souvenirs. The few fragments which held together till night the undertaker was able to chuck into a very small ash can.

Waco is a center of American culture in Texas, a great Southern college town. It is a Christian city of 40,000 population boasting thirty-nine white and twenty-four colored churches. Yet no responsible voice was raised in protest that bloody Monday, and only one has been since.

Those who believe that a cry to Heaven should be raised against this and every lynching, by legal prosecution, by publicity, by cooperation with the best white element of the South, by political agitation, are urged to assist the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to raise their $10,000 anti-lynching fund. Contributions should be sent to Oswald Garrison Villard, treasurer, at the national headquarters of the organization, 70 Fifth avenue, New York.

The Inauguration of Major Robert R. Moton

By John W. Felton

THE inauguration of Major Robert R. Moton, May 25th, was one of the grandest occasions of its kind that I have ever seen. People came from all parts of the United States to witness it,—some in automobiles, some on horseback, some in buggies, some on trains, some in wagons drawn by mules, some on foot, and a party of forty came from Chicago in a special Pullman car.

When the Chicago party arrived, it was greeted with yells and escorted to its quarters by the Tuskegee band. The men retired to the famous Rockefeller Hall, the women to the beautiful White Hall.

The party was given due courtesy and it reciprocated by making a large donation toward the Booker T. Washington Memorial Fund.

The beauty and magnitude of the place cannot be imagined. Tuskegee, like the Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyons of Colorado and the Desert of Sahara must be seen; it cannot be told.

The pride of the institution is Thompkin's Dining Hall. It seats at one time two thousand people and has a chapel in the basement that has a seating capacity of two thousand five hundred.

The inauguration was preceded by a grand parade; the line of march began at the Carnegie Library and from thence to the chapel. In this line were the trustees, principal-elect, teachers, students, members of the alumni association and visitors.

Although the day was such as you would expect to find in the far South, the visitors crowded the chapel like people hunting shelter from a storm. Every seat was occupied and there must have been at least five hundred standing. So numerous were the visitors that the students were requested to vacate their seats and retire to their respective rooms. This tremendous audience included six hundred white people.

Speeches were made by the various trustees; the orchestra played and the choir, with its mellifluous tunes held the audience spellbound.

Copious letters and telegrams of congratulations and greetings were received from the various educational institutions all over the country, including Harvard and Cornell Universities. Major Moton received also many beautiful presents and large sums of money which he did not keep for himself but turned over to the school.

In his address he put great stress on the "Tuskegee Spirit," the spirit of co-operation and consecration and team work. He spoke in part as follows:

"If we are to be true to the great and sacred trust, if we are to carry out the aims and purposes of Booker T. Washington, the founder of this institution, we must each cherish and maintain the spirit which has always permeated the life and work of this school—the spirit of self-forgetfulness—the spirit of service and sacrifice—the Tuskegee spirit—the spirit of co-operation and consecration. It is only in this spirit that the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute can continue to render service to the Negro, to this state, and to this nation."

Major Moton is unquestionably the man for the place, having been unanimously elected by the trustees. He was a friend and companion of Dr. Washington and is a man who thoroughly understands the relations of the two opposite races. He is loved by the trustees, faculty, students and the citizens of Tuskegee. It is superfluous to say that every person that was there felt themselves more than compensated for their visit.

TRIBUTE TO COLORED SOLDIERS

No sane man would revive the institution of slavery, for the heroic blood of colored troops has obliterated every lingering regret of his master and proclaimed in unspeakable language that the liberty of 1898 was better than slavery in 1861.—Governor Bradley of Kentucky.

The Outlook of the Negro In Literature

By George W. Ellis

Hither as to their fountain, other stars,
Repairing, in their golden turns draw light.
—Milton.

IT is said that life is the greatest thing in the world. The wealth, wonder and beauty of the universe, with all its varied phenomena, from atom to star and planet and from simple cell to man, count for but little except as they enhance the ultimate purpose and destiny of life.

Life is the crowning glory of creation. It is for life that the painter's canvas blends and harmonizes all the beauties of color; that the musician effects all the charm of melody and the intoxication of sound; that the sculptor secures from shapeless form all the appeal and fascination of symmetry and proportion; and, finally, that the thinker and the poet weave in literature the love, wonder and ideals of man.

Literature has always held first rank among the arts. In its highest function it is life's greatest interpreter. Through all ages in the philosophies of the thinker and the visions of the poet, literature has presented and preserved the best in life and ever pointed man toward the light of an ever better day.

Until modern times the wealth, grandeur and power of literature were limited to the favored few. Democracy has brought with her in education from the broken throne, the benefits of this once coveted privilege of the rich, the noble and the king.

American slavery resulted in a world attack upon the natural equality and humanity of the Negro from which it suffers still. While the intellectual capacities of the Negro were being challenged and his honorable place in history denied, Africa's sable sons, in every age and country, were making in life and literature man's highest claim to all that is noblest and best in thought and destiny.

So that it is an interesting consideration to think of the present *outlook of the Negro in literature*. This is most interesting in the light of the past.

The Negro in Early Literature

Diodorus ascribes the very origin of philosophy and science to the Negro in Ethiopia before even the appearance of Egyptian civilization.

"The Thebans consider themselves as the most ancient people of the earth and assert that with them originated philosophy and the science of the stars."

This fact was confirmed by Lucian.

"The Ethiopians," he says, "were the first who invented the science of the stars, and gave names to the planets, not at random, and without meaning, but descriptive of the qualities which they conceived them to possess; and it was from them that this art passed, still in an imperfect state, to the Egyptians."

And if anything additional were needed the words of Volney would seem to be conclusive.

"It would be easy to multiply citations upon this subject; from all which, it follows, that we have the strongest reasons to believe that the country neighboring to the tropic was the cradle of the sciences, and of consequence that the first learned nation was a nation of blacks; for it is incontrovertible that by the term Ethiopians the ancients meant to represent a people of black complexion, thick lips and woolly hair."

In having both an alphabet and hieroglyphics in Ethiopia and transmitting the same to Egypt, the Negro is a very important factor in ancient literature.

In harmony with this view Professors Sergi and Ripley contend that the white race in Europe is not the originator of civilization, but that in Africa it was worked out by what is called a Mediterranean race, of which the Negro is a branch, and the foundations of art, science, astronomy, mathematics and religion were given by it to the modern world.

So that when we reflect that in Ethiopia the Negro was the first learned nation, originating science, art, philosophy and religion, with an alphabet, hieroglyphics and civilization that made Egypt famous and constituted the basis of what is called modern civilization; that he figured in the mythology and the feasts of the Grecian gods and is referred to in the immortal song of Homer as *"Ethiophia's Blameless Race,"* the modern Negro becomes a potential factor of increasing interest and concern, and the knowledge of this fact drives the

curse of alleged Negro inferiority from human faith and practice and makes the world better for all mankind.

The Negro in Early Modern Literature

The Negro was not only an important factor in ancient literature, but he distinguished himself in early modern literature.

Ahmed Baba at Timbucktu, Africa, during the last half of the 16th century, began writing upon, law, science, astronomy, biography and theology; and in some 20 books he distinguished himself as a Negro scholar and writer in West Africa.

Abderrahman Sadi, living about the same time at Timbucktu, wrote *"The History of the Sudan"* and was famous as a writer from the Niger river across the continent to Lake Chad.

Passing from Africa to Europe, Juan Latino of North Africa attained such scholarship that he was professor of Grammar, Latin and Greek in the University of Grenada, Spain. Writing poems in Latin he achieved fame as a poet and man of letters.

In the beginning of the 18th century, Anthony William Amo, a Negro born in West Africa, went to Europe and mastered Dutch, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the German University of Halle, he was appointed later as professor at Wittenberg, Germany. In Latin he wrote on philosophy and by his erudition secured from the government the title of "Excellency."

In the first quarter of the 18th century, James Eliza John Capitein, a native Negro African, went to Holland and acquired Dutch, Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Chaldean at the universities of Hague and Leydon. He acquired distinction as a Latin poet and theological scholar in published verse and dissertations.

About the middle of this same century, Francis Williams, a Negro born in the West Indies, distinguished himself in mathematics at the University of Cambridge, and by his songs and Latin odes had won recognition as a poet in the days of national and international repression and enslavement for Negro peoples.

About the same time Olandad Equiano Vasso, born at Essaka, in his published memoirs, and Ignatius Sancho, another Negro African born in transitu to Spanish America, in two volumes of published letters, are two additional writers who made notable contributions to the literature of their time.

Julien Raymond of Santo Domingo wrote "Origine des Troubles de St. Domingo" and other publications on law, politics and legislation, and was a public literary leader of his day.

L'Islet Geoffrey of the Isle of France, a scientist and geographer of international fame, was selected in 1786 as a correspondent of the Academy of Science in Paris. His meteorological and hydrographical observations were regularly transmitted and published, besides his map of the Isle of France, in 1797 in various publications.

In the United States Benjamin Banneker became an astronomer and published almanacs which fixed his status as a Negro scientist and won the commendation of such men as Thomas Jefferson.

Phillis Wheatley, more than two centuries before, in 1561, was stolen from Africa and sold in Boston, yet, at 19, she had learned Latin and in a volume of published poems in 1772 was the first of the Negro Africans in America to demonstrate upon the continent the natural capacity of the Negro people in poetry and literature.

Literary Negroes Abroad

During the last half a century, the Negro abroad made some important contributions to literature.

Perhaps the most notable contributor was Dr. Edward Wilmot Blyden of Liberia. During his life he was recognized in Europe generally as the Negro's greatest literary scholar. The last 15 or 20 years of his long career he devoted almost entirely to literature. He was the greatest West African scholar and writer of his time, white or black. His most widely known book is *"Islam Christianity and the Negro Race,"* but he wrote *"Liberia's Offering," "From Monrovia to Palestine," "West Africa Before Europe," "The Koran in Africa"* and other books.

Dr. Blyden was the kind of Negro scholar who employed his scholarship in educating and enlightening the whites concerning the worth and past achievements of the Negro, and he placed his work in that literary form which makes the widest and most permanent appeal. He translated Homer to show the Greeks considered the Negro.

Blyden made the world take note of Homer's tribute to Eurybiates, a Negro warrior.

"A reverend herald in his train I knew,
Of visage solemn, sad, but sable hue,
Short, woolly curls, o'erfleeced his bending head
O'er which promotory shoulder spread
Eurybiates, in whose large soul alone,
Ulysses viewed an image of his own."

And because of Blyden's work in literature the Negro everywhere may take inspiration because of the high esteem in which the blacks were held in Homer's time, when they feasted and dined with the sires of the gods.

"The sire of Gods and all the ethereal train,
On the warm limits of the farthest main,
Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace
The feasts of Ethiopia's blameless race;
Twelve days the powers indulge the genial rite,
Returning with the twelfth revolving night."

Following the partition of Africa a policy of repression and extermination was inaugurated against the Negro peoples of the continent by the local officials of the Euro-African colony-holding powers. Native tribes and institutions were being ruthlessly destroyed upon the theory that among the Negro Africans there was nothing but ignorance and superstition. Foremost among those to challenge this policy and demand investigation was Dr. Blyden and his influence has stimulated important and valuable contributions by Negroes to West African literature.

Perhaps the three most significant contributors are Sarbah, Hayford and Bishop Crowther.

John Mensah Sarbah, a native Negro African, wrote the "Fanti Customary Law," which ran through several editions in London at £3 and which is regarded today in Europe as the final authority in that field and perhaps the supreme work upon the depth of insight and interpretation of native Negro life in Africa. William H. Ferris, the author of *"The African Abroad,"* includes him among his *"Forty Negro Immortals."*

Samuel Adjai Crowther was a native African, born west of the lower Niger, and educated in England. He translated the Bible into the Yoruba language and made important studies into the Ibo and Nupe languages. He rose to the rank of bishop and it is said that he is the only Negro who ever received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Oxford University (1864). He made important contributions to geography and was accordingly elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Next to these West African masters in literature is Casely Hayford, a barrister-at-law at Secondi, West Africa. His contributions to literature are valuable and the most important are included in the works entitled *"Gold Coast Native Institutions"* and *"Ethiopia Unbound."* The work in literature by these two latter Negro Africans, led by the late Dr. Blyden, is more far-reaching than is now wholly apparent.

From noted Negro West Africans like Dr. W. Mojolo Agbebi and Dr. Moses Da Rocha of Lagos, new contributions are expected to African literature.

Among literary people Alexander Sergervich Pushkin of Negro descent is now generally recognized as the greatest poet of Russia and they erected in Moscow a statue to his memory.

Few personages are more prominent in French literature and more widely read than Alexandre Dumas, pere. Dumas, pere, was a distinguished French Negro writer of stories and romances which still delight the literary world.

The fame of the elder Dumas rests upon his matchless contributions to fiction. College students everywhere remember with delight his *"Three Guardsmen,"* and who has not been fascinated by the charms of *"Monte Cristo."* The fact that Dumas was of Negro descent neither in America nor Europe has dimmed the luster of his name and he is a brilliant figure not only in France but in the literature of the world.

In a book entitled *"Glimpses of the Ages,"* Dr. Theopholus Scholes, a Negro of London, in two impressive volumes, has given careful and able consideration to the discussion of the superiority and inferiority of races with special information regarding the historical attitude of Great Britain. The success and style of Dr. Scholes' work and the strength of his literary appeal entitle him to a place among the noted writers of the Negroes abroad.

Negro in American Literature

In the United States there has been very little real literature produced in the European sense. Just why is not germane. But such literary talents as America has evinced the Negro has measured up to his opportunities.

The general character of this article precludes the mentioning of the numerous Negro writers who even have written books. And only scant notice can be given to the acknowledged literary figures identified with the Negro race.

In history, George W. Williams stands first and his "History of the Negro" is regarded as perhaps the best authority upon that subject.

In the "Aftermath of Slavery," by William Sinclair, the author has presented a history of the race since emancipation with a force and lucidity of style and fullness of facts that make it a distinct contribution to the subject.

In this same department, Dr. Booker T. Wishington wrote a number of books, perhaps the most widely read and most favorably received throughout the world being his "Up From Slavery" and "The Story of the Negro." Very much of Dr. Washington's influence was due to the permanence and universality of his appeals through literature.

Professor William A. Scarborough, president of Wilberforce University, wrote some years ago a Greek text-book entitled, "First Lessons in Greek," which was widely used in Northern schools.

Besides numerous tracts and pamphlets, he wote the treatise, *"The Birds of Aristophanes, a Theory of Interpretations,"* and thus on the ground floor placed the name of a Negro as an important contributor to the most difficult forms of linguistic literature.

Dr. Alexander Crummell was undoubtedly a great Negro apostle of culture and a fine example of the dignified and ripe scholar. He will be remembered longest for his able contributions, studies and observations in Africa and America under the titles, *"The Attitude of the American Mind Toward Negro Intellect," "The Future of Africa" and "Africa and America."*

For some time now Dr. W. E. DuBois has been recognized as our greatest race sociologist and scholar. His place in literature as an artist has not been questioned. His "Souls of Black Folks" is his greatest work and it is, no doubt, the strongest appeal for justice for the darker peoples which has been written since "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to the white people of this and other lands. It is the master work of a master artist.

His *"Quest of the Silver Fleece," "The Suppression of the African Slave Trade, the Negro,"* and his innumerable publications in original sociological studies, of the most constructive character, have given him the lead of the literary colored men in the United States.

In the realms of pure thought many regard Professor Kelly Miller as the greatest American Negro. As an analytical and controversial thinker he has few equals in American literature. His brilliant essays upon divers subjects show him a master in the expression of expositional and polemic thought. The first volume of his writings were brought together under the subject of *"Race Adjustment"* and a recent volume entitled *"Out of the House of Bondage."* Both of them are contributions of high merit to American literature.

In 1909 Charles W. Chestnutt entered the world of literary fiction and has a number of publications to his credit. "The Conjure Woman," "The Wife of His Youth and Other Stories," "The Morrow of Tradition," "The Colonel's Dream" and "The House Behind the Cedars" are works of literary merit.

In both fiction and poetry Paul Lawrence Dunbar perhaps reached the highest chord yet made by a Negro in the United States. The popularity of his poems with both races and his voluminous output in so short a time indicate that Dunbar was a natural literary genius with rare and gifted powers. In *"Lyrics of Lowly Life,"* "Lyrics of the Hearthstone," in "Uncalled," and in "Heart of Happy Hollow," Dunbar has interpreted in the highest art his race to the world and for both races his literary life was a benediction.

Recent Negro Literary Contributors

Although the Negro has supplied worthy representatives in the past to American letters, recent contributions show that in this respect it seems he has just begun. Only a few of the most important can be mentioned here.

In poetry William Stanley Braithwaite has secured for himself a very high and unique position as one of America's, if not the foremost, poetic critic. His "Lyrics of Life and Love" and his poetic authologies from time to time gave him rank and quality.

In the "Education of the Negro Prior to 1871," by Professor Carter Godwin Woodson, a fine piece of constructive literary work has been performed in the field of history.

A similar service is done in "The Facts of Reconstruction," by Major John R. Lynch, a notable statesman and publicist.

John H. Read has an interesting volume in Church Policy in "Racial Adjustments" in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Professor William Pickens has presented a volume on "The New Negro" which deserves wide reading.

William H. Holtzclaw in "The Black Man's Burden" presents another new volume which has had a large sale.

In "A Little Dreaming" and "Visions of the Dusk," Fenton Johnson has presented two volumes of verse for a claim among American poets. He should be read by all.

Dr. C. V. Roman has written an important volume on "The Negro and American Civilization." This is a very weighty book and written by an able scholar and thinker.

James W. Johnson has entered the inner

circle of the poets by published poems of high and acknowledged poetic merit. Some of them exhibit rare talent.

Perhaps the most laborious and comprehensive literary work which has come from the hand of any Negro in any time is "The African Abroad," by William H. Ferris, in two large and impressive volumes. It is a treasure house of information for the Negro and all who want to know the whole truth about the races.

The Negro Outlook

The outlook for the Negro in literature is brighter today than it has ever been in the United States. I realize that I have not mentioned the Grimkes, John E. Bruce, George Washington Forbes, Monroe N. Work, Emmett J. Scott, John W. Cromwell, Alice Ruth Dunbar, Maria P. Williams and many others prominent in letters and literature only to keep the article within allotted space.

A new spirit of constructive service and work is taking firm hold upon the rising Negro. More and more he is relying upon his own group for right leadership. Jealousy is giving away to co-operation and encouragement. And realizing the all-important influence of books, the Negro more and more is making his claim for equality, through the potent and all-pervading channels of literature.

Much racial consideration is due the Neale Publishing Company for the encouragement which it has given to the Negro authors in publishing their manuscripts and stimulating by example the use by the Negro of the sway and power of the pen.

If the near future is anything like what the immediate past has been, it is now too difficult to indicate even in the most general way how important and just what contributions the Negro will make at any moment to American and world literature. With such active literary workers in America as DuBois, Miller, Braithwaite, Sinclair, Chesnutt, Woodson, Lynch, Ferris, Wright, Jr., and others; with Scholes and Mohammed in Europe; with Hayford and Agbebi in West Africa, and numerous potential writers in different departments of learning in almost every section of our earth, the outlook, indeed, seems encouraging. With poets like Johnson of New York and Johnson of Chicago, under the inspiration of his own leadership, the Negro in the very highest forms of life and literature is reclaiming the lost prestige of his ancient glory.

The Negro is really just beginning to love his race as he has ever loved humanity. For he is beginning to realize the true worth and beauty of the darker race. In this thought I am reminded of those charming lines of our own young poetic Johnson:

Her face is golden, like the setting sun,
Her teeth as white as winter's virgin snow;
Her smile is like a gleam from Paradise,
Her laugh the sweetest music that I know;
And all the wide, wide world is but a mite,
When she, my darling elf, is in my sight.

—Fenton Johnson.

Champions I Have Known

By Binga Dismond

THE world loves a champion, but the world is fickle, and champions come and go. During the eight years that I have been associated with athletics, I have known personally many champions; a few are champions today, but the majority of them are punishing innocent listeners with tales of what used to be. Probably the greatest champion America has ever known was Melvin Sheppard. The peerless Mel was so accomplished that he has as many Olympic events to his credit as Sol Butler has high school races. My introduction to the wonderful half-miler came in the form of a three-foot handicap in an indoor race in New York in 1912. The distance was three hundred yards; and the gift of three feet did not impress me as being a sample of real liberality. I got away from the mark all O. K., but it wasn't long before I heard the world-beater pounding closely behind me. I experienced about the same sensation that would be expected if one was attempting to beat the Twentieth Century Limited to the further end of a three hundred yard trestle. The incident may be concluded by saying that I knocked over three competitors in getting out

of Mr. Sheppard's way. Sheppard was every inch of a champion and clean all the way through. He was the idol of the fans around New York in those days; and was setting world records even after he was thirty-two years old. I was not the only aspiring young athlete who entered more than one race during 1911 and 1912, not so much with an idea of possibly getting away with a prize; but with both eyes upon the pass I would get that would entitle me to see the Peerless Mel perform. Sheppard, like most real champions, was a stranger to conceit.

JOHN TAYLOR

It is highly imperative that we next take off our hats to that champion who was the Peer of the Peerless—the late John Taylor. Higher authorities than you or I will have to decide which of these two running mates was the superior. Taylor, like Sheppard, represented the United States team in more than one Olympic meet. He was the idol of the East and of Mike Murphy. Mike Murphy enjoyed the distinction of being the track authority who knew as much about preparedness for championship performance as the Germans know about "safety first" for war. In other words, Mike Murphy was the last word in track athletics. Murphy developed Taylor, and after the job was completed, was satisfied with his handiwork. It has always been a source of regret to me that I never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Taylor; but I consider him a champion I have known, for his record was the star onto which I hitched my wagon. John Taylor was a champion of Champions.

OTHER CHAMPIONS

In the days when the writer of this article was still receiving liberal handicaps, it was an occurrence of no little importance when he could attract the attention of some of the leading athletes. He used to hang around those men who held world records with his lower jaw dropped and his heart making championship time. There was an irresistible fascination in hobnobbing with those celebrities with whom he admitted nothing could quite compare. There were Martin Sheridan, Pat McGrath, Ralph Rose, John Paul Jones, Abe Kiviat, Drew, Valentine, Harry Thorpe and there were Flannigan, Harry Smith, Ravenell, Louis Scott, Strobini, Jack Eller and Hannes Kolehmainen. A few of these names my readers will recognize, but, remember, I told you the world was fickle.

HOWARD P. DREW

There are two privileges I should like for you to enjoy; one is to see Howard Drew run a hundred yards, the other is to meet him personally. In addition to being the greatest sprinter the world has ever known, I should like to go on record as saying Mr. Drew is one of the most conscientious young men that I have ever met. His personality has won for him the distinction of the most popular champion in the game. Drew possesses the technique of performing superhuman feats without exhibiting the slightest symptom of the ego; and Drew also knows how to swallow a defeat without burdening his friends with alibis. The standard of the athletic game has been materially raised by the ability and the ideals of Howard P. Drew.

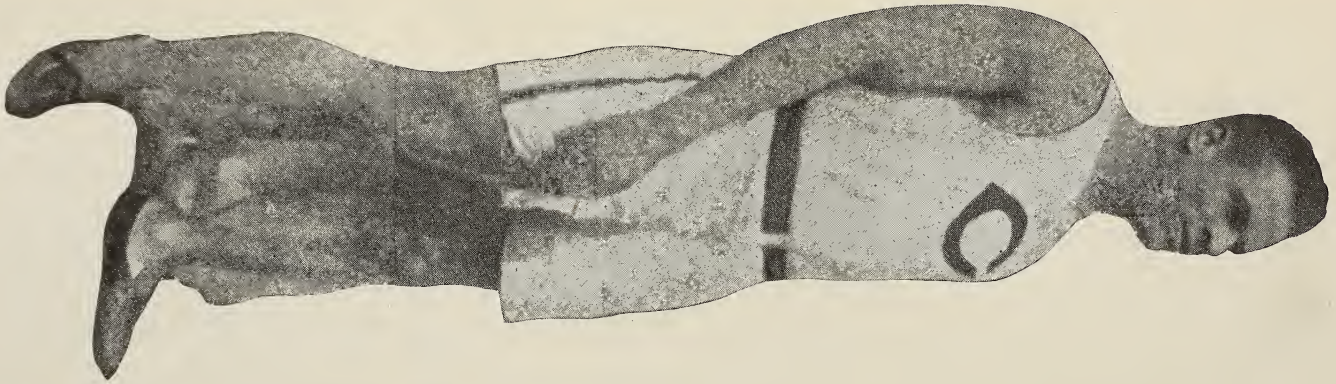
TED MEREDITH

If ever an individual was exposed to a prevalent human disease, Ted Meredith is that individual; the disease is Chronic Cerebral Hypertrophy-Cerebral Hypertrophy might be a scientific way of saying "enlargement of the upper story." Few persons have seen themselves in print as often, or enjoyed the widespread publicity that Jas. E. (Ted) Meredith has. Meredith is, without a doubt, the monarch of all he surveys in the middle distance, and yet he wears his crown gracefully. Ted is a prince of a chap to compete with, and whether he romps by you in the last few yards of the event or whether you are fortunate enough to show him all the way to the tape, he is still the great Meredith.

ROY CAMPBELL

The whitest champion with whom I have ever been thrown in contact, is a member of my own team, Roy Campbell. Mr. Campbell is a Southern gentleman and at present the national champion in the half-mile. The fact that Campbell is from the same state that mothered Cole Blease has not in any way prevented him from being one of the staunchest friends I have. Campbell's knowledge of the lamentable conditions in the South has enabled him to anticipate the slightest unpleasantness that possibly might have arisen. The result is that no such possibility ever materialized. In addition to being a gentleman, Campbell deserved no meagre amount of

In the Sun



Binga Dismond

The Records Made by This Sprinter Follows:

	Date	*Meet*	*Place and Time*	*Prev. Rec.*	*Held by*
Patton Rec.	Feb. 24, 1915	Northwestern	1st—52⅗	52⅘	Sanders, Illinois.
Bartlett Rec.	March 5, 1915	Ohio State	1st—54⅗	54⅘	Davenport, Chicago.
Indoor Conf.	March 20, 1915	Conference	1st—52	52⅘	Sanders, Illinois.
Central A. A. U. Champ.	June 3, 1915	C. A. A. U.	1st—49	50⅖	N. A. Merriam and C. B. Hoff.
Nat. A. A. U. Rec.	June 17, 1915	Pan-Pac. Tryout	1st—48⅗	48⅘	Burke of Boston, 1896.
1st Regiment	Feb. 26, 1916	1st Reg. Handicaps	2nd—50⅕	52⅕	Darrow, 1st Reg.
					C. A. A. U. Champ.—E. T. J. Lindberg. 51⅖, 1910.
Conf. record	June 3, 1916	Conference	1st—47⅖	....	Davenport
Ties world's record	June 3, 1916	Conference	1st—47⅖	....	Meredith.
Suburban Quar.		New York City, 47th Reg	1st—51	....	Meredith was second.

Besides these individual performances, Dismond has helped to break several relay records.

				Time	*Prev. Rec.*	*Held by*
Bartlett Rec.	12 laps	May 15, 1915	Ohio State	3:18⅖	3:19	C. A. A.
World's Rec.	Half mile	July 12, 1915	Open Relay	1:29⅖	1:29⅗	Univ. of Chgo. Mo. Wesley Conf.
Conference Rec.	One mile	May 5, 1915	Outdoor Conf.	3:21⅘	3:23⅕	Leland Stanford, 1910 Illinois, 1913

praise for the sincerity with which he has developed himself into a world-beater. He knows all the fine points of conditioning; and is the most scientific and diligent worker upon the cinders. He is a master of the theory of training and has the brains to combine it with practice in such a manner as to be able to consistently negotiate his distance at any time with record-breaking performances.

CHAMPIONS HAVE BIG HEARTS

On the track, big names and big hearts seem to go hand in hand. I have yet to know a real champion who was a victim of small prejudices. The athletes I have met have all been gentlemen. It is impossible for the writer to recall a single instance, in his association with the big athletes of the country, which has left a dark-brown taste in his mouth. The Western athletes have not differed from the New York lads in this respect. Joie Ray, the national mile champ; Alvin Meyers, the middle distance phenomenal; Simpson, the hurdle marvel, and Jo Loomis, who defeated our own Drew, are champions with whom I have enjoyed a friendship of no regrets. These men have seen their likenesses in newspapers, magazines and movies more often than some people have viewed themselves in mirrors, and yet they swallow it all without any toxic after effects.

TO CONTRIBUTORS

WE are very anxious to be of service in the literary and artistic development of our race. We realize that it is not possible to bring about a literary Renaissance by holding ourselves aloof from those aspiring, nor can we gain results by publishing that which does not measure up to the standard. So send us your manuscripts, your drawings and your photographs; we have plenty of time to devote to the discovery of new talent.

The Champion Magazine desires general articles, verse and short fiction pertaining to Negro life. It is not a magazine devoted to the exploitation of the race problem, but to the presentation of Negro life wherever it may be. Let your writings be true and they will find favor. Our editorial department is very anxious to obtain photographs of actual news events among Negroes and drawings of colored people that are not caricatures.

If The Champion Magazine does nothing more than discover one true genius of African descent, it shall not have lived in vain.

BEATRICE

By Fenton Johnson

I know she was not all she might have been,
The vampire woman lived within her soul;
And yet when solitude descends on me
I long to be with her adown the knoll.

The Wabash Avenue Y. M. C. A. Basket Ball Team

The Wabash Avenue Young Men's Christian Association's Basket-ball team had the honor of defeating all the colored teams in the middle west. The team is composed of college and high school stars. Its record of 28 won and 4 lost in 1915-1916 includes all the leading teams in Chicago and vicinity. It is out to meet the leading team in the east to play for the national title in 1916-17. The members are Virgil Bluitt, forward and captain; Robert Anderson, forward; Frank Giles, center; Leroy Curry, guard; Frank Lewis, guard; James Bell, forward; T. McDougal, guard; Frank Young, trainer; Dr. A. C. Johnson, manager.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

At Carrizal

("Captain Morey says his Negro troops faced death singing.")

By day the sky of Mexico
  Stares brazen, overhead;
By night the light of alien stars
  Keeps watch above the dead.

How did they die in that far land,
  How did they face the grave—
Those men whose fathers bore the brand
  That marked the Southern slave?

Did they, like recreant cowards, weep,
  Or vainly seek to fly?
Ah, no, upon that bloody field
  They showed how men should die!

Betrayed, outnumbered, still they fought
  To their heroic end,
And smiled at death, and bravely sang
  As welcoming a friend.

The strange, wild music of their race
  With mellow, low refrain,
From cabin home, from rich land swamps,
  In memory swells again.

But never such a song rang out
  As when they faced the foe,
And, singing, charged from trench to trench,
  And gave him blow for blow.

And in the annals of our land,
  Long as our flag shall wave,
That song will show that men are men,
  Though children of the slave.

—Charles T. Dazey in the *New York Times.*

RICHARD HENRY LITTLE, a staff correspondent of the Chicago *Herald,* says of the Eighth I. N. G., now in San Antonio, Tex:

"The Eighth Illinois Infantry—the colored Eighth—returned to the far South like the children of Israel to the promised land. Still one can hardly speak of the Eighth returning to the South, for the Eighth was born, or at least lived, most of its life somewhere around State and Thirty-fifth streets up there in Chicago.

"But at least the Eighth's forefathers came from this side of Mason and Dixon's line, and so the regiment marched into San Antonio like the prodigal son coming back to get a piece of that fatted calf. Only the Eighth didn't want fatted calf; it wanted to see a possum. That was heredity, for the Eighth has no more reason to like possum than the First or the Seventh or any other regiment that was born and brought up in Chicago. But the fathers and the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers of the Eighth used to catch sleek, fat possums and cook them with sweet potatoes, and thought it the most toothsome dish in the world, so down in the heart of the Eighth is a craving for possum.

"They haven't had one yet, but the word has gone out, and before long I expect to see a long procession of natives on its way to the camp of the Eighth, each native swinging a possum by the tail.

"And then the Eighth will eat possum. And then it will turn back with joy to the Chicago canned beef that it was brought up on. And another life-long dream will be shattered.

"The Eighth is accepting new conditions down here without a single murmur of discontent. They ride in the part of the street car marked "For Negroes," and they keep out of the swift jitney buses that ply back and forth between the camp and town, and which only carry whites and Mexicans.

"The Eighth is not pleased that it ranks in the social scale as lower than Mexicans, but it makes no protest. The Eighth realizes that

it came down to San Antonio with a bad name.

"The newspapers all published and everybody in town talked about the supposed fact that, when in the mobilization camp at Springfield, the Eighth killed a policeman. Of course, the Eighth didn't do it, but everybody in San Antonio before the regiment got in said, 'Yes, the Eighth killed a policeman on the way down here.'

"So the Eighth sticks close to its camp at Fort Sam Houston. Few of the regiment ever are seen downtown, and those who come move as sedately and silently along as Progressives going to a Hughes ratification meeting.

"At Camp Wilson the Eighth has the neatest camp of any outfit there. The whole camp of the Eighth looks as though it had been scoured by hand and then sand-papered, polished and varnished.

"And the men of the Eighth remain closely within their own camp border lines. You never can find one of them roaming off the reservation and hanging around some other regiment."

The reference to "possum" may be Mr. Little's idea of humor, but we will make allowances for that, considering that the white race is not fully graduated in its understanding of the Negro. What is of singularity is that defenders of the American flag must be stamped inferior to even the enemies of that flag. Texas reaps the greatest benefit from the protection the Administration is affording the border, but Texas, steeped in her traditional prejudices, spurns those who have gone down to help settle her troubles. She is demonstrating to the world that America has no gratitude, that the country of Lincoln and Washington is at the most a "Cad."

When a state will accord a colored regiment such treatment, is it possible that the reconciliation of the races can be accomplished? The Negro is not antagonizing any rule; it is a certain portion of the white population that is antagonizing a possible adjustment. Although it preceded Mr. Little's report by two days, Duncan C. Milner's communication published in the Chicago *Daily News* is a fearless answer to the conditions in San Antonio.

THIS extract from the New York *Evening Post's* account of the recruiting of the new colored regiment granted New York will give the public an idea as to the quality of recruits colored men make:

"The surgeons who have been examining the applicants say they are the cleanest lot of recruits ever passed on for the National Guard. Their standards of physical fitness may be judged from the fact that despite the most rigorous physical tests only twenty per cent who apply are rejected. Poor teeth and eyesight, frequent defects among white men, are almost unknown among these Negroes—who, it must be remembered, are largely town-born. According to Colonel Hayward and the officers detailed to assist him, they are an unusually clean-cut lot, intelligent and keen for work. The men have no armory, their only adequate headquarters as yet being Lafayette Hall at Seventh avenue and 132nd street, and almost no rifles and uniforms; but notwithstanding these handicaps, from sixty to seventy per cent of the recruits report every night for drill, and the schools for officers and non-commissioned officers which have been started are eagerly attended."

In this article it is stated that Lieut. Col. Chas. Young of the Tenth U. S. Cavalry is desired by many for the command of this regiment. All that THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE can say is that there is not a better man in the regular army.

THE New York *World* pays a high tribute to the rank and file of Negro soldierdom: "Those who have had experience with him under arms testify that the American Negro takes mast readily and efficiently to soldiering. And this is testimony which it is interesting to consider, now that it is likely that the first Negro regiment is about to be organized into the National Guard of the State of New York.

"Happiness and the light heart are among the general characteristics of the black soldier He goes about his business singing. It is related that during the Spanish War the colored cavalrymen had hardly dug their trenches at Santiago before their smuggled musical instruments were out and the camp was a medley of tunefulness. And there was a white colonel of the Twenty-fifth who was wont to boast of the chorus singing which he had made almost a part of the regimental drill.

"The same childish simplicity which impels to this bursting into song leads to an overwhelming respect for the men in command. Discipline once instituted comes to stay in a Negro regiment. Moreover, the rank and file carries so far its trust in its officers that the

captain of a company is quite apt to be the banker for his men, saving them from losses in camp gambling games.

"Passions and excitements move the dusky soldier easily, it is true. To devotion to his officers, nevertheless, he adds pride in the service, ready excellence in the drill and a perfect willingness to follow where he is led. To ridicule, as a reproof, he is most sensitive. To the power of example he is keenly susceptible. To none of his white comrades is the appeal so effective as to him to perform for the honor of his race."

THE Chicago *Herald* says editorially:

The Eighth Illinois is to be commended for the sensible and soldierly way in which it accepts conditions at San Antonio and attends strictly to its own business. According to Mr. Little the colored militiamen find several things in the racial arrangements in the Texas town which do not appeal to them, but they are not allowing these little matters to disturb them in the least. They are taking things as they find them, conforming good-naturedly to all the local regulations and setting the other regiments a good example by not only staying in their camp, but also by keeping it in the best shape of any outfit on the ground. The Eighth is thus giving additional evidence of the amenability to discipline and the general soldierly qualities of the colored people which the colored regiments in the regular army have so long illustrated. It seems that the regiment reached San Antonio with a bad name because of a baseless rumor that had preceded it, but it is fairly safe to say it has acquired an entirely different one by this time. Illinois is proud of her colored soldiers and the record they are making."

THAT the South is joining in the tributes to the colored soldier is apparent in the article a certain E. J. Moore contributes to the Tampa (Fla.) *Tribune* under the heading, "The Negro as a Patriot:"

"Seldom does history record the career of a braver and more patriotic band of warriors than the famous 'fighting Tenth.' Not only are these black boys dear to the hearts of every Negro in this country, but they have become the pride of the American people. For be it remembered that in all ages the world has always admired the patriot, no matter what the nationality. If there is any common ground upon which all races and creeds unite in one common cause, forgetting all racial lines and religious differences, it is patriotism.

"No one can read the history of Greece without admiring the bravery and patriotic devoting of the Spartans. 'Return either with your shield or on it,' was the exhortation that a Spartan mother gave her son on his departure for the battle field. 'The Old Guard dies, but never surrenders,' is an expression that excites the admiration of the most skeptical pacifist. And Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo was not the fault of the 'Old Guard' by any means.

"And so, too, the Negro is an American patriot, par excellence. He has played a conspicuous part in almost every struggle in which this country has engaged since its birth. Crispus Attucks was one among the first to fall in the Revolutionary War, thereby giving the Negro a just claim to the protection of the Stars and Stripes, by having shed his life's blood for American independence.

"In the Revolutionary War, in the War of 1812, in the great Civil War, in a number of Indian wars, in the Spanish-American War, where at El Caney and San Juan he erected a monument of daring and bravery, the Negro has demonstrated the fact that he, too, has shed his life's blood for the maintenance and preservation of American institutions. It is not necessary to mention the recent encounter at Carrizal, Mexico, where against great odds these black boys acquitted themselves nobly and courageously, thereby adding new laurels to their record.

"The various sections of the country are vying with each other in paying homage to the Negro as a soldier and patriot. And the American Negro is deeply sensible of the respect and honor given him, and in token of which he stands ready to share his country's cause against any foreign foe.

"Verily, truth has had a hearing. The muse of history has already dipped her pen in the sunlight of American fairplay and has begun to write of the noble deeds and many achievements of the Negro soldier. Deeds that shall shine forth with a luster made more resplendent as time rolls on; deeds that shall serve as beacon lights to the young Negroes of this country, ever leading them onward toward that which is noblest and best, ever actuating such motives as shall make for true and tried, unhyphenated Americanism."

DOES the Editor of *The Watertown* (N. Y.) *Times* call himself a humorist? It is certain that this extract from one of his editorials is not the brand of Americanism so popular at this moment. Watertown should repudiate him, and repudiate him strongly, before the outside world repudiates Watertown:

"It seems a pity to waste good white men in battle with such a foe (The Mexicans). The cost of sacrifice would be more nearly equalized were the job assigned to Negro troops. . . . If it comes to a real war we will be sacrificing white blood where Negro blood would, under the conditions, be a more fitting sacrifice, and drawing our skilled labor when unskilled labor was available."

THE *Pathfinder,* published in Washington, D. C., must be edited by a "parlor sociologist," judging from its editorial on "The Lynching Blot." It says in part:

"The Negroes are more essential to the South than the South is to the Negroes. Whatever the South is, it has been largely made so by Negro labor. It is of as much importance to the white people as it is to the black that amicable relations shall be maintained between the races. They are hopelessly mingled, and they are forced to get along together.

"Our white progenitors exploited the Africans by bringing them to this country, against their will, and appropriating the fruits of their toil. Wrongs like that usually have to be expiated later on by someone—though not always by the ones who were mainly to blame.

"The race question is an evil which is with us and which we can't avoid. Great patience will be necessary in order to solve it, but the passage of the years will do a great deal toward the solution. Meantime all that can be expected is a modus vivendi or makeshift basis for getting along together.

"People never help such matters by resorting to force, but human beings are still only one remove from savagery, and under any strong provocation they lapse back into the wild state, in which the passion for vengeance and blood overmasters every other instinct."

THE *Springfield* (Ohio) *News,* forgetful that the true soldier must not complain, has this to say anent the Carrizal incident and the treatment of colored troopers:

"The Negro soldiers in Mexico are giving a good account of themselves, as they have always done. The Tenth regiment especially, made up of colored troops, has borne the brunt of the work so far as actual fighting is concerned, and in all the reports of the officers they are commended for their courage and their discipline even under the most trying circumstances.

"In the Civil War, the first time colored troops were used, they acquitted themselves creditably. An organization of them was shoved forward at Petersburg, and they had the honor of being the first to enter the place under the rain of lead that fell about them. They won other distinctions during that war, but being so greatly outnumbered by the white soldiers, who also did their full duty, the Negro soldier has never received the full credit he deserves in that contest.

"During the war with Spain, it was a Negro regiment that suffered most and did the most daring work. But for these dark skinned fellows who were at San Juan Hill, the Rough Riders would have been obliterated. In the Philippines they have also done hard fighting, and in no instance have they brought discredit upon themselves or upon the race. So it is in keeping with their record that we now read where they are doing splendid work in Mexico and along the border.

"But we hear a few carping criticisms from colored men that the Negro soldiers are being discriminated against—a thing that does not show up in the evidence. It is argued that they were shoved to the front and met the brunt of the first contest with Carranza troops, it can also be stated that white officers died fighting by their side. It is no discrimination against the black man when the white man stands by him to the death of both of them. There has been no word of complaint from the troopers themselves; the only complaint has been from a few would-be 'leaders' of the race. So we can well afford dismiss such criticisms."

A SOUTHERN white man, realizing the importance of enforcing the law impartially, writes thus in the *Nation* (N. Y):

"The recent editorial of the *Nation* concerning lynching, and the letter entitled, 'Lynching Defended,' lead me to write what I consider some of the causes of rape and the means to prevent that crime.

"I was born and raised in the South, and for the past eight years have worked with a crew of Negroes on a farm where there was no other white man for a mile or more. And so

I have had more than an ordinary chance to find out just what the average Negro thinks of such matters.

"In most Southern communities where a majority of the population is colored, the Negro who commits an offense against another Negro, no matter whether it is chicken-stealing or murder, seldom receives justice. From the time an offense is committed until the Negro is either acquitted or pardoned from the penitentiary, he has white friends who are willing to excuse his offense on the ground that he is a Negro, and nothing is expected of a Negro. And, therefore, in most Southern communities there is a class of disreputable jail-bird Negroes who have committed practically every crime against their own race and who are hated and feared by peaceable and law-abiding colored citizens, whom they prey upon, and among whom they are known as bad Negroes.

"It is this class of bad Negroes and bad whites, who cause practically all racial trouble. It is but a step from being a bad Negro to being a rape fiend. So I think that if the Negro who commits a crime against his own race were to receive stern and severe punishment, the same as if the offense were against a white man, there would be less probability of his gracing the rope or stake for some crime against the white race. The Negro is no higher or lower than he is made by the white race. Criminal white men make criminal Negroes."

THAT Georgia is at last aroused to the grave danger of the lynching evil is apparent in the editorial of the Atlanta *Constitution,* published July 14:

"Calling attention to the importance of helping Georgia abate her lynching record by effective action by the general assembly in the suppression of the mob, Professor George P. Shingler, Jr., of Emory University, has a card directly to the point published in today's *Constitution.*

"Press and pulpit, as he points out, have sounded the alarm, have taken the initiative in behalf of law enforcement along all lines, and it is the unquestioned legislative duty to act now, if we would escape the further effect of the evils which an inexcusable lynching record has brought upon us.

"There is now being circulated throughout the United States a pamphlet prepared by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, dealing with a recent lynching in Waco, Texas. It was a case in which there was no doubt as to the guilt of the victim, and yet for the sake of law and order, the communities involved had agreed to make no effort to lynch the culprit, provided the courts took prompt action. The courts met the wishes of the people, promptly convicted the Negro and sentenced him to be hanged. Scarcely had sentence been pronounced when the mob gathered, went into the court room and took him from the hands of the authorities of the law, carried him out, tortured and mutilated him, burned him and hanged the body to a tree, while a mob of thousands gathered round him.

"The people who read this pamphlet will associate the circumstances of it with the next lynching that occurs in Georgia, or any other Southern state. It describes a process in a particular case; the same brutality and callousness will be associated in the mind of the reader with every other lynching.

"Thus the evil grows in the minds of the people abroad. But it is more for the sake of ourselves, of our own flesh and blood and the civilization it represents, that we should stand so emphatically for law enforcement that occurrences of this sort would be impossible. While opinion away from home is of grave importance to our commercial future, our own self-respect is even above and beyond that consideration.

"It has been said that the laws we have are sufficient to suppress mobs and lynching. That may be true, and yet they do not do it. If it is necessary to bolster political spines with stronger and more imperative laws, then we ought to have them.

"What Georgia must do is to put an end to lynching and the mob, and the legislature now in session should not adjourn until it has provided the statutes that will do it. If the state does not act, and if this lynching abomination continues, no power on earth will prevent action by the federal government."

THE *New York Evening Post* comments upon the subject of suppressing lynching in Georgia in this manner:

"Of course, the Governor knows very well that the crime, or alleged crime, has little to do with the lynching. Of what use is it to exhort the Negro to obedience to law when it is on record that his fellows have been lynched in a single year both for informing as to a

criminal and for not informing as to a criminal; for giving evidence and for refusing to give evidence; for turning State's evidence, for jilting a girl, for violation of contract, for threatened political exposures, and in numerous cases for no crime at all? The sin of the American woman who had splinters run into her and was then slowly burned alive by white gentlemen in Mississippi was simply that the mob, having failed to capture her husband, was bound to have its fun anyway. If Carranza's or Villa's men were to do such a thing to an American, it would be considered reason for wholesale revenge. After the horror of the Frank lynching the Governor of Georgia has no more ringing words than those we have quoted.

"It is not sufficient, of course, merely to pass a law giving a Governor the right to remove a Sheriff who is derelict. In Ohio, the statute has worked well; Waco, Texas, has added to the shame of its recent burning by refusing to act, although there is such a law in that State. The judge whose court was violated, the court officers, the newspaper men, practically everybody, know who the ringleaders were. If there are those who do not, we can supply them with photographs of the torturers on application to this office. The faculty of Baylor University has said not a word; in the face of a horrible crime without the slightest excuse, there is not manhood in Waco sufficient for any one to rise up in defense of the law. Plainly, so long as a community is thus terrorized by mob leaders and politicians as is this one, no statutes will be of any avail. Here there is nothing to be hoped for save the slow processes of education and the gradual stiffening of the backbone of those who would protest but dare not. In every Southern community there are those who burn with indignation at these stains upon the South's name. But the South is slow to organize; reforming organizations are almost unknown compared to the numbers of them that we have in the North. Yet there are many encouraging signs, as we have repeatedly pointed out, and some men and many newspapers are beginning to speak out. There was, for instance, an extraordinary letter in the *Nation* recently from L. P. Chamberlayne, a Southerner born and bred, the son of a Confederate soldier, who put an end to the argument of a Northerner in defense of lynching by saying that he had 'no case whatever.' But the question of the hour remains: How soon can this Southern sentiment be made dominant and controlling?

"In some cases it may indubitably be helped by pressure from the North. Many will doubt this, yet it is a fact that the strong anti-lynching sentiment in Georgia today is in a considerable measure due to the severe criticism of the North and the loss of business because of the Frank case. Therefore, we welcome the decision of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People to devote a fund of ten thousand dollars, of which half has already been raised, to a study of the problem, to the spreading of literature, and the rousing of public sentiment, both North and South—for the North is guilty, too—against this intolerable evil. We wish that it might set the machinery of justice in motion in Waco or in other places against the evil-doers who now go scot free. We believe that it could raise double the amount it asks if it would but circulate with its appeal the pictures of the Waco burning—these representations of American men, women and children by the hundred, watching a fellow human being burning slowly to death without one hand or voice being raised in protest. Not to move against this crime, while denouncing Villa, would stamp this country as guilty of base hypocrisy."

THIS is what England thinks of our glorious Republic. No, we should not condone our faults. We should, in order to cause our neighbors across the sea to be ashamed of their criticisms, clean our house and make America a better place to live:

"To Uncle Sam, U. S. A.:

"Dear Unk: It's a great thing to be you, looked up to by all the rest of mankind—dwelling in a land which, besides being yours, is God's own country, the land of Freedom, the land of Liberty. The moment a man puts his foot on your soil he gets Freedom like a galvanic shock—after he's got through quarantine and coughed up to the customs. You hunted slavery from your shores years back. When the African serf lifted his manacled wrists and asked, 'Am I not a man and a brother?' you knocked off his shackles, wound Old Glory—the Stars and Stripes—round him, and gave him Freedom. He's had it ever since. Of course, he has to take Justice, and Law and Order with it. He gets his full share of that, too.. Your newspapers tell me all about it. I have just been reading of that black

man at Waco, Texas. His name was Jesse Washington, same surname as the Father of your Nation. But this nigger had murdered an elderly white woman; at least, he had been convicted of it. So the free and independent citizens of the United States dragged him out of the court, and, as I read, 'Despite all the efforts of the police to drive off the crowd, he was burned at the stake in the presence of nearly 15,000 spectators.' You asked, t'other day, why you should go mad because the rest of the world is mad. Keep your splendid sanity, Unk, continue to show it on the grand scale, like this example of 15,000 Texans looking on while a man and a brother, black but gloriously free, was burned to death. 'Disgraceful scenes marked the atrocity,' says the newspaper—but you know what newspapers are—so thin-skinned! 'Numbers of bystanders fought to secure charred fingers or toes of the victim to keep as souvenirs.' They'll hand 'em down as heirlooms, perhaps—emblems of the freedom that flourishes wherever your Eagle spreads her wings across your mighty continent. It's a great country, America. Hail, Columbia! Let us wave the Star-Spangled Banner—and sing 'Yankee Doodle!'

"JOHN BULL."

That the doubters may know the above is bona-fide let them look in *John Bull,* published June 3, at 93 and 94 Longaire, W. C., London, Eng.

THE Portland (Ore.) *Oregonian,* located many, many miles from Georgia and, therefore, able to speak dispassionately on a very weighty question, gives this remedy for lynching:

"Stung to action by widespread criticism of their state because of its seeming inability to check growing lawlessness in the form of lynchings, Georgians are determined to find and impose a remedy. This is not to so easy as might appear on the surface. 'Enforce the law' comes easily from the lips, but it is not self-enacting. 'Educate public sentiment,' another favorite phrase of those who think shallowly, proves a mere tinkling cymbal. Lynchings go on while public sentiment is being educated. Reform of the judicial system would come slowly if at all, and it is not enough to say that juries should convict more promptly. Juries are what they are, and despite their defects there is little or no sentiment that would go so far as to abolish them. The want is a remedy which strikes hard, goes to the depths and can be enforced.

"There appears to be strong sentiment behind a measure pending in the Georgia Legislature which puts responsibility directly on the sheriff of the county in which a lynching occurs. It is proposed not only that this official shall be removed from office by the governor upon a showing that he has failed to prevent a lynching in his county, but that he shall be disqualified for the rest of his life from holding office. It is admitted by the proponents that this is drastic, but that is regarded as a point in its favor. Objections that the penalty would be unjust to an officer who had done his best to protect the life of a prisoner and perhaps suffered wounds are met by a provision of the proposed law that he shall have an opportunity to satisfy the governor that the lynchers succeeded in accomplishing their design only after the most strenuous efforts on the sheriff's part to prevent it. Thus, responsibility in the larger sense is shifted to the chief executive of the state.

"To a greater extent than would be true of any other official, the governor may be said to represent the mature sentiment of the entire state. He might be insensible to the effect of his action upon voters, but he would be less influenced by locally inflamed sentiment. If the people of Georgia are sincere in their professed desire to free the state from the stigma now upon it, they would have an opportunity to do so by supporting a governor they knew would call to instant account any sheriff who permitted this form of lawlessness to continue.

"The theory of the proposed bill is based, and we believe correctly, on belief that a good proportion of lynchings are the result of at least tacit connivance on the part of officials sworn to uphold the law. There is some exceptions, to be sure, but the rule, broadly speaking, holds good. The power of a vigilant and determined sheriff is exceedingly great. Fewer mobs would be formed if it were known in advance that their chances of carrying out a lawless purpose were small. Mobs do not often assume great personal risk, known in advance. The sheriff who is confronted with the penalty of disqualification for life is likely to fight for his prisoner if there is any fight in him. The plan, for obvious reasons, is more effective than existing laws which contemplate trial of the negligent official for malfeasance before a jury in his own bailiwick.

"Georgia now has a chance to prove the sincerity of its assertions that the people as a

whole desire that lynching all be stopped. The unenviable notoriety which the state has won in the recent past has stung its best citizens surely; we shall see whether the people, as a whole, are as sensitive on the subject of the good reputation and the honor of the state."

THE Detroit *Free Press* has this compliment to pay Mr. Wilson and his policies:

"One of the issues on which Mr. Wilson will make his campaign this year is the Mexican situation. He will urge, and his supporters will urge in his behalf, that he should be sustained in his policy concerning Mexico's affairs because that policy is to leave the people of the country to settle their own troubles and that is the Democratic idea and in accordance with American ideals.

"On this issue Mr. Wilson may carry the solid South. How much actual belief in the principle of the rule of a country by its people have the voters in the Southern States who will indorse the principle by large majorities?

"A statement has been given out from Washington about the number of men of military age in the various states. Roughly the figures correspond to the number of voters in the same states, including a few more at one end of the age scale and a few others at the other end, but substantially the same. In the country, as a whole, the ratio of voters in 1912 to the total number of men of military age was 71 per cent. Let us see how large a proportion of possible voters voted in some of the Southern States that Mr. Wilson may carry.

"In South Carolina 17 per cent voted in 1912; in Georgia 23 per cent; in Florida 29 per cent; in Alabama 28 per cent; in Mississippi 18 per cent; Louisiana 22 per cent.

"That is to say, out of every 100 qualified voters, speaking roughly, anywhere from 83 to 71 did not have a voice in their country's affairs at the last election.

"Everybody knows the reason. It is the Negro issue. The constitution of the United States guarantees the Negro against discrimination on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude, but these states do not permit the Negro to vote.

"Put it on a population basis. In South Carolina only 3.3 per cent of the people voted in 1912; in Georgia only 4.6; in Florida 6.8; in Alabama 5.5; in Mississippi 3.6; in Louisiana 4.7.

"The people of Mexico, as to whom the voters of the Southern States may insist by their ballots this year that they are entitled by natural rights to regulate the conduct of their own affairs, are much the same class as the Negroes in the South. In many parts of Mexico they do not measure up to the average of the Southern Negro, and they have not the advantage of the influence of contact with cultured white men to elevate their standards or to check their passions. But they must nevertheless have the right of the ballot which is denied by the voters to the American Negroes.

"Consistent, is it not? When the voters of the Southern States have cleaned up their own house they will be more logical in partisan support of the lofty rhetoric about cleaning up the Mexican house. If it is a natural right for a Mexican half-breed peon to have the ballot, why is the ballot denied to his better, the American Negro?"

THE *Union* of Springfield, Mass., alarmed over the immigration of Negroes to New England communities, has this to say concerning the new Negro problem:

"That the advent of three Negro laborers in the city, who had been brought from the South to work in the tobacco fields of Southwick, should be regarded as furnishing the nucleus of a problem will be viewed by candid persons as a significant commentary on the lack of demand in this city for Negro help, when we consider the growth of the local population and the present labor scarcity. The fact of the case seems to be that our comparatively small Negro colony has found it an uphill task to maintain its place in the community, and any increase of their numbers through an outside agency is looked upon by their leaders as aggravating an already difficult problem. Thus it is that the Negro contingent has grown smaller and smaller in proportion to the total population.

"The North has been strong for the Negro, considered as a political entity, but our communities are manifestly not desirous of supplying a field for him to expand and adapt himself to the social structure, and their leaders experience more difficulty in this regard than do their co-laborers in the South, with its vast colored population. This in itself furnishes food for careful thought. It is unlikely that the expedient of bringing Negroes into the tobacco fields entails any serious discomfiture. Certainly it is not practical, nor is

it desirable on broad grounds, to put restraints on the Negroes' right to migrate from the tobacco towns to nearby places at their pleasure. Here we encounter the same fundamental principles that was manifest in the stormy times preceding the emancipation of the Negro.

"The acute labor scarcity will pass away with the European War and the renewal of the immigration tide, unless stringent legislation be adopted to restrict the influx. With this the occasion for importing Negroes to New England will be removed. In a way there is justification for a disinclination on the part of New Englanders to add a large Negro element to their numbers. We have enough of a problem already to absorb and educate the large elements that have come into our midst from the Old World. Yet our duty toward our colored residents should not go unrecognized, and the first step toward a just and fair disposal of related problems is to admit frankly that a rather strict color line is being drawn among us."

HENRY M. HYDE in *The Chicago Tribune* is very optimistic concerning the so-called Negro hegira:

"In the long run, if the Negro hegira continues, as it seems sure to do, the effect will probably be good. It will be good for the South to have the colored population more evenly distributed over the country. It will compel the Southern States to encourage the coming of white immigrants. In a few states that process has already begun. In three counties of Virginia, for instance—Prince George, Chesterfield, and one other—the vacant lands have been entirely repopulated by Bohemian farmers, who are setting an example of thrift and good husbandry which is inspiring. It will be good for the North to share more fully in the solution of the problem for which the whole country is responsible. It will be good for the black man because it will improve his economic position. And it will do the white workman of the North no harm because the presence in any part of the country of a great unorganized and poorly paid body of labor always tends to depress wages generally.

"Meanwhile, during the next few years Northern communities will have to adapt themselves to the pressure of greatly increased Negro colonies; the South will be forced to use more machinery on its farms and to plant crops which need less hand labor.

"The migration of the Negroes to the North is only one of the big new problems which the war in Europe has forced upon the people of the United States."

THE *Christian Herald* notes what is gratification to both races—a step towards the demonstration of economic independence on the part of the American Negro:

"After fifty years of educational effort for the freedom by the white churches of America, the Negro is now about to make a great effort on his own account. The four divisions of African Methodism, representing 1,816,684 members, are co-operating in a great united effort to raise $2,000,000, or a little more than one dollar a member, for education. They expect to raise this amount by January 1, 1918, the slogan for the campaign being: 'One Dollar per Member.' In the last four-year period these churches raised a little less than 50 cents a member, or 12½ cents a year, so that the new goal means multiplying former giving by six. In the last twenty years the African churches affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal church (North) increased their annual benevolence collections from $33,672 to $99,559, and their annual receipts for current expenses from $755,304 to $1,413,272. This is the record of a membership of 351,952, or roughly one-sixth of all the African Methodists. The African Methodist Episcopal church, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church, and the Colored Methodist Episcopal church in America, in co-operating with the Negro churches in the Methodist Episcopal church (North), have set themselves a worthy goal. The churches have gained in self-respect as they have become self-supporting. Now, if they can take over the support of the institutions of learning which for fifty years have been maintained as a patriotic charity by the white Christians of America, they will have taken a new and a long step toward full citizenship. First slaves, then freedmen, then wards, the Negro is now approaching the final goal of any race, full self-support and self-control."

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A Confidential Talk

"Bigger and Better" is our motto. Our next number will be our Educational Number. Its chief feature will be a symposium on "What Is the Best Type of School for the Negro Youth?" and will contain the names of some of the leading educators of the race. There will be general articles, one an illustrated review. No, we will not crowd out Binga Dismond and Scrip, or the pictorial review, but we will make them a part of our motto, "Bigger and Better."

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The Champion Magazine

Vol. No. 1 October, 1916 No. 2

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

THAT WORD NEGRO

WITHIN the last two or three years there has been growing evidence that some men dislike to be termed Negroes. This dislike, we are certain, grows out of the respect Anglo-Saxon civilization extorts from her subjects. Black is odious because white is dominant, but in the earlier ages, white might have been odious because black was dominant.

When Egypt was supreme, it was no disgrace to be black. Many of the Pharaohs, the proudest of ancient monarchs, were Negroes. The early culture of Babylon and Nineveh was the culture of the Negro. The brother-in-law of Alexander the Great, one of the three greatest world conquerors, was a Negro. Negroes fought under Hannibal in the Punic wars. Jugurtha was a Negro. Negro soldiers helped to establish the supremacy of Islam in North Africa and early Spain. Great leaders of Mohammedan civilization were Negroes.

And during more recent times Toussaint L'Ouverture, the great Haitian liberator, was a Negro. Poushkin, the mighty Russian poet, was a Negro and Alexandre Dumas, the greatest of romantic novelists, was a Negro. Ira Aldridge, the tragedian, who had no rivals in the role of Othello, was a Negro. Benjamin Banneker, the mathematician was a Negro. And today, William Stanley Braithwaite, whose sympathetic criticisms raised the standard of poetry during a commercial age, is a Negro. Booker Washington, whose death is still fresh in the minds of the American people, has not yet descended from the pedestal of the world's greatest industrial educator and he was a Negro. The heroes of the Boston Massacre, Bunker Hill, New Orleans, Richmond, San Juan, El Caney, and Carrizal were Negroes. Menelik, whose Abyssinian army crushed that of Italy, was a Negro.

So far as world culture is concerned, Benin, a Negro kingdom led in art. Yorubia of West Africa excelled in the terra-cotta industry. Uganda was long powerful in her portion of the African continent.

We have not told all, but we have told you enough to convince you that the Negro is an ancient race. Slavery was not peculiar to the Negro; he has held and has been held in bondage as all other races have held and have been held. He has achieved, is achieving and will achieve.

It is useless to search for new terms, thinking that therein you may escape being a Negro. Bear the Cross; lift up your head; be proud that you can wear the name of a race that preceded Egypt and was building cities at the same time China was laying the foundation of her civilization.

It is a privilege God grants to be a Negro.

WHY NOT HAVE A NEW SOUTH?

GEORGIA'S failure to pass her anti-lynching bill is characteristic of the attitude she assumed during the Frank case. Although the outside world looks upon lynching as a terrible menace to Americanism, and has pointed a finger of scorn at Georgia, that great state, resentful of the "meddlesome" *New York Times* and other New York newspapers, by a ruse destroys her chance to stamp out the monstrous evil.

Her attempt, however, will be looked upon as something out of the ordinary. A Southern state is not prone to legislate upon such a condition. That Georgia is aroused must be admitted; that Texas

will be is possible. No community can thrive long in the mire of public odium.

So far as the Negro is concerned, he has no hatred for either Georgia or Texas. If it were of his own choice, he would live side by side with his neighbors in the South, working to make Dixie a land of milk and honey. Lynching is the outgrowth of caste feeling, a principle America has opposed since the founding of democratic government in the New England colonies. The Negro is the under dog, as the Jew is in Russia; it is always easy to torture the defenseless.

Georgia, Texas and the entire South would have greater prosperity if they would co-operate with the Negro and help him to aid them in establishing a Dixie that would rule the intellectual life and industry of the New World. The lynching of the Negro is merely the means of making the North more prosperous and turning back the calendar of the South fifty years.

WOODROW WILSON

NO American President since the days of Andrew Jackson has been so unsatisfactory to the cause of the Negro as Woodrow Wilson. During a time of political chaos, he was elected upon a platform that promised justice to all the various elements of American citizenship.

Immediately after his inauguration, the Democrats began an administration that is little less than criminal-tyrannical in its nature, upheld by a few demagogues who do not even represent the sentiment of their constituency. First families of Virginia have never been known to disgrace their state.

Many are the crimes. We will cite herein a few of them: Segregation of Federal employees has been permitted in their work-rooms and when brought to task by a shocked country, the chief executive, like Pontius Pilate, washed his hands of the entire affair. Negroes have been removed from the high offices that they have held since the days of Grant and their places filled by incompetent members of the Southern wing of the Democratic party and even Indians, who do not represent any voting element.

The President has inferred, which in his lofty position is dangerous to our welfare, that his refusal to support a Federal suffrage amendment is his fear that the Negro might regain his ballot in the Southern States.

He has upheld the doctrine of States' rights, which died at Appomattox a little over fifty years ago, and, triumphant would place our race once more in actual bondage.

He has refused to appear at large Negro gatherings, demonstrating thereby that he is not only out of sympathy with the Negro race but has a prejudice that has hitherto been foreign to a President of the United States.

He has permitted racial discrimination to creep into the civil service, an unconstitutional condition never intended by the framers of the Civil Service Bill and something hitherto unknown.

Therefore, considering that dangerous attitude on Negro affairs and aspirations, we deem it expedient to unite everywhere and crush the political power of this American czardom. *Woodrow Wilson has been weighed in the balance and is found wanting.*

EMMETT SCOTT

THE work of Emmett Scott should not pass unnoticed. Mr. Scott was Booker T. Washington's ablest lieutenant. During the years that Tuskegee Institute was forging to the front, Dr. Washington relied upon him more than any other man to do that which the great leader himself did not have time to do. And in acting as Dr. Washington's lieutenant, Mr. Scott used his influence not for his personal ends, but for the welfare of his race.

Honors are slow to come, but certain. We feel that history will not fail to record Emmett Scott as one of the successors of Booker T. Washington.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT

THE Negro extends his sympathy to Ireland in this, her hour of grief and mourning. He, too, feels the loss humanity suffers in the death of Sir Roger Casement, the great idealist.

For Sir Roger, out of the depths of his great sympathy for down-trodden peoples, was a friend of the Congo Negro. When Leopold of Belgium was ruthlessly exploiting the natives of his African

dominions, Sir Roger came to the rescue of the darker people and made their lot a better lot.

Although he died for Ireland, Sir Roger, by his unselfish acts, made himself a martyr, not only for Ireland, but for the nine hundred million Negroes throughout the entire world.

RECONCILIATION

EVER since the days of Reconstruction there has been the appearance of constant strife between the races of America. It has been due, as we have hitherto said, to the activity of propagandists—men who would not be in the public eye were it not for the opportunity to instigate a persecution of the darker people. Deep down in the hearts of the American masses, there is good feeling for the black man, and deep down in the hearts of the Negroes, there is a remarkable love for their white brethren.

No truer legend was ever penned than that God made all men and all nations of one blood. The Negro, the Caucasian and the Mongolian are all of one common ancestry; the effects of climate and environment are alone the cause of whatever difference there may be between these races. Each has made his contribution to the welfare of the human family and it is only fitting that all should work together, and not against each other, to maintain the supremacy of the human species.

What does Dixon gain for the cause of humanity by his militant campaign against the American Negro? The Negro has made his mistakes and so has the Caucasian. The only manner in which to rectify them would be to cast aside all thoughts of what has been and of what might happen, and with the energy of a species that survived the dinosaur and other antediluvian creatures, make this a better and a greater America.

THE NEGRO AFTER THE WAR

NO chain of incidents since the Napoleonic struggle has so disturbed the world as this War of the Nations that has stricken the white race. Many changes are being wrought, and many changes will be wrought, before the Great War has accomplished its work. Europe will be affected, America will be affected and the Negro will come into his share.

Already the American Negro is feeling its influence. The Negro hegira is merely the opening a scarcity of white labor in the North has made for the black man. Foreigners are too busy fighting in the European trenches to become American immigrants. The bulwark of the Northern labor market has been the foreign element, that is the principal reason the Negro in the North has not found New England and the Middle West an economic Paradise.

This will not last long. When the war is over, swarms of foreigners will pour into Ellis Island, eager to escape the debts of their country and the possibilities of another Titanic struggle, and with a Southern European standard of living will compete with the American laborer. The color question will be raised again and the Negro will be the sufferer. It will be a struggle between the American black man and the European white man.

To prepare for this crisis, we deem it advisable to give the Negro laborer vocational training. Skill will be his weapon against his economic competitors. If he can do his work better than the foreigner he need not fear the foreigner.

The war will exhaust the vials of race prejudice, so far as Europe is concerned. Forgetting that Hans is a German, Nick a Slav, and John an Englishman will have its effect upon America. Under the influence of the stronger personality of the European contingent the country of Lincoln and Washington will let her feelings toward the world's most lovable race die a natural death.

The brilliant fighting of the black troops, although it is not featured in the press stories, will be bread cast upon the waters. It will return to the African ten-fold. The white man will not forget men who died for men."

BUY A BOOK

IN the September number of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE, Geo. W. Ellis gave a very comprehensive review of the Negro's achievements in world literature. He revealed that the Negro in the field

of letters has always been a reckoning power. Sarbah, Hayford and Crowther are names new to the ordinary reader, and yet they are the names of Negroes worthy of a place among the immortals.

As a commercial proposition, Negro literature has long been a failure. With the exception of the works of Dunbar, DuBois, Booker T. Washington and a few others whose appeal might interest the other race, Negro books are a drug on the market. This is due largely to the attitude the Negro himself assumes regarding what is to be read. He dislikes to purchase that which does not satisfy his materialistic needs, and though he may read his own writers, he does it through the channels of free agency.

We advocate, therefore, A Buy a Book week. Let minister, journalist and every other leader impress upon his followers during that week the necessity to purchase one book by a Negro writer. Buy a Book and thus assure our race the right to express itself.

TO PUBLISHERS

WE invite the publishers and authors of books concerning the Negro to submit them to us for review. We are selecting a competent critic to assume charge of that branch of the editorial department. All reviews will be unbiased and will represent the honest opinion of the reviewer.

THE OBSERVER

"FRATERNAL organizations make many demonstrations," ventured the Critic, "but what do they accomplish?"

"So far as our race is concerned, they accomplish their ample quota," returned the Observer. The Negro secret society is not all a matter of insignia and ritual. On the book of racial progress, you will find it like Abou Ben Adhem's name on the angel's parchment.

"In the Southland, and in the North, I have discovered plenty of evidence to corroborate my statement. Take for instance the Knights of Pythias. If ever you have been to Hot Springs, Ark., you can realize the boon this organization is to our race. But for the Pythian Sanitarium, it would be impossible for the colored tourist to take the baths at any place save the Government bathhouse. Seekers of health throughout this entire Negro nationality have avowed gratitude for this practical gift.

"In Louisville, that city of the hearty welcome, the Pythians have erected a magnificent temple. It is with the Y. M. C. A. and the Colored Branch Libraries, the civic center of colored Louisville. The pleasures that the Y. M. C. A. could not approve and which do not fit in libraries can be enjoyed in a healthy fashion at this miniature skyscraper. In Chicago, the Pythians own a temple on State Street, in the heart of the colored business district.

"What impressed me most in regard to the Masonic conclave in Chicago was the colored Masons could hold their great meeting in a hall of their own. The Union Masonic Temple is one of colored Chicago's achievements. It, like all the institutions the fraternal societies establish, was purchased with the hard earned money of colored men and women and not from the generosity of the other race.

"The Elks, the Odd Fellows and the Foresters possess much in property and money. Upon the stone of materialism, they are building a monument to idealism. The fraternal societies are part of the sinews of our Negro nationality, that Ethiopia that weighs the nations in the balance." "But those are the organizations of the masses," said the Critic. "What of the college fraternity? It doesn't amass property."

"My dear friend," flashed the Observer, "property and money do not constitute the sole balance of power. The college fraternity is breaking down the color line. It is demonstrating to its white neighbors that the Negro is capable of social life.

"Whenever a chapter of the Alpha Phi Alpha at a university on the type of Cornell or Michigan gives a social function or holds an initiation it is an assertion of Negro individuality. It is the getting away from the idea that the Negro must be absorbed by the Anglo-Saxon. By Alpha Phi Alpha, he is learning the laws of selection. No peo-

ple can be dominant so long as all are on the one plane any more than a barrel of good apples can remain so with one bad apple to its credit.

"Eugene Kinckle Jones has achieved much in the active world, but in my opinion his most significant achievement was when, a graduate student at Cornell, he founded the first chapter of the Alpha Phi Alpha. It has spread to many colleges and universities with two chapters at Howard. Later its founder was instrumental in gathering together the college men of Louisville and organizing the first graduate chapter of this society.

"Michigan has her Alpha house and is proud of her colored fraternity men. They go forth into the world and prove to be of inestimable value to their race.

"Let our people organize. Let them learn the principles of self government and the spirit of co-operation. Let them learn mysticism, that element from which religion leaped into existence. Man is not fully man until he has demonstrated that he is a social being."

THE LEDGER

ARMY SEGREGATION DURING WILSON'S ADMINISTRATION

BECAUSE several Negroes had applied for admission to the National Guard of Pennsylvania and had been refused, R. L. Vann, editor of the *Pittsburgh Courier*, asked the Secretary of War the truth concerning this new discrimination. This is the Adjutant General's reply:

"The law requires that organized militia companies mustered into the service of the United States must conform strictly to the organization prescribed for like units of the regular army. White companies in the regular armies have white cooks. Therefore, Negro cooks for white companies of organized militia cannot be accepted.

"Section 1104 and 1108, revised statutes of the United States, provide that the enlisted men of two regiments of Cavalry and two regiments of Infantry shall be colored men. By that legislation Congress clearly indicated its intent that the races shall be segregated in the military service."

A SIGN OF COMMERCIAL PROGRESS

IT is pleasing to note the progress the Negro made under the leadership of Dr. Booker T. Washington. At the recent session of the National Negro Business League, statistics showed that since 1900, Negro banks have increased from two to fifty-one.

There should be a bank in every Negro community. In such large communities as New York, Chicago and Washington, colored business men should unite for the purpose of conducting banking on a large scale. If this were done, within a generation or two, the Negro would be established in the financial world.

RESIDENTIAL SEGREGATION GROWING

TULSA, OKLA., is to be added to the cities making an experiment of Negro segregation. On August 14, the police of that city began enforcing the segregation ordinance enacted by the city commission. This ordinance provides that where the residents of a block are seventy-five per cent of one race, members of the other race must vacate.

The colored citizens of Tulsa in mass convention, protested against the enactment of the ordinance and asked its repeal, but the protest was not heeded. It is probable that influential members of the race in Tulsa and Oklahoma City will force a test case in the courts to determine its constitutionality.

Atlanta, Ga., has an interesting test case. THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE may have more to say concerning this case in the next issue of *The Ledger*. Louisville's segregation case, now before the Supreme Court, will not be settled for a year.

MARY CHURCH TERRELL PLEADS FOR COLORED WOMEN

MARY CHURCH TERRELL, the noted lecturer, before a large white audience at East Northfield, Mass., pleaded for the equality of opportunity for the American Negro. Her subject was "Progress and Problems of the Colored Women."

Mrs. Terrell said: "Among all the discouraging aspects of the Negro problem the struggle of the colored woman has been a bright spot. If judged by the depths from which she has come to the heights she has attained, she has no reason to hang her head. In spite of obstacles of race and sex, her progress is in some ways unsurpassed in the world history of women. She has attained success in educational lines, but has not been satisfied until others have enjoyed similar advantages. She has used her talents to battle the evil conditions of her race; during the last twenty years, she has become a great force for good in the Southern States. Many have been the unknown heroines, who have given their lives for their race. They have striven hard to purify the atmosphere of the home and have done splendid service through hospitals and other philanthropies.

"The colored women of the South are very poor. They have had to rear their children in the face of deliberate efforts of the powers that be to keep them down. I plead with you, fellow Americans, that these women have a chance to live decent moral lives, for it is hard for any race to rise very high in the moral scale if there are powers that force them to exist in evil conditions. Do not force them to live in districts segregated for the purpose of vice and expect them to be models of virture. Segregation is an evil that is everywhere. For instance in Chicago, districts segregated on account of the social evil are always foisted upon the Negro residents. How long can a woman remain pure in such an environment?"

Later in her speech, Mrs. Terrell asserted that the greatest handicap the Negro suffers is the difficulty in securing employment and admission into trades unions. This Mrs. Terrell said was more true in the North than in the South.

NEGRO COMMUNITY DENIED SCHOOL

GAINESVILLE, FLA., with a population of six thousand one hundred and eighty-three, one-half colored, is without a Negro school. Dr. Kelly, the county superintendent, has abolished the only existing colored school. The white school pays its principal $125 a month and his assistants $60 and up.

A wealthy resident of Gainesville, a certain Thornton Springfellow, is said to be the cause of this unusual situation. He objected to a Negro school in his neighborhood.

NEW NEGRO REGIMENT ORGANIZING

MAJOR MUNSON MORRIS, in command of the First (Harlem) Battalion, son of an officer who led colored troops in the Civil War, and Lieutenant Colonel Chas. Hinton of the Second Battalion, son of Major Wm. Hinton, one of John Brown's officers, who enlisted the first Negro soldier in the United States service, will command the Fifteenth Infantry, N. G. N. Y. Bert Williams has been detailed to duty with the new regiment and will serve as captain and inspector of small arms.

Recruiting officers made an effort to get the best class of Negroes to join the regiment. First Lieutenant Napoleon B. Marshall, a graduate of Harvard Law School and a practicing lawyer, and First Lieutenant Herbert Gee, an auditor and formerly an adjutant in the Forty-seventh U. S. Volunteer Infantry, seeing three years' service in the Philippines, are among the other officers.

MONUMENT TO COLORED SOLDIERS

THE Silas Fellows Post No. 7, G. A. R. of Virginia and North Carolina, on Labor Day dedicated a monument to the memory of the colored soldiers who fought and died in the Civil War. The ceremony took place at the Lincoln Cemetery on South street, Norfolk, Va. Preceding the unveiling was one of the largest parades ever seen in Norfolk. It consisted of colored sailors, Spanish-American War veterans, Civil War veterans and every colored lodge and organization in the community. The orator of the occasion was Prof. J. M. Gandy, President of Virginia Normal Institute, of Petersburg, Va. The Hampton choir and the Patriotic choir of Portsmouth, Va., furnished the music.

It is a sign of racial progress that those of African descent have learned to show appreciation of their heroic dead by erecting monuments.

TWO COLORED MEN REWARDED

TWO men, Fons Ross and Peter Stowe, at a risk of their own lives, saved four men who were going to their deaths in the rising waters of the Catawba river at Charlotte, N. C., and were rewarded with a check for $550 raised by the *Charlotte Observer* and $10.18, which had been raised independently of the larger donation. The exercises took place in the council chamber of the city hall and an appropriate address was delivered by Mayor Kirkpatrick.

SUFFRAGIST ASSURES WHITE SUPREMACY

HELENA HILL WEED, research chairman of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage, on August 8, gave out this statement to President Wilson concerning the effect of the Negro problem on Federal Woman Suffrage:

"All told, the white women of the South outnumber the Negro women by more than six million and the total Negro population by two million or more. It is idle, therefore, to argue that the Negro problem is a reason for opposing the Federal amendment. The only answer needed is to show the census figures. They dispel all useless fear."

It seems as if President Wilson in his characteristic manner declared that it was not the question of State's rights, but the Negro problem that forced him to oppose the Federal suffrage amendment. And thereby, Woodrow Wilson stamped himself President of the Southern Confederacy and not of a country that knows no sectionalism.

CLUBS FOR NEGRO FARMERS

THE United States Department of Agriculture is organizing throughout the South, farm makers' clubs for rural Negro children. These clubs were begun last year as an experiment, and have proved to be a very popular and helpful feature. The work is thoroughly organized in Virginia, North Carolina, Florida and Mississippi and is being carried on to some extent in each of the other Southern States.

The chief object of these clubs is to encourage Negro farmers, particularly in the cotton sections, to raise some food instead of devoting their entire attention to a single crop. The State colleges are co-operating with the Department of Agriculture in this work.

CENTRAL SOUTH TO HAVE NEGRO HOSPITAL

A COLORED hospital for the South is to be established somewhere between Natchez and New Orleans. The leader in the movement is Dr. Wm. Cosey of Natchez, Miss., who has the support of his race in Mississippi and Louisiana. A four days' meeting was held during August that amply tested the strength of the project.

MUSICAL DEMONSTRATION IN NORTH CAROLINA

THE large intelligent audience in the auditorium at Asheville, N. C., on Tuesday evening, August 8, on the occasion of the Folk Song Festival given by Madame E. Azalia Hackley, proved conclusively how successfully she is teaching the Negro to appreciate his own melodious, beautiful Folk Songs, true expressions of his deepest emotions and moods.

What pleasure it affords him to listen to such songs as "Steal Away to Jesus," "Let us Cheer the Weary Traveler," "Every Time I Feel the Spirit," "I Want to Be a Christian." The choruses were led by Mamie Gross, James Washington, Douglas Clark and others. Ernest McKissick, Wm. Sigmund, Dr. J. W. Walker and James Washington appeared in quartette. Misses Nannie Nickolson, Maude Weaver, Martha Jackson, Bessie Rollinson, August Penney, Angeline Fowler and Mesdames Annie Sisney and Mary Johnson as members of female chorus made "Since You Went Away," by Rosamond Johnson and Jas. Weldon Johnson, ring with pathos. Altona Trent played the S. Coleridge Taylor compositions.

We are to be congratulated upon the fact that such a well-known, efficient musical leader as Madame Hackley is unselfishly giving her time and service to the development of the musical talent of Negroes and teaching them to value and love their folk songs, from which have been taken the fundamental principles of American music.

FUNDS NEEDED FOR RELIEF WORK

THE Citizens' Welfare Association has taken up the work of extending relief to families of national guardsmen from the District of Columbia and announces that most of the applicants for work have been placed in positions. Families of 157 guardsmen have applied for relief.

AUGUST CARNIVAL IN CHICAGO

The Chicago Carnival given under the management of Alderman Oscar DePriest netted $1,403. This amount was turned over to the Home for Old and Infirm Colored People.

NEGRO PROMOTED TO HIGHEST RANK

MAJOR CHAS. YOUNG of the Tenth Cavalry, recently nominated to be a lieutenant colonel of cavalry, has reached the highest rank ever attained by a Negro in the regular army. He is one of the three colored gradutes of West Point, having finished in the class of 1889; Henry O. Fipper of the class of 1877 and John H. Alexander, class of 1887, were the other two. Flipper was assigned as a second lieutenant to the Tenth Cavalry, but was dismissed from the service in 1882 and Alexander was a second lieutenant in the Ninth Cavalry when he died in 1894.

The government has on its pay-roll nine other Negroes, besides Lieutenant Colonel Young, who are commissioned officers in the army. They are Chaplains Washington W. E. Gladden, Twenty-fourth Infantry; Geo. W. Proleau, Twenty-fifth Infantry, and Oscar J. W. Scott, Tenth Cavalry, who have the relative rank of captains, and Chaplain Louis A. Carter, Ninth Cavalry, with the relative rank of first lieutenant; Chaplains Theophilus G. Steward and Wm. T. Anderson, retired; Major John R. Lynch, retired; Capt. Benjamin O. Davis, Cavalry, and Capt. John E. Green, Infantry. Chaplain Steward has the relative rank of captain, and Chaplain Anderson that of major. Major Lynch is a former officer of the Pay Department.

CATHOLICS PAY TRIBUTE TO THE NEGRO RACE

AMONG the features of the preamble and declaration of principles of the Catholic Federation of the United States, which convened in New York last month, was the following paragraph on the Negro situation.

"Solicitous for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the 10,000,000 of colored people in the United States, we regard with satisfaction the splendid work being done for them by the various organizations, and we pledge our loyal support and heartily commend all those zealous self-sacrificing religious persons who devote their lives to the evangelization of the colored people."

NEW YORK REGIMENT PARADES

THE Fifteenth Infantry, N. G., N. Y., held its first parade at Olympic Field, One Hundred and Thirty-sixth street and Fifth avenue, New York City, August 27. Colonel William Hayward was the commandant; Captain Bert A. Williams, the famous comedian, the adjutant, and Dr. McSweeney the regimental surgeon. Brigadier General O. B. Bridgmen reviewed the parade and complimented Colonel Hayward upon the showing his embryo regiment made.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE desires to congratulate colored New York upon the progress her new regiment has made. It is remarkable that a military organization whose recruiting did not start until July should be able to hold a public demonstration so early in its career.

TENTH CAVALRY CELEBRATES FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

THE famous Tenth United States Cavalry recently celebrated the Fiftieth anniversary of its formation with a pageant. This unit, which was commissioned at what is now Fort Sill, Okla., July 28, 1866, in addition to winning laurels in war against the Indians, has distinguished itself at Santiago, Cuba, in the Philippines and in Mexico, notably at Carrizal.

The anniversary celebration was conceived by Lieutenant Colonel Chas. Young. The history of the regiment was depicted in the pageant and introducing the different episodes, a non-commissioned officer, clad in heraldic trappings, recited stanzas of blank verse which were composed by Colonel Young and gave a synopsis of the scenes.

The opening stanza for "The Rooky Roll Call" is as follows:

"Come ye!

"Come ye and behold how from beginnings small and troubles numberless, full 50 years ago was born this military child; from cabin home and plantation soil. From sons of slavemen, whose faces are black."

ANOTHER COLORED REGIMENT

PENNSYLVANIA is to have a Negro regiment. Recruiting quarters for the first Pennsylvania Colored Infantry have been opened at 212 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Alfred H. McClelland has been appointed commanding colonel.

A NEW NEGRO COLONY

UNDER the leadership of John T. Patrick, a white capitalist of Wadesboro, N. C., a party of promoters have been touring the South on the steamer Attaquin with the purpose of selecting the site for a Negro colony. In an interview with a Charleston, S. C. daily newspaper, Mr. Patrick says:

"We shall establish an industrial city for colored people where Negro boys and girls, and men and women, may be taught all the arts of industry. Church organizations, societies, and other bodies of colored people throughout the county are to be interested in the enterprise and we hope to have whole families come to the colony for instruction in various lines of employment. Then they will eventually return to their homes or go anywhere, fully equipped to give efficient service in the household, the store, or the factory. The city will be named 'Co-operation,' and it is to be self-sustaining. Schools, churches, municipal buildings, and every form of building which one sees in any city will be constructed by the promoters for the benefit of those who care to participate in the advantages it will offer.

"We began our tour for the selection of a site several weeks ago and we first looked over some promising sites in the North Carolina and East Tennessee mountains, after which we went to Cincinnati and held several important business meetings, arousing much interest in the proposition, among the Negroes of that city. From Cincinnati we went to Savannah, arriving there last week where we chartered the steamer Attaquin, which plies between Savannah and Buffton, for a trip up the coast of Charleston. I think that the site may be located somewhere within twenty miles of either Charleston or Savannah, so that we can have the benefit of markets in one or the other of these cities."

HUGHES MAKES HIS DECLARATION

ACCORDING to the *Amsterdam News,* a New York weekly, a delegation of colored citizens representing New York State, and under the leadership of Hamilton H. Blunt, called upon Chas. Evans Hughes, the Republican candidate, at his suite in the Hotel Astor, New York City. Mr. Blunt, in speaking for the delegation asked Mr. Hughes for an expression of his attitude toward the colored people of the United States.

Mr. Hughes replied: "I have listened carefully to what you have said. In all of my public utterances, I have never thought it necessary to refer to any Americans by their color.

"I have always been a friend of the colored people and have always sympathized with them in their endeavor. In a meeting once with the late Booker T. Washington, I had an opportunity to learn much about their achievements. In your address, you referred to my stand on Americanism. Americanism is a spirit and that spirit knows no man by race or color. I believe fully in a constitutional government. I do not care to make reference to my record on the Supreme bench; you can do that and I believe you will agree that I was always just and fair in my decisions."

A SEGREGATION DECISION

THE case of the Colonial Theatre at Baltimore, Md., is peculiar in the history of the segregation law. The Colonial Theater attempted to open in a white business district as a house for both white and colored. Complaints were made and, in order to appease the complainants, the building inspector placed a ban on the house as a violation of the segregation ordinance.

Manager Levy of the Colonial Theatre was not to be outwitted. He secured two able lawyers, who after a brief fight procured in the Surrogate Court an injunction restraining the City of Baltimore from interfering with the Colonial Theatre. Judge Heuisler, who granted the injunction, is to be commended for his fair decision.

JUBILEE FOR OLDEST COLORED PRIEST

REV. C. R. UNCLES, S. S. J., who was the first American Negro to be ordained to the Catholic priesthood, will during the coming winter celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the pulpit. A banquet will be tendered him and a purse, to be expended on a trip to Rome, presented him by the colored Catholics of Baltimore.

Father Uncles is one of the professors of Epiphany College, a training school for priests who intend to work among colored people.

Catholicism among the Negroes of New Orleans, La., is still growing. The four flourishing Negro parishes of New Orleans will have a sister parish somewhere on Johnson street.

TOBACCO GROWERS OBJECT TO NEGRO EXODUS

"J. W." of Quincy, Fla., writes this letter to *Tobacco Leaf,* the publication of those interested in the tobacco industry:

QUINCY, Fla., August 3.—The recruiting of colored labor in Gadsden County for the purpose of transporting them to Connecticut to help harvest the tobacco crop in that state was given a severe setback Monday. A delegation of citizens, numbering about seventy-five, went to Tallahassee in twenty automobiles to meet the Boosters' Club of that city to discuss ways and means of putting a stop to the work of recruiting. They also took steps to prevent the sending to Connecticut of the forty-odd Negroes who had been taken to Tallahassee from this county. During this meeting it was pointed out the great injury that would result to both Gadsden and Leon counties if the indiscriminate deportation of Negroes was permitted to continue, and it was explained how impossible it would be for the growers and packers of tobacco here to continue the business if the Negro help was taken away. It was also pointed out that even if the negroes returned to Florida they would cause unrest among the colored laborers here, and that irreparable injury would be inflicted upon the tobacco section of Florida. After the recruiting agents saw the stand that was taken by the citizens of the two counties, they consented to discontinue their work. A rising vote of thanks was tendered these gentlemen for their stand. J. W.

DEATH OF BISHOP FERGUSON

REV. S. D. FERGUSON, for the last thirty-five years bishop of the Episcopal Church in Liberia, died recently. The clergyman, who was one of the most widely known Negro missionary bishops in the Episcopal Church, was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1842, and with his family emigrated at the age of six to Liberia, where he was educated in the mission schools.

ARMY EXCLUSION BILL INTRODUCED

A BILL for the exclusion of Negroes from enlistment in the United States Army and Navy was introduced by Representatives Caraway of Arkansas and Huddleston of Alabama, during the last week in July. The measure was referred without action to the committee and in all probability will never become a law.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE commends Congress for such an action. It reflects the true sentiment of the country regarding the race whose soldiers died at Carrizal to save the honor of the nation.

Summer Conventions

The Great Masonic Conclave in Chicago

By Richard E. Moore

THE general committee of arrangements under the leadership of Richard E. Moore and the citizens of Chicago in general are to be congratulated on account of the great success attending the meetings of the seven grand bodies of the Masonic Order held from August 20 to 26. Never before in the history of the Masonic Order had such a gathering representing the entire fraternity been attempted.

Distinguished members of the order began pouring into the city Saturday from all parts of the United States and were welcomed at the various depots by details from the general committee. State street, from Twenty-ninth to Forty-first street, was

gorgeously decorated and illuminated, forming a continuous arch over the street more than a mile and a half in length. The Masonic Temple, Fortieth and State streets, was covered with Masonic emblems and variegated colors of the order. The beautiful rooms of the Masonic Progressive Club, adjacent to the Masonic Temple, were thrown open to the visitors, with three special rooms for the accommodation of ladies, where everything necessary for their comfort was provided.

The District of Columbia, New York, Pennsylvania and several other states entertained all attending at their respective headquarters. To the credit of the Masonic Order, and with commendable race pride, it can be said not any of the members of the order brought discredit upon the conclave or the city.

The Chicago committee extended complimentary tickets to all members of the fraternity, admitting them to the reception Monday night at St. John's Baptist Church, entertainment and competitive drills of Arabic Patrols, Tuesday evening at the Eighth Regiment Armory, Eastern Star and Daughters of Isis reception at Bethel A. M. E. Church Wednesday evening, field day and competitive drills by Knights Templar teams at White Sox Park Thursday afternoon and the Masonic pageant entertainment given at the Seventh Regiment Armory Thursday evening. From two to eight thousand people attended each of the above affairs.

Great interest was manifested in carrying on the business of the seven bodies, all of which had a larger number of delegates than expected. At the Knights Templar conference Sir John P. Tarvin of Washington, D. C., presided. Many topics of vital importance were considered and several beneficial recommendations approved in the interest of knighthood in general. Henry Spencer of Albany, N. Y., was elected president for the term and Albert Lee of Champaign, Ill., was elected recorder. The body having the largest attendance was the Imperial Council, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which had in attendance about five hundred, this being its eighteenth annual communication. George W. McKon, the imperial potentate of St. Louis, Mo., presided. The reports showed a healthy condition of the order in all states and a large increase in members. Noble Clarence E. Dunlap of Indianapolis, Ind., was elected imperial potentate. Noble Levi Williams of Jersey City, N. J., was re-elected grand secretary.

The Grand Master Council held a very important meeting, twenty-seven states being represented. The most important business considered was the adoption of a code of by-laws for the future government of this august body of Masonic chiefs. Brother J. L. Thompson of Des Moines, Iowa, is the president of this body. The interstate conference of Royal Arch Masons, presided over by Companion W. G. Butter of New York, opened in the Masonic Temple with a large number of delegates present. Considerable business pertaining to the unification of all grand chapters of Royal Arch Masons commanded the attention of the delegates. The belief was generally expressed that much good will result from this meeting. The Supreme Council of Scottish Rite Masons of the Northern Jurisdiction, of which the illuster was J. F. Richards of Detroit, Mich. At the close of the communication Occidental Consistory No. 28 gave the visiting brethren a banquet which was attended by 180 persons, including a large number of distinguished Masons of the thirty-third degree from various states in the Northern and Southern jurisdictions.

The Interstate Grand Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, presided over by Mrs. Inez T. Alston of Tampa, Fla., held its fifth biennial meeting in Bethel A. M. E. Church. The meeting proved a record-breaker in attendance of delegates, nearly every grand jurisdiction in America being represented. The exemplification of the several degrees of the order by the sisters of the Chicago Chapter attracted the closest attention of the sisters from other cities, owing to the fact that there is considerable difference in the mode of conferring the several degrees of the order in all the states. The procession in which the degrees were conferred by the sisters of the Chicago chapters appeared to have won the approval of all the delegates present, and bids fair to be adopted by all the states.

The Grand Court, Daughters of Isis, annual communication eclipsed all previous meetings in point of members and the amount of business transacted. The reports

submitted by the grand officers show an improvement along all lines of work. Mrs. B. M. Smith of Baltimore, Md., presided and expressed her appreciation of the way the Daughters of Arabic Court of Chicago entertained and cared for the visiting Daughters during their stay in the city.

Among the prominent men and women registered at headquarters are: William F. Powell, Camden, N. J.; J. P. Turner, Charles D. Freeman, Washington, D. C.; William O. Payne, W. G. Butler, Eugene Phillips, Mrs. E. H. Talliver, New York; J. H. Murphy, Jr., J. J. Evans, Baltimore, Md.; Cæsar Blake, North Carolina; J. W. Barnes, Portsmouth. Va.; Clarence Dunlop, Dr. S. A. Furniss, Indianapolis, Ind.; J. F. Rickards, S. Franklin, Detroit, Mich.; J. E. Wright, Richmond, Va.; G. W. McKom, M. F. Fields, St. Louis, Mo.; J. M. Morris, Minneapolis, Minn.; G. L. Hoages, J. H. Sherwood, St. Paul, Minn.; Levi Williams, Jersey City; E. D. Loving, Fort Worth, Texas; William Copeland, Cleveland, Ohio; Marshall Clay, Lexington, Ky.; William H. Mayo, Frankfort, Ky.; J. L. Thompson, E. T. Banks, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. Kittie Terrell, St. Paul, Minn.; Miss J. L. Cox, Washington, D. C.; Albert R. Lee, Champaign; W. T. Woods, Mobile, Ala.; T. S. Rector, Denver, Colo.; H. R. Butler, Atlanta, Ga.; E. J. Hawkins, Fort Scott, Kans.; A. W. Dunge, Lansing, Mich.; J. M. Mundy, Henderson, Ky.; John C. Whorton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; S. M. Strayhorne, Martin, Tenn.; N. E. Weatherless, Washington, D. C.; T. A. Harris, Wilmar, Cal.; Corey Adams, Findlay, Ohio.

National Association of Colored Women Elects Mary Talbert

THE sessions on Wednesday and Thursday, August 9 and 10, were given over to reports from the heads of the various departments. A brief address was made by Mrs. M. C. Lawton of Brooklyn. Mrs. Kelly Miller of Washington, D. C., gave an interesting talk on "Travel." Mrs. J. C. McClain of Illinois and Mrs. R. Miller of Baltimore also spoke on "Protection of Our Girls." Mrs. E. W. Johnson of Pittsburgh made a report for the Charity and Aurora clubs. Mrs. E. Ross reported for F. E. Harper League; Mrs. A. Anderson reported for Day Nursery. Mrs. W. T. Williams of Hampton gave a report from the music department. Mrs. C. W. Posey of Homestead, Pa., read an excellent paper on "Art" and then made a report from the Art Department.

Miss Eva C. Bowles, secretary of the colored branch, Y. W. C. A., New York, told of the work that agency is doing for women and girls in New York and other cities. Mrs. Carrie Clifford of Washington urged the formation of organizations to fight for woman suffrage, and Mrs. Julia Mason Layton brought greetings from the Washington women.

Strong pleas for help in the fight against the saloon were made by a number of speakers. Mrs. A. L. Moorer of Orangeburg, S. C., opened the discussion and told of the evils and ravages of the liquor traffic.

Papers on "The Unfortunate Woman" were read by Mrs. Ethelyn Collins of Dayton, O., and Mrs. S. W. Layten of Philadelphia. Mrs. Layten, who has done considerable rescue work in her home city, told of the unfortunate woman's life, her likelihood of spreading disease and general misery. She did not fail, however, to score the men who made the existence of such women possible. She said that economic conditions, the use of liquor and being of weak mind are responsible for public and clandestine immorality. She urged the sterilization of the sub-normal, so that weak-minded and diseased children would not be ushered into the world.

Mme. C. J. Walker, the noted hair culturist, gave an interesting talk on "Women in Business" with stereopticon views.

The credentials committee reported that 389 persons were entitled to vote. Interest centered chifly in the election of a president, Mrs. Washington being ineligible after having served four years. Miss Nannie H. Burroughs made one of her characteristically forceful speeches in nominating Mrs. Mary Talbert of Buffalo, N. Y., for that position. On the first ballot Mrs. Talbert received 230 votes and Miss Hallie Q. Brown, who had been placed in nomination by Mrs. Thomas W. Fleming, received 120 votes. Mrs. Talbert lacked three votes of the constitutional requirement of a two-thirds majority. On the second bal-

lot Mrs. Talbert received 236 votes and her opponent 130. Miss Brown then withdrew and Mrs. Talbert was declared unanimously elected amid applause.

The other officers elected were Georgia Nugent, Kentucky, corresponding secretary; Miss Roberta Dunbar, Providence, R. I., first recording secretary; Mrs. Charlotta Brown, South Carolina, second recording secretary; Miss Theresa Macon, Chicago, third recording secretary; Mrs. Ida Joyce Jackson, Columbus, O., treasurer; Miss Hallie Q. Brown, chairman of the executive board; Mrs. Victoria C. Haley, St. Louis, organizer; Mrs. Frances Keyser, chairman of ways and means committee; Mrs. Helen Wilkinson, South Carolina, parliamentarian; Mrs. Mary V. Paris, Louisville, Ky., statistician; Mrs. J. C. Napier, Tennessee, auditor, and Mrs. Mary Evans, Indiana, chaplain.

The next meeting will be held in 1918 at Denver, Colo.

The 18th Annual Session of the National Medical Association at Kansas City, Mo.

Aug. 22, 23 and 24, 1916

By H. Reginald Smith

THE Eighteenth Annual Session of the N. M. A., at the invitation of the Kansas City Medical Society, convened on August 22, 23 and 24 under the presidency of Dr. U. Grant Dailey of Chicago, whose inaugural address on "The Future in Medicine" was a scholarly, scientific and practical dissertation on the many problems of medicine and surgery in the allied branches. His address was praised by everyone present.

The program following was unusually varied and instructive, showing that the doctors even far away from the medical center are doing constructive and scientific and practical work along all lines of medicine. The writer, with pleasure, recalls the papers of Dr. T. J. Jackson of St. Charles, Missouri, on "Leukemias," also Dr. W. C. Gordon of Los Angeles, California, on the highly interesting and scientific subject, "Tissue Infiltration." Dr. J. A. De Ramus of Montgomery read an exhaustive paper on the very interesting subject of "Pellagra," which was ably discussed by Dr. Miller of Georgia. Special mention and credit should also be given to Dr. H. M. Green of Knoxville, Tennessee, chairman of the National Pellagra Commission, who read his annual report on pellagra, which was a very exhaustive one, showing sincere conscious effort on the part of the commission, and giving much useful data and original findings.

The surgical section was, as usual, very brilliant, showing that the Negro physician was doing work of the very highest order. It was noted that the paper of J. C. Hunter of Kentucky on "Joint Surgery" showed wonderful clinical intuition and surgical endeavor. It is only possible in a short résumé to mention just a few papers. It might be noted in passing that practically the whole field of medicine and surgery was included in the program. The clinics, through the courtesy of the management of the old City Hospital, were overflowing with interesting medical and surgical cases. Especial note is taken of the tuberculosis clinic under the direction of A. W. Williams of Chicago, in which more than fifty cases were shown and examined.

Dr. C. V. Roman of Meharry College demonstrated special cases of eye, ear, nose and throat. The following surgeons did major operations: Drs. Kinney, Hunter, Dailey and Shepard, assisted by the well-informed house staff.

Kansas City, as usual, went the limit in providing an interesting and hospitable side, including a dance, the annual banquet and reception and various other group entertainments. It is with great pleasure that the writer expresses a keen sense of gratitude to the Kansas City Medical Society and the citizens of that beautiful city.

The meeting place of the next session is Memphis, Tennessee. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. D. W. Byrd, Norfolk, Va.; first vice-president, Dr. J. N. Johnson, D. D. S., Birmingham, Alabama; second vice-president, A. C. Wallace, Ph. G., Oklahoma; general secretary, W. G. Alexander, Orange, N. J., was elected for the eighth time. A word of praise must be given Dr. Alexander, who has always served the N. M. A. with untiring zeal and vigor. Dr. Lloyd E. Bailor, president of the Kansas City Medical Society and president of the entertainment committee, was elected assistant general secretary.

Concluding, a word of thanks and praise should be given Dr. Unthank, superintendent of the Old City Hospital; Dr. Perry, chairman of the surgical section of the N. M. A.; Dr. Tompkins and Dr. Curtis Chapman, who had charge of the dental section.

Illinois Women in Session

THE Illinois Federation of Colored Women held their seventeenth annual session at Champaign, Ill., Aug. 29 to Sept. 1. Therese G. Macon was the presiding officer. Several appropriations were made and very interesting programs rendered.

Officers elected for the coming year were: President, Carrie Lee Hamilton; vice-president, Ella Woods; second vice-president, Mrs. A. L. Anderson; third vice-president, Rebecca Logan; fourth vice-president, Mary Donley; fifth vice-president, Carrie Drury; secretary, Hattie Wells; assistant secretary, Susie Wallace; corresponding secretary, Frances Morton; fraternal secretary, Anna Gillis; treasurer, Mary Waring; chairman of the executive board, Fannie Turner; vice-chairman of the executive board, Ella Stone; chairman of the ways and means committee, Gertrude Davis; state organizer, Lillian Jamison; statistician, Regina Houston; editor, Mignon Watkins; chaplain, Lizzie Morgan; parliamentarian, Ella Berry.

National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses

THE ninth annual convention of the National Association of Colored Graduate Nurses, which opened August 15 at the Mother A. M. E. Zion Church, 151 W. 136th street, New York, was an occasion very worthy of notice.

Over one hundred and thirty delegates were present during its three days duration and all sessions were well attended.

Mrs. Adah B. Thomas, who presided, requested Dr. J. W. Brown, pastor of the Mother Zion Church, to give the opening invocation. The address of welcome, which was delivered by Mrs. E. E. Green, showed very plainly how greatly the nursing methods of today have advanced over the older practice of the days when she first entered the profession. The response was given by Mrs. Lottie R. Jackson, head nurse at St. Agnes Hospital, Raleigh, N. C., who brought out the very important fact that the ideal nurse should be a woman of "muscle, brain and moral force."

The programme included a public meeting at the church, the entertainment of delegates at the Henry Street Settlement. An entertainment at the Music School Settlement, 4 W. 136th street, closed one of the most successful sessions the organization has held.

National Negro Educational Congress at the Capital

ONE hundred and fifty of the most prominent colored educators of the United States came together at Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal Church, Fifteenth and M streets, Northwest, Washington, D. C., in the twenty-fifth annual convention of the Negro National Educational Congress.

The gathering was a most important one, and the subjects discussed are of the most immediate interest to all colored citizens of the country. Instruction in all branches as applied to colored persons, the courses, which should be prescribed and what development may be expected in future as a result of educational uplift engrossed the attention of the delegates.

Another matter of great importance which came up for debate was the possibility of electing colored men to Congress. The opinion of the delegates, as brought out in symposium, is that the election of colored representatives from Philadelphia, Baltimore and St. Louis is feasible, and perhaps one from a New York district. The educators believe that in the event of such elections, colored instruction throughout the country would be better systematized than now and that great benefit to the race would result.

H. P. Cheatham, former Representative from North Carolina, and now superintendent of the Childs' Industrial School of Oxford, N. C., delivered the most important address of the opening sessions. His subject was, "How Can the Earning Power of the Negro Be Increased?" He brought out interesting facts as to the fine results achieved by practical education in many cases and urged better adapted and more numerous courses of instruction for colored persons in the United States. Mr. Cheatham paid tribute to Booker T. Washington and other well-known colored educators.

The 150 delegates were appointed by governors of the several states and form a most representative gathering coming from every section of the country.

At the opening session, the president of the Congress, Prof. J. Silas Harris, of Missouri, was taken suddenly ill, and Dr. Crossland, former minister and consul general to Liberia, called the meeting to order, and after brief remarks introduced Col. George T. Wasson as the presiding officer of the session. Miss M. M. W. Arter, of West Virginia, acted as temporary secretary.

Addresses of welcome were delivered by the Rev. C. N. Steptean and Miss Nannie H. Burroughs, president of the National Training School for Girls. Music was furnished by the E. Azalia Hackley chorus, and cornet solo by W. C. Chase, Jr., organ voluntary, Prof. Wm. Braxton. Responses to the addresses of welcome were made by Dr. J. A. Crossland, of Missouri, and Nelson C. Crews, of Kansas City, Mo. The latter struck the keynote when he expressed his views as to the methods to be taken to stem the tide of oppression. He said:

"Change the power of the source and its effects for evil would cease."

Word was brought from the West to the effect that the residents of that section are awakening to the race's need for a fair and square deal at the hands of the nation's head.

Henry P. Cheatham, in his address on "How to Increase the Earning Power of the Negro," said the race must make friends for itself among those of the other race, by being conservative, gentle and friendly. Instances were cited to show the good that could be obtained. Further, he said it was not a time for force and arms, but rather peaceful and quiet methods should be pursued; that is, stop and think as to the best way.

Visitors to the Congress included Dr. J. A. Cotton, president of Henderson Normal Institute, Henderson, Ky.; the Rev. David Johnson, of Washington, and others. The secretary, Mrs. Julia Embry, of Colorado Springs, Colo., arrived on an evening train.

At the morning's session a special address was delivered by President Benjamin F. Allen, of Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo., on the subject, "Where the Emphasis Should Be Placed in Modern Education." Other topics taken up for symposiums at the morning and afternoon sessions were, "How can the alarming death rate among Negroes be checked?" discussion led by Dr. J. R. A. Crossland, and "Should the Education of the Negro and the White Youth Be Identical?"

National Association of Teachers Convenes at Nashville

THE National Association of Teachers in Colored Schools, composed of the educational leaders of the race, held their convention in that great college city, Nashville, Tenn., during the latter part of July. It was, as is every teachers' convention, of vital interest to the race and the South.

Prof. John Hope, president of Morehouse College, Atlanta, Ga., was the presiding officer. Discussions of vocational education, improvements in industrial curricula, business management and other topics of interest to teachers kept the sessions lively.

Sunday, July 31, a great mass meeting was held in the chapel of Fisk University. President Hope delivered his annual address, emphasizing the importance of the group idea among intellectual people as well as the masses. He maintained that it was more important to make home life attractive to the boy in the rural districts than in the urban districts, and that there must be a better understanding between the masses and the classes. Other speakers were Professors Nathan B. Young, Tallahassee, Fla., W. T. B. Williams, Hampton, Va., and Wm. H. Singleton, Chattanooga, Tenn. The closing invocation was by Dr. I. Garland Penn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A banquet was tendered the association at Fisk University by the local committee under the chairmanship of Prof. Keith. In the auditorium of Meharry College on Saturday, July 30, the following officers were elected. President, Wm. H. Singleton, Chattanooga, Tenn., recording secretary, Silas X. Floyd, Augusta, Ga., assistant recording secretary, Ida Plummer, Washington, D. C., and J. R. E. Lee, Kansas City, Mo., corresponding secretary. The next session will be held at New Orleans in July, 1917.

Elks Convene in Philadelphia

THE seventeenth annual convention of the Grand Lodge I. B. P. O. E. W. was a grand occasion and all Philadelphia did honor to the sign of the Elk. There were entertainments and a magnificent parade and many banquets.

The following officers were elected: Grand Exalted Ruler Armond W. Scott, Washington, D. C.; Esteemed Leading Knight Geo. W. McMechen, Baltimore, Md.; Secretary Geo. E. Bates, Newark, N. J.; Treasurer Jas. T. Carter, Richmond, Va. The next convention will be held in Cleveland, Ohio.

The Grand Lodge was held at Cherry Memorial Baptist Church. Interesting addresses were delivered by Harry W. Bass, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Wheaton, New York City, and Armond W. Scott. The address of welcome was delivered by State Statistician Catell of Pennsylvania, and the opening invocation by Grand Chaplain James E. Churchman. It is estimated that in the parade there were over four thousand Antlers from the United States and the Bahamas and that ten thousand viewed the splendid spectacle.

The new Grand Exalted Ruler was, at the opening of the Grand Lodge, a Past Exalted Ruler. He succeeds T. G. Nutter.

The National Negro Business League Seventeenth Annual Session held at Kansas City, Mo.

By Albon S. Holsey

DELEGATES and visitors from nearly every state in the Union gathered at Kansas City on August 16, 17 and 18, to attend the sessions of the National Negro Business League and to witness the memorial exercises which were to be held in honor of the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, founder and first president of the League.

For several months prior to the opening of this meeting Secretary Emmett J. Scott of the Business League was toiling at Tuskegee Institute, sending out publicity matter and arranging the program, while at Kansas City President Fortune J. Weaver of the Kansas City Negro Business League, together with his committee, were working to get things in order to welcome this important organization.

On Wednesday morning, August 16, about 1,500 persons assembled at the Lincoln Electric Park to hear the opening addresses. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Fortune J. Weaver, after which an address of welcome was delivered by Hon. Albert I. Beach, Acting Mayor of Kansas City. Other addresses of welcome were delivered by prominent colored citizens of Kansas City, then President Weaver turned the gavel over to First Vice-President Charles Banks of Mound Bayou, Mississippi

Mr. Banks was roundly applauded as he walked to the center of the platform and introduced the first speaker, David Chiles, a prosperous farmer and truck-gardener, living near Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Chiles is the type of successful Negro whose presence on these programs has made the Business League famous—"born a slave, unlettered, started poor, now independent." Dr. Washington took great pride in presenting these characters to the American public through these meetings to show to the white man how far the race had come in the few short years of freedom and to show his own people how much they might accomplish, no matter the handicap, if there is within the man the determination to win. Mr. Chiles had probably never made a public speech before in his life and yet he enthused the vast audience with his simplicity and earnestness. His old-fashioned "hickory" shirt and jeans pants bespoke the rugged, simple farm life which has preserved him for an active old age. With a cash capital of 25 cents, Mr. Chiles started forty-one years ago and now he is one of the most successful truck gardeners in the state of Kansas. He owns 100 acres of rich land aside from that which he has accumulated and given to his children and grandchildren, and also has a nice bank account. When Mr. Banks asked him if other young colored men could do the same thing as he had done, he replied: "Yes, if they are willing to work an' leave off foolishness."

Samuel Charles, from Pensacola, Florida, who is said to have accumulated property valued at $30,000, told how he had gotten his start in the business world by "mending shoes and sticking to business." Mr. Charles now owns and conducts two shoe stores in Pensacola and both places are well patronized by white people.

Seven thousand people packed into Convention Hall, the largest auditorium in the state of Missouri, on Wednesday evening to hear the eulogies and the Memorial Address upon the life of Dr. Booker T. Washington. Hon. Charles Banks presided. Eulogies were delivered by Hon. J. C. Napier, ex-Registrar of the U. S. Treasury, Nashville, Tennessee; Mrs. M. E. Josenberger, Fort Smith, Arkansas; Dr. Robert R. Moton, Principal of Tuskegee Institute; Hon. Fred R. Moore, editor The New York Age, and Col. Roscoe C. Simmons. The Memorial Address was delivered by Mr Emmett J. Scott, secretary of Tuskegee Institute; secretary of National Negro Business League and for eighteen years secretary to Dr. Booker T. Washington. Mr.

Scott, in his address, said of the Great Educator:

"Let us, my friends, remember him as Guide, Philosopher, Friend, unspoiled by the great honors which came to him, for there was in him no room for personal vanity, or weakness. He was the type of leader who saw fundamentals clearly. Despite criticism and reviling, he was not ashamed to hold that each individual must acquire his own basic character, those qualities and fundamental virtues which make him a useful member of society through practical, purposeful work. Industry and thrift were the gospel which our great leader preached and practiced with a vigor that could not fail to win. Year after year he thundered from the platform of the National Negro Business League that it is only through industry and thrift that the Negro is to win his way permanently. His message fell on eager ears, and he lived to see a race stirring with hope, throbbing with ambition, stepping forth and demanding a 'place in the sun,' producing results, triumphing over difficulties."

The feature of the Thursday morning session was the discussion of the subject, "Health and Business." "Negroes must stop getting sick and dying so rapidly," declared Dr. J. R. Levy of Florence, South Carolina, who led the discussion of this subject. "It is too expensive to the race and to the country. In the United States 450,000 Negroes are sick every day in the year, and this sickness costs the race $75,000,000 a year. There is no excuse for most of this illness. Other men who took part in this discussion were Dr. T. C. Unthank, director of the Colored Hospital at Kansas City, Missouri; Dr. C. H. Johnson of Atlanta, Georgia, and Dr. R. R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute. Dr. Moton said:

"The white man of America has made up his mind that he is going to live, and the Negro must do the same. It is a shame the way we are neglecting ourselves and our babies. It is better that some babies never had been born. They come into the world diseased by the sins of their fathers, and die early. We owe it to ourselves, to our God, to our race, to have better homes, better health, better children and live longer."

J. T. T. Warren of Hot Springs, Arkansas, told of the Pythian Bathhouse and how it is conducted; James H. Goode described his success in organizing an insurance company among the colored people of Columbia, South Carolina; George W. Cox of Indianola, Mississippi, spoke upon the same subject; G. A. Page told how he conducts "the only Negro shoe store in Kansas City."

Two thousand persons took part in the industrial parade, which was held Thursday afternoon, August 17, to show the progress made by the Negro race in fifty years and to exhibit the Negro business enterprises in Greater Kansas City. Two hundred automobiles and floats, twenty-two organizations and four brass bands made up this magnificent demonstration, which extended over two miles and marched down the main streets of the city.

The session for Thursday night was arranged in the Metropolitan Baptist Church of Kansas City, Kansas, and hundreds were unable to get seats in the spacious auditorium of this newly erected church building. The mayor and president of the Mercantile Club were there to welcome the delegates to the Kansas side, and the program was then followed out and brought forth some very helpful discussions.

Professor N. C. Bruce told how he had won the world's corn grand premium at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco in 1915. In doing so, he said that he was teaching the young Negro how to get wealth out of the soil, which was never known to draw the color line. Professor Bruce is principal of the Bartlett Agricultural and Industrial School at Dalton, Mo., where he is establishing a western Tuskegee, fashioned after the one founded by Booker T. Washington. "I do not use fertilizer," he said, "but we used muscle. We plowed often and deep. We went back to the system of the fathers and then applied the modern system, and this is how we got results."

Professor Bruce showed that on soil which had been producing only 38 bushels of corn to the acre, by his methods the same soil was now producing an average of 114 bushels.

From growing corn to growing hair was the jump made by the league, and this was presented by Mrs. Annie Turnbo-Malone of St. Louis, president and founder of the Poro College, where hair growing is taught, and where she has accumulated a fortune just

teaching women how to have "good hair." She was able to give $5,000 to the Y. M. C. A. project in St. Louis last year. She told how she had discovered the art, and how she had used it for her people.

The subject of cotton raising opened the last session Friday morning, August 18. J. A. Waring of Deovolente, Mississippi, was the speaker.

He was born a slave, worked as such in his early life, and after his emancipation, without a cent, and almost without a name, he started out to buy the plantation where he had served, and last year he turned out 500 bales of cotton.

"Give us men who work in the soil," said J. G. Groves, the negro potato king of Kansas, "because we are not educated and can't talk like you big men. We want the Negro to get his feet back on the soil where he can do something."

Hon. J. C. Napier of Nashville was elected president, and Mr. T. J. Elliott of Muskogee, Oklahoma, was elected chairman of the executive committee to succeed Mr. Napier. Mr. Watt Terry of Brockton, Massachusetts, was elected fourth vice-president to succeed the late Phillip J. Allston of Boston, and Mr. E. T. Attwell, business agent of the Tuskegee Institute, was made transportation agent for the league. Mr. Fortune J. Weaver, president of the League of Greater Kansas City, was elected as a member of the executive committee. The other officers of the league were re-elected.

Two impressions of this meeting were carried away by all who were present. One was voiced by Hon. Charles Banks when he said that the Business League had served to introduce the Negro to himself and to the white man, and the other was that the Business League will live long to serve the race and to be a monument to the genius and foresight of Dr. Booker T. Washington.

Hot Weather Relief.

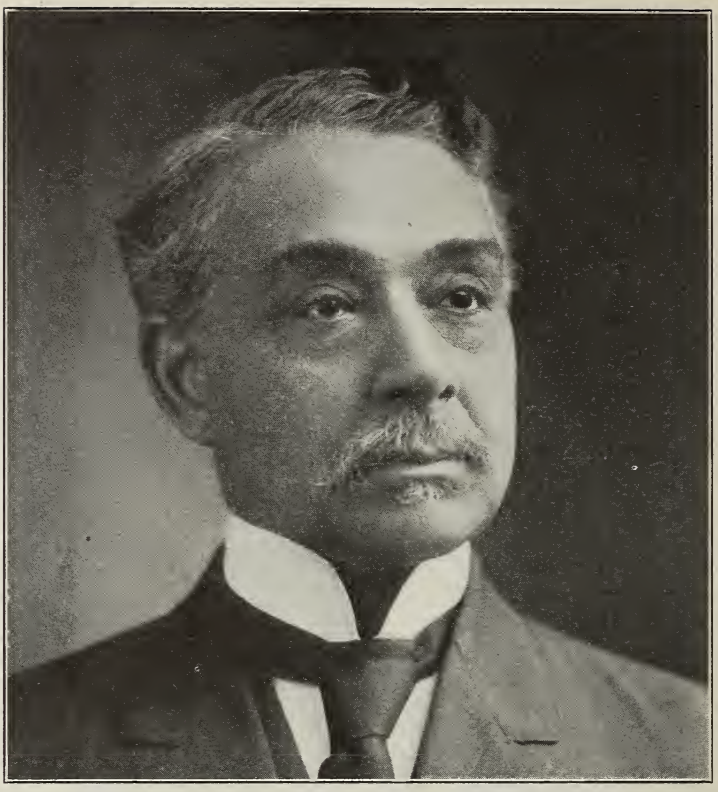
PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

Order of Mystic Shriners at the Masonic Conclave.

Interstate Council O. E. S. at the Masonic Conclave.

Mary Talbert, Recently Elected President National Association of Colored Women.

National Negro Physicians in Session.



J. C. Napier, Recently Elected President of the National Negro Business League.

R. E. Moore, Chairman of Arrangements Committee, Grand Masonic Conclave

Grand Commandant Spencer of Masonic Orders

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The Fifteenth Infantry, N. Y. N. G., on Their First Parade

American Ideals and the Negro

By Benjamin Brawley

THE Declaration of Independence says: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness;" and the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States says: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." We take it that these two statements furnish as good examples of the ideals of America as can be found. The first represented the best thought of the patriots in the first great crisis of the country's life, the Revolution. The second crystallized the ripest wisdom after the second great crisis, the Civil War. Not unfairly they may be taken as a starting point for any discussion of the ultimate meaning of democracy in the United States. Let us apply them in the case of the American Negro.

When we think of the Negro two fundamental propositions must ever be borne in mind. The first is that he has never been a real citizen in this country. He has had discrimination; he has had philanthropy. He has been held in slavery; and a great war has been waged to set him free. At no time, however, has he had simple, unadulterated justice. Always has he been a Negro, somehow to be treated just a little differently from other people.

The second thing to remember is that public sentiment with reference to the Negro has undergone a great change within fifty years. Immediately after the Civil War there was a spirit, in the North, at least, to give him a helping-hand, though even here he was not always wanted as a laborer. In a period when feeling ran high, there was a tendency to base his rights on the fundamental principles of the republic. Now, however, in the stress of modern commercialism, he seems no longer to to be an issue; and so long as our great captains of industry pile up new millions, what matters the Negro or any other grave moral problem?

The new era was formally signalized by one of the most telling speeches ever delivered in this or any other country, all the more effective because the orator was a patriotic, high-minded gentleman. In 1886, just thirty years ago, Henry W. Grady addressed the New England Club in New York on "The New South." It must not be forgotten that the two preceding decades had been an era of great scandal in high public life in the United States. The Crédit Mobilier, the Ku-Klux Klan, Jay Cooke & Co., and the Star Route frauds had seared the conscience of the nation, and even an estimable Republican president, under the pressure of political expediency, had withdrawn Federal troops from the South. Grady spoke to practical men, and he knew his ground. He asked his listeners to bring their "full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment" upon what he had to say. He pictured in brilliant language the Confederate soldier, "ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted," who wended his way homeward to find his house in ruins and his farm devastated. He spoke kindly also of the Negro: "Whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges." But Grady also implied that the Negro had already received too much attention and sympathy from the North. Said he: "To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the Negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense." Hence he asked that the South be left alone in the handling of her grave problem. The North took him at his word. Result: Disfranchisement, segregation, and a lynching record that would make the Turk in Armenia turn pale for shame.

In recent years the point of view of Grady has become more or less that of the whole

nation. The battle has been constantly waged, not at Gettysburg or Shiloh, but over the walnuts and wine of great banquets; and in the new form of contest the Northerner is hopelessly outclassed. In many different ways is the new order of thought shown. For one thing we raise a question about the ideals of the fathers; thus in a Fourth of July address in 1911, Dr. Charles W. Eliot gave voice to an opinion which is gaining more and more converts in this country, in effect this: The Declaration of Independence is a worn-out document; it never was meant to be taken seriously; and (to use the words of Rufus Choate) it is made up simply of "glittering and sounding generalities of natural right." Not unnaturally there follows a tendency to glorify Southern leaders in the Civil War; witness Miss Mary Johnston's "The Long Roll." Again, there is an increasing tendency to lay at the door of the Negro the thousand and one ills of American life of today. One of the best expressions of this attitude was an article by Mr. Walter W. Kenilworth in the *Forum* in 1911. "Can it be that America is falling prey to the collective soul of the Negro?" he asked; and his logic, condensed, was somewhat like this: The Negro element is daily becoming more potent in American society. American society is daily becoming more immoral. Therefore, at the door of the Negro may be laid our rapid increase of divorce and "the lapsing of the marital code." Verily, "unto him that hath shall be given."

There are four large matters that within recent years have given the Negro people concern, and on only one of them have they received anything approaching a clearcut answer from the American people. This one is disfranchisement. In 1890 Mississippi so amended her constitution as to exclude from the suffrage any person who had not paid his poll-tax or who was unable to read any section of the Constitution, or understand it when read to him, or give a reasonable interpretation of it. The last provisions were those that really disfranchised the Negro, as these were the ones that placed him at the discretion of the white registrars. South Carolina followed in 1895, and in 1898 Louisiana invented the "grandfather clause." Since then North Carolina, Virginia, Alabama, Georgia and Oklahoma have followed to the same general effect. However, a body-blow to all such legislation was given by the decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1915, in the case of the Oklahoma law with its "grandfather clause." This decision not only confirmed the validity of the Fifteenth Amendment, but declared that Negroes have the right to vote on the same terms as other citizens. The importance of this decision can not be overestimated. After a quarter of a century of shuffling and evasion the highest court in the land had taken a stand on the side of simple justice. Henceforth a Negro might contest any political discrimination knowing that the *law* was on his side. The inequality in congressional representation, however, still persists. It has repeatedly been pointed out that this is a grave injustice to the Northern states and that the proper administration of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution would mean a tremendous reduction of the Southern representation in Congress. In the presidential election of 1912 Massachusetts sent 18 electors to the electoral college and South Carolina 9; but for her 18 Massachusetts cast 488,156 votes, and for her 9 South Carolina cast 50,348. It thus appears that the vote of one South Carolina man is equal to that of five men in Massachusetts. In 1914 Kansas and Mississippi each elected eight members of the House of Representatives, but Kansas had to cast 483,683 votes for her members, while Mississippi cast only 37,185 for hers, less than one-twelfth as many. The wrong to the Negro has thus become a huge national injustice. Just how far-reaching the decision of the Supreme Court will be it is, of course, too early to say, but the ultimate effect should be momentous.

A second matter is that of segregation, and this includes everything suggested by the policy that is ordinarily known as "jim-crowism" and that affects the Negro in the South every day of his life. If he rides on a trolley-car he is assigned to a few rear seats. If his part of the car is crowded and seats near the front are vacant, he must still stand. If he takes a train he must ride in a dirty half coach (in Kentucky a quarter-coach), the other half being the baggage car; and he enters the railway station by a side door. In all the cities, even some of the largest, there is a persistent endeavor to restrict his residence to some unfavorable part of the town; witness the recent segregation struggles in Atlanta, St. Louis and Baltimore. Places of refinement and refreshment (libraries, parks, etc.) are regularly closed to him. In some cities there is a branch library, but even in so large a city as Atlanta there is no provision for the Negro public at all. If

Negro children go to school they stand only a fraction of a chance at getting an education—or a seat. In Massachusetts, of the children from six to fourteen years of age, 93 per cent are in school. In Louisiana 68.4 per cent of the white children are in school and 37.4 per cent of the Negro children. It thus appears that the Negro boy in Louisiana stands just about one-third of the chance of the Massachusetts boy in getting an education, and when consideration is given to the length of the school term and the quality of the teaching, the fraction is even less. In Birmingham there is a public high school to which Negro students have to pay to go; in all Georgia there is no public high school for Negroes at all. Now it must not be supposed that the Negroes acquiesce in all this discrimination. More and more they are finding avenues of protest, and in some places they are beginning to make themselves heard and felt.

The third matter that agitates the Negro, however, and the supreme mockery of American civilization, is lynching. The Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution says: "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Now, in the face of that last phrase incorporated in the national constitution high officials of the government can still maintain that lynching is a State and not a Federal matter, remains one of the anomalies of American politics. Sometimes the crime in question is really heinous and would, of course, be handled duly in regular course of law. Often, however, the offense is trivial; and *sometimes mistakes are made.* Already in the first six months of 1916 thirteen persons have been lynched in Georgia. Some years ago Henry Smith, a Negro in Texas, committed an atrocious crime. He was taken from a jail, and, before he was burned, red-hot irons were thrust into his eyes, down his throat, and on his abdomen. In Mississippi a Negro became involved in a quarrel with a white man who was about to shoot him when the Negro fired and fatally wounded the white man. The Negro, accompanied by his wife, fled to the woods. When the two were finally caught their ears and fingers were cut off; a large corkscrew was bored into their arms and legs, tearing out pieces of flesh, and they were finally roasted alive. Early in 1915, at Monticello, Ga., a policeman was resisted by the members of the Barbour family. Result: the father, his two grown daughters, and his young son were all lynched. In May, 1916, at Waco, Texas, a Negro boy, Jesse Washington, who had committed a grave crime, was lynched. Before he was burned his body was mutilated in unmentionable ways, even in the presence of little girls. We submit that so long as such things happen in the United States we ought not to send missionaries to the Congo and Japan.

Another large and far-reaching matter is that of the whole foreign policy of the United States, especially as regards the colored peoples and mixed races with whom the National Government has to deal. With one country after another the question is raised whether, under her imperialistic policy and the Monroe Doctrine, the United States has at all times acted with the honor and the diplomatic courtesy that the cases demanded, and because she has not always done so it takes no great stretch of the imagination to see in more than one instance a distinctively Southern policy at work. If from the start all colored peoples and mixed races are to be treated as on a plane distinctly lower than that of other people, the United States may as well realize at once that she is striking a blow at human liberty that sooner or later will meet obstinate resistance. Already, as is well known, in spite of all the repeated professions of friendship, the whole of South America views the great country at the north with suspicion, and the ultimate reason for the feeling is that in South America the color line is a vanishing quantity, whereas in the United States it is a very definite reality. Chile has not forgotten the insults gratuitously given her in 1891, nor Brazil our arrogance in 1893. The conscience of the nation is not yet satisfied that we did not for selfish reasons in 1898 force war upon a weaker nation; and how the seizure of Spain's colonies was received in Buenos Aires can better be imagined than described. The treatment of Colombia in the matter of the Panama Canal Zone was so infamous that ten years afterwards the United States was still wondering just what sum of money would hush the mouths of the Colombian people. In Santo Domingo we have taken away from the people the right to handle their own money, and in Hayti, a year ago, on the pretense of suppressing a revolution, the country was seized, American officers installed, and

a Southern white man appointed minister to the country, by race and tradition one especially jealous of its integrity as a nation. Just at present we reach out for St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix, on which islands, let us remember, the population is made up almost entirely of Negroes. Very recently Mr. Hughes, in his speech of acceptance of the Republican nomination for the presidency, laid bare the whole treatment of Mexico by the United States. Who can doubt that the whole of President Wilson's treatment of Huerta, a man of mixed race, with the high-handed seizure of Vera Cruz, was prompted by Southern arrogance and Southern prejudice; and what Negro is there whose heart did not thrill at the defiance hurled by the wily old general at his enemy? In this connection we recall the Indian, remembering Helen Hunt Jackson's *Century of Dishonor,* and that Osceola was captured under a flag of truce. It is the cold, hard truth that the treatment by the United States of all colored or mixed races has been one marked by arrogance, injustice, and lack of honor. Wherever the American flag has gone, there has fallen the color line. Said L. C. Wilson, in writing from Porto Rico recently to the *American Missionary:* "When the Americans came to the island sixteen years ago there was very little color line, but now it is well established. It has probably been hastened by the presence of many officials from the Southern States. Even the Y. M. C. A. has been compelled to recognize it, and the fine new building is only for white young men." Such a situation not unnaturally makes the thoughtful Negro in America pause.

And yet, after all that has been said, somehow we remember Carrizal. Once more, at an unexpected moment, the soul of the nation was thrilled by the bravery of the black troopers of the Tenth Cavalry. Once more, despite Brownsville, the tradition of Fort Wagner was preserved and passed on. It mattered not that "someone had blundered." "Theirs not to make reply; theirs but to do and die." So in the face of odds they fought by the cactus and lay dead beneath the Mexican stars.

Thus ever has the Negro gone quietly about his work. He has picked cotton and pulled fodder, scrubbed floors and washed windows, fired engines and dipped turpentine, all the while being declared idle, shiftless, good-for-nothing. He is not quite content, however, always to be the doormat of American civilization. Twelve million people are ceasing to accept slander and insult without a protest. They have heard about freedom, justice, and happiness, though these things seemed not for them. They feel that they have a right to be discontented. They are becoming more and more dissatisfied. In the words of Foraker, "They ask no favors because they are Negroes, but only justice because they are men."

Negro Year Book

By Wm. H. Ferris

ONE of the signs indicating that the Negro is making progress is the fact that he is evolving a literature. When a race expresses its thoughts, emotions, longings and aspirations in written words, it is immortalizing itself.

Greece was the fountain of civilization, because the poems of Homer, Pindar, Sappho and Alpheus, the dramas of Sophocles, Sesclylus and Euripedes, the comedies of Aristophanes, the historical works of Herodotus and Thucydides, the orations of Demosthenes, the dialogues of Plato and the writings of Aristotle were preserved to mankind. The Hebrew race impressed its peculiar religious ideas upon the world because it put its religious truths and insights into a permanent form.

And if the Negro race is to be vindicated before the bar of public opinion it must produce writers.

One of the most interesting chronicles of the progress of the race is the Negro Year Book, an annual encyclopedia of the Negro, which is prepared every year by Prof. Monroe Work, in charge of Divisions of Records and Research of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute.

It contains an immense amount of information, which is put into condensed form. It usually covers about 400 pages. First, it devotes several pages to the doings and sayings and writings of the current year. Then it estimates the population of the earth by races. Then it devotes a few pages to Abyssinia, Liberia, Haiti, to Negroes and the first Span-

ish explorers, to Negro slavery in the Colonies and to slavery in the States.

Next, it gives an account of the Abolition Movement and Emancipation and the Negro's Political and Civil Status. It then takes up the Negro's religious, educational, literary and industrial progress, with brief mention of several eminent men and women of color. It devotes several pages to the Negro population and enumerates the various organizations and periodicals and finally closes with an extensive bibliography.

Prof. Work shows prodigious research and the power of compact statement. It would be extremely difficult to compass such a vast field within 400 pages and not be guilty of some sins of omission.

Valuable as a compilation, the Negro Year Book seems to lack perspective somewhat and the sense of proportion. It is well to bear Emerson's dictum, "Have a measure." Sometimes an important book or article, that has been widely discussed in the press, is passed by with only an honorary mention, while a paragraph is devoted to some paper, article or pamphlet that has not commanded the attention of the country.

While not exactly an exhaustive work, the Negro Year Book is a useful and interesting document. And considering the fact that Prof. Work covers such a wide field, he deserves considerable credit.

The colored race deserves credit for its remarkable progress, and praise should be given to such Northern friends as Hon. R. G. Hazard, William Sloane, Jonathan Thorne, T. Plant and Mortimer N. Buckner of New York City, and Prof. Henry W. Farnam, Prof. Irving Fisher and Secretary Anson Phelps Stokes of Yale University, Dr. Henry F. English of New Haven, Conn., Mr. D. N Barney of Farmington, Conn., Hon. Moorfield Storey and Hon. Elmer P. Howe of Boston, Mass., and Prof. Josiah Royce and Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University, who have lent a helping hand. And the cause of Negro education has received splendid aid from such friends as Miss Mary B. Hilliard, principal of the Westover School, Middlebury, Conn., Miss Theodate Pope of Farmington, Conn., and Mrs. Appleton Hillyer of Hartford, Conn.

Making Better Negro Farmers

By Monroe N. Work

THE first epoch in the industrial history of the Negroes in the South after Emancipation was the establishing of the Hampton Institute in 1868. It was the beginning of a systematic training for economic efficiency.

The second epoch in the Negro's industrial history was when, in 1891, seventy-five Negro farmers, ministers and teachers met at Tuskegee Institute in the First Negro Farmers' Conference. Here the Negro farmers began to get at the fundamental things that needed to be done, if conditions were to be improved. They were told that they must work six days in a week and use improved methods of farming. This conference almost immediately became national in scope. The idea spread. Farmers' Conferences and Farmers' Institutes for Negroes began to be held in every part of the South.

To help in contributing to the economic development of the South, Tuskegee Institute emphasized two lines of agricultural work—one, the training of persons to go out and teach agriculture, the second line, to teach the farmers, through conferences, institutes and directly on the soil, improved methods of farming.

Tuskegee Institute's greatest success in improving farm methods in the South has been, however, through her agricultural extension work.

The farmers who come from all parts of the South to the Annual Tuskegee Negro Conference are given an opportunity to report on conditions in their communities, to relate in a familiar way their difficulties and successes. They tell of the methods which they and their neighbors make use of in improving their farming. One tells of the crude manner in which he used to farm and how he learned to use improved, up-to-date machinery. Another tells how he has been able to live at

home on meat and vegetables raised on his farm.

Another way that Tuskegee Institute is contributing to the economic development of the South is by carrying agricultural instruction directly to the man on the soil. This is done through the farm demonstration work and the extension schools of agriculture. Farm demonstration work for Negroes began at Tuskegee Institute.

Demonstration work is perhaps doing more than any other single agency to improve the Negro farmer. Speaking in this connection, Mr. J. T. Watts, in charge of the United States Farm Demonstration work of Alabama, said: "It has been argued by many who do not know very much about the Colored brother that it would be a waste of time and of money to undertake to teach the Negro better methods of farming. We take the position that he is a great big part of the labor of Alabama and should have his share of instruction and teaching that he might improve his method of living, become more provident, more efficient as a laborer, and, in the end, a better citizen."

The newest feature of the institute's extension activities are the Extension Schools of Agriculture, which are a result of the Smith-Lever Bill for Agricultural Extension Work throughout the nation. The Agricultural Extension Schools are in fact the field meetings of the farm demonstration work and are carried on through the co-operation of the United States Farm Demonstration Work and the Agricultural Department of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. These schools as carried on by Tuskegee Institute are a three days' Short Course in Agriculture carried out to the farmers on the soil.

Men and women from the agricultural and extension department of the Tuskegee Institute give to the people on the soil very much the same instructions that are given in the short course in agriculture held on the institute grounds. There is this advantage, however, that the farm and the home problems of a particular locality can be taken up and handled in an effectual manner. Through these extension schools of agriculture farm instruction is being carried to the Negro in every black belt county in Alabama.

An estimate of the value of the agricultural extension schools recently held in the state concluded by saying: "Given ten years of good practical agricultural instructions, the kind that was imparted to the Negro farmers, their wives and children, for the past three weeks in Wilcox, Perry and Lowndes counties there is no reason why every Negro farmer in the state should not only help 'Alabama feed herself,' but they should so increase the yield of its marketable products that the state will be able to export millions of dollars' worth of food stuffs each year."

The Reason for the National Urban League

By T. Arnold Hill

IT is interesting to note the increase, during the past few years, both in number and efficiency, of the various organized efforts for human betterment. Reputable associations have long been at work for the improvement of rural conditions, but the growth of interest in the city and its many problems is an essential achievement of recent years. The many kinds of neighborhood or block clubs, the social and community centers in school buildings, the various men's civic organizations, the groups of women formed to assist unfortunate girls and women, and the institutional work in churches—all are the immediate outgrowth of a new and larger human interest which is national both in sympathy and scope. Back of and influencing these more or less volunteer and often limited endeavors are the large social organizations, which are seeking with approved methods to elevate the aggregate standard of human efficiency by eliminating individual and family maladjustments.

Training schools connected with our larger universities are giving courses to social workers in modern methods of handling delinquent men, women and children. Each year more

and more trained young people are leaving these schools to go into various phases of social or philanthropic work.

The National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes is an outgrowth of this development of organized social work. Starting about five years ago as a merged organization

George Edmund Haynes, Executive Secretary.

of three committees which were working along more or less limited lines for the improvement of Negroes in New York City, the League has developed into a thorough, scientific, social organization. It has extended its scope so that its work touches upon every problem that enters into the social and economic condition of the race. Its headquarters is in New York City, at 2303 Seventh avenue, where a model organization is maintained. The League has affiliated organizations in Brooklyn, Augusta, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh and Nashville. Its governing board is composed of both white and colored people who are "at one in feeling that the Negro needs intelligent help in adjusting himself to the city conditions of life and work."

The position of the League is well expressed in the following words of Mrs. William H. Baldwin, Jr., the founder of the organization:

"The different problems engendered by the close contact of the two races in cities must have, if they are to be solved, the careful study and sympathetic handling of intelligent and liberal-minded persons of both races. Our Board is at one in feeling that the Negro needs intelligent help in adjusting himself to city conditions of life and work. We are at one in the effort to make ourselves an organization to which he will feel free to turn for counsel and encouragement in attacking his own problems."

The salaried workers of the League, of whom there are 24, are all colored, because the League wants the Negro to recognize in their workers, "people of his own race who have had to face similar problems of unjust discrimination in many directions and who understand his psychology and his needs."

But to understand the reasons for the existence of the League, one must know the fundamental issues which confront the race in our large cities. He must be acquainted with the difficulties of the race arising from limited employment, inadequate housing, ignorance, disease and crime in its effort to adjust itself in the large cities where competition with other peoples makes its life uncertain and hazardous.

The conditions under which Negroes live in our cities, in many instances, are similar to those which any people must experience in large urban centers. The question of proper housing with its attendant problems of hygiene, sanitation, ventilation, room and acre congestion, arises naturally out of the growth of large cities; delinquency, adult and juvenile, will always need the careful handling of trained people; poverty among any race must be kept at its minimum; measures to relieve conditions that cause poor wages and idleness must be attacked constantly and energetically; efforts to eliminate ignorance and superstition must ever be the aim of men and women who are devoted to this field of endeavor; while disease and the far-too-many deaths, especially among Negroes, give need for campaigns for decreasing tuberculosis, infant mortality and

Boys' Summer Camp at Veronica, N. J.

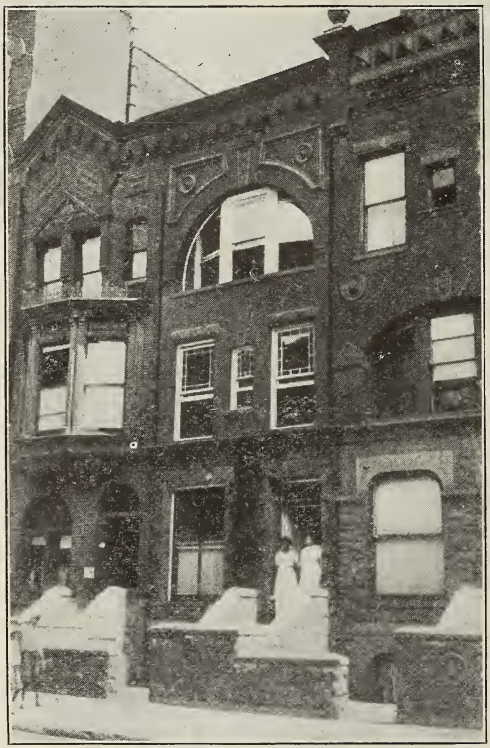
the venereal diseases. Thus by attacking the all-important questions of housing reform, vocational guidance, juvenile delinquency, poverty, ignorance and disease, the Urban League aims to increase the efficiency of the race, to show the practical effects of preventive measures, to raise the standard of living, and to find for the Negro a larger and better place in the commercial growth of the country.

But the League gives attention to two other important features which are as essential in the development of a race as they are fundamental in the formation of this organization: the one, creating new lines of employment; the other, promoting co-operation among existing agencies. These two ideas mark an advanced step in the programs of work of betterment organizations which have hitherto been working among colored people.

The lack of industrial opportunities for Negroes is noticeable in every section of the country. The League endeavors to increase the occupations open to Negroes through persistent propaganda which excludes neither employers nor employe. It maintains a vocational bureau through which positions are found for deserving individuals. But this bureau does more than merely place employes. It impresses employers with the fact that when given a "square deal," the Negro is capable of performing faithful and satisfactory service. It endeavors to place colored workers in skilled and semi-skilled trades, which have hitherto excluded him. It finds advance positions for competent young people who have had the proper training. It insists upon adequate wages, especially for domestics who form such a large per cent of the wage earners of the race. It brings vividly before educators the advantage of training colored workers in industrial and technical schools, while labor unions and industrial organizations are asked to consider colored men and women in their programs of work. It impresses upon social

organizations the advantage of using colored workers, whenever competent ones can be obtained, to handle colored cases. The public in general is being aroused through the efforts of the Vocational Bureau of the League to the frequent injustice done to Negroes in trades and the colored people themselves are urged to prepare in order to be ready to take advantage of new lines of employment as soon as they are created.

The League's plans for doing its work are so comprehensive that its second important platform, that of promoting co-operation among agencies, is as necessary and logical



Sojourner Truth Home.

for the conduct of its work as it is essential for national and race efficiency. In order that the most effective results may be obtained from the many organizations that are committed to betterment activities among Negroes, it is important that some one agency should devote itself to unifying the work that such organizations are doing. The League has assumed this undertaking. It sets the example by pledging not to undertake any work that is being efficiently conducted by another organization. It seeks wherever possible to induce established associations to avoid duplication. When entering another city, representatives of the League make a first-hand survey of the social agencies at work in order that it may undertake no activities that are being adequately covered by older organizations.

But the League has accomplishments. It has not only a program of plans, but a list of things actually done toward perfecting these plans. During the five years prior to October 1, 1915, a total of 11,240 separate cases have been handled by the League. These cases involve every possible help that could be given individuals. One of the most interesting and serviceable activities the League has yet conducted was the running of a workshop for unemployed men during the severe winter of 1914-15. This shop accommodated 774 unemployed men, with an aggregate attendance of 12,739 and a total cost of $8,340. From this shop, bandages and surgical dressings valued at $5,950 were donated to hospitals receiving large numbers of colored patients in New York and other cities. The funds were furnished by the Mayor's Unemployment Committee of New York City.

For five years the League has maintained at Verona, New Jersey, a camp for boys, which has had an aggregate attendance of 721, and a total cost of $4,962.95. The boys remain at this camp for approximately two weeks. Here they enjoy bathing, swimming, hiking, calisthenics and other amusements which are especially attractive to boys. They are housed in tents and are required to make down their beds and to do the little chores which are incident to the proper running of such an enterprise.

The League maintains a worker among boys and a worker among girls who visit the juvenile courts and assist unfortunate children who are arraigned for violations of the law. In many cases the workers find that the trouble has been with parents and not the child; in some cases the environment or the district in which they live has been responsible for their petty offenses. Here the influence of the worker is brought directly to bear upon the parents in order that their mistakes may not be responsible for the child's second appearance in court. Preventive work with the children is an important phase of the League's activities. Parents bring their children frequently to the office for a heart-to-heart talk with the League's "Big Brother" and "Big Sister" workers. Principals of schools write the League for assistance with ungovernable

and backward children. Individuals are found who are willing to act as Big Brothers for boys and Big Sisters for girls who need the congenial and sympathetic association of older persons.

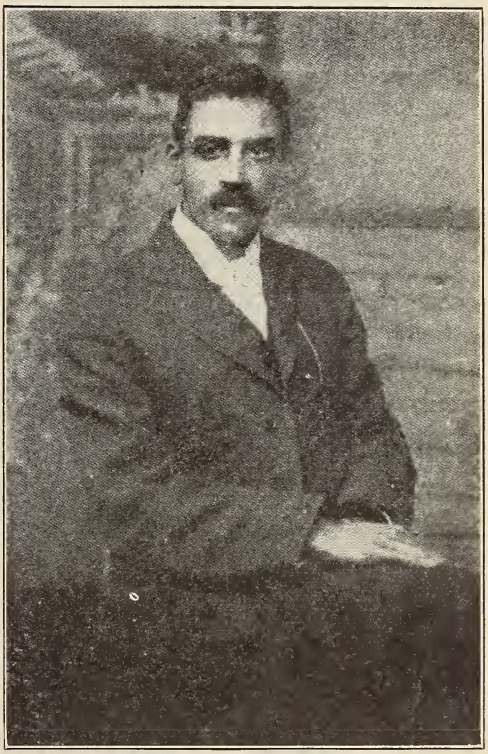
The League numbers also among its activities a convalescent home known as Valley Rest, which is situated at White Plains, New York. Funds to support this institution are provided by the Burke Foundation. The home is equipped to accommodate twelve women patients and four male patients, a superintendent, a cook, a maid, and a handy man. The patients are examined in New York City at the office of the League by two competent colored physicians, and a registered nurse and a physician are in constant attendance at the institution. Since the opening of Valley Rest, July, 1915, a total of 206 women referred by hospitals, physicians, or district nurses, have been accommodated.

Each year in New York City, at Columbia University and the New York School of Philanthropy, and at Fisk University in Nashville, Tenn., the League supports three young people who have adopted social work as their vocation. In New York the students do practical work with the Charity Organization Society and with the National Urban League.

Last year, in addition to these activities, the League conducted lectures on city problems; assisted in conducting a Social Service training course at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., opened industrial opportunities for 308 people; assisted 312 boys and 217 girls through Big Brother and Big Sister oversight; organized a league of 326 school boys for civic improvement; focused attention on the need of smaller apartments for Negroes in Harlem; held a local health week campaign; fostered educational campaigns and civic improvement meetings; provided clothing for 641 needy persons; secured the appointment of a colored school visitor and a colored Placement Secretary for the schools of New York City; worked in conjunction with private and municipal organizations and departments in civic, social and economic matters pertaining to colored people.

The League was instrumental in getting established the Sojourner Truth House Committee which is now operating the Sojourner Truth House at 15 West 131st street, New York City. The purpose of the home is to care for unfortunate girls who are constantly appearing before the juvenile courts because they lack proper home environment and are in need of careful supervision rather than institutional treatment. The home has the approval of the judges of the Children's Courts, the State Board of Charities, probation officers and others who are interested in juvenile delinquency. The home is equipped to care for 12 girls, a superintendent and a matron.

Among the recent accomplishments of the League is the sending of men and women to work on the tobacco farms in the Connecticut Valley. Because of the shortage of foreign



Eugene Kinckle Jones

Executive Secretary.

labor, due to the demands made by the ammunition factories, the tobacco growers in Connecticut have experienced a similar condition as that felt in all sections of the country. The Negro was called upon to supply the deficiency, and the Urban League was sought in an effort to corral the men and ship them to the farms near Hartford. For permanent work, 215 men and women were sent from New York, while 458 students from Southern colleges and agricultural schools were supplied

to work during the harvest season which runs for about six to eight weeks, closing around the first of October. The results that have followed the efforts of the League and the splendid work which these young people have done can be seen from the following extract from a letter received from one of the officials of the Tobacco Association:

"I am glad to be able to write that upon every plantation where the colored students are now employed they are giving satisfaction, and plans are being made for their return to Connecticut at the end of the school term next season.

"These boys have proven to be efficient and conscientious workers and they have won the approval of both the planters they have been working for and the members of the different communities in which they have lived.

"I believe it to be the duty of the Association to send some letter of appreciation to the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes for their efforts in this movement, and at the same time to mention the efficient and able manner in which they have handled this proposition."

More recent still is an investigation which the League is at present making of the deaths of children under one year of age in the old San Juan Hill section of New York, now known as the Columbus Hill district. For years the infant mortality in this section of the city has been excessive and the health experts have been at a loss to determine the prime cause of such an alarming condition. The Board of Health, with two or three other organizations, has, therefore, turned to the Urban League to make an investigation of the home and living conditions of the parents of the children under one year of age who died last year. The investigation embraces the territory from Fifty-eighth to Sixty-fourth street, and from Amsterdam avenue to the Hudson River. When the real facts as to the causes of the large number of deaths are ascertained by the League, steps will be taken to apply the necessary remedies.

The need for the work the League is doing in other cities is being felt with increasing urgency. Requests are coming from different sections of the country for descriptions of the League's work, while other cities are asking that representatives be sent to start formally such a movement in their midst. It is encouraging to the Board and the executives to note the confidence that leaders in other cities have in the results which have followed so closely behind the establishment of affiliated movements. The advance plans of the League anticipate the placing of one or two men permanently upon the field to work among these affiliated organizations in cities and to foster interest in social work generally among colored people in all section of the country. The League has in its files splendid recommendations and testimonials from beneficent and discriminating contributors, heads of large social organizations and executives of city departments. But more important still are the words of praise and gratitude from needy individuals who have felt the sympathetic touch of one of the League's workers. All of these go hand in hand in moulding a favorable public sentiment in favor of a more general spread of the League's activities.

The officers of the League are: President, L. Hollingsworth Wood; vice-presidents, John T. Emlen, Kelly Miller and Robert R. Moton; secretary, William H. Baldwin III; treasurer, A. S. Frissell; assistant treasurer, Victor H. McCutcheon; executive secretaries, George Edmund Haynes and Eugene Kincle Jones.

The Passing of the Colored Politician

By Wm. H. Ferris.

THE psalmist, David, while gazing in rapt adoration at the starry Heavens above, cried out to his Creator, "When we consider the Heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon, the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visiteth him?"

And the glory and grandeur of man resides in the fact that he possesses reason and will, that he can set an objective before him and calmly and patiently set out to realize it. In other words, the man who can map out and carry out a programme is the man who is most man. Ex-Senator Winthrop Murray Crane of Dalton, Mass., a man of thought, who says little and makes no public speeches and who is one of the powerful forces in that brilliant group of men known as the "Old Guard" of the G. O. P., possesses in a pre-eminent degree the two qualities of mind and

spirit which are the crowning glories of human nature. He showed the wisdom and the self possession to hold the situation firmly in hand until the psychological moment to play the card that won.

As I sat in the galleries of the Coliseum and moved among the crowds in the street I heard even followers of the popular Teddy and the cautious President Wilson express admiration for the calm deliberation, mathematical calculation and the machine-like precision with which the "Old Guard" mapped and carried out its programme of selecting a candidate to lead the Republican hosts.

To the superficial observer it looked as though the "Old Guard" would be overwhelmed and swamped by the Roosevelt enthusiasm. The demonstration for Senator Root, when he was nominated for president lasted sixteen minutes, and the demonstration for Senator Burton lasted thirty-six minutes. But, when Senator Fall of New Mexico presented the name of Theodore Roosevelt to the conventions, pandemonium reigned in the galleries for three quarters of an hour. Women screamed and men yelled. Mrs. Rutherford of Chicago stepped upon a table and spread out a pennant bearing the name of Roosevelt. Then she waved flags with both hands. Men and women waved hats, umbrellas and canes; tore off flags from the walls and gallery rails, waved them and threw them down among the delegates.

The spectators sat still as Chairman Warren G. Harding, tall, commanding and handsome, with an intellectual brow, benign face, perfectly modulated voice and self possessed manner stepped forward and announced that the Republican convention could proceed to make the nominations. Some state yielded to New York and Governor Charles S. Whitman came forward to put the name of Charles E. Hughes in nomination. The audience saw a tall, black-haired and rather nervous man, with a nervous quiver to his voice that had an elocutionary effect, speak in a telling manner of the crisis in this country's history, of the artificial character of the temporary prosperity brought on by the European war and of the ability, character and achievement of Charles E. Hughes. His mentioning the name of Ex-President William Howard Taft brought forth an outburst of applause, and when he closed his speech by saying, "I nominate for President of the United States Charles Evans Hughes of New York," the delegates cheered, yelled and swung rattles for several minutes, and the delegations from Oregon, Vermont and Mississippi marched around the hall.

Chairman Harding announced Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler of New York. Then the spectators leaned forward to hear the distinguished president of Columbia University. They saw a stalwart man of medium height, with a quick elastic step, who bore his head like a dome on the shoulders of Atlas and whose countenance beamed with benevolence, serious earnestness, forethought and determination, step forward.

And when he spoke, it was *ex-cathedra,* as one who had authority. He seemed a born ruler, compeller and master of men.

When he began his speech by saying, "These are no ordinary times. The world is in upheaval. Forces, long believed confined, are loosed in the world, spreading death and destruction. The United States is in the midst of a great world storm. The winds of prejudice and hate are threatening the craft of civilization," the spectators in the galleries realized that they were listening to something that was profound and philosophical. And then he proceeded to pay tribute to the statesmanship, eminent public services and high character of Elihu Root. And when Dr. Butler closed his remarkable address by this peroration, "Beyond today's raging storm of war I see forming a rainbow of promise. This rainbow is the symbol of our dear America. Each separate color marks an element of race or creed. But when the white light of day absorbs them they exist only as indistinguishable parts of a single and sufficient brightness. So under competent and compelling leadership I see a single united America. This America will know its mind and do its will because it shall have found a leader and a voice. To be the Republican candidate for President of the United States I name Elihu Root of New York." A demonstration followed which lasted nearly twenty minutes. It was not an artificially worked up and prearranged affair, but it was a real tribute to a remarkable nominating speech and a laurel to the distinguished statesman who was eulogized in that speech.

As I came out of the Coliseum where the Republican Convention was held, on Friday and Saturday afternoons, I was surprised to see a vast array of Colored political, educational, national and religious leaders, standing in front of the Coliseum, discussing the issues of the day. They seemed to be holding a con-

vention by themselves. Some of the most noted men in the Colored race could be seen. I saw Honorable Judson D. Lyons and Rev. Dr. C. T. Walker of Augusta, Ga., President Stinson of Atlanta, Ga., Rev. Dr. Callis of Chicago, Ill., Thos. Jones of Washington, Dr. Wm. A. Sinclair of Philadelphia, and Editor Joseph W. Henderson of the New England *Torchlight*. In the Congress Hotel I saw Wm. A. Andress of Sumter, S. C. I was also informed that Editor Calvin Chase of the Washington *Bee* was in Chicago, but I did not have the pleasure of seeing him.

The Colored philosophers in front of the Coliseum were, of course, interested in the proceedings that were going on inside of the building, but the main theme and topic of their conversation was the decline in power and importance of the Colored delegates at the Republican National Convention.

Major John R. Lynch, who presided as temporary chairman at the National Republican Convention in Chicago in 1884, was not even a delegate. He was, however, escorted to the platform, by a friend, just before the convention closed, courteously received by Chairman Warren G. Harding and warmly welcomed by the other leaders on the platform, after the convention had adjourned.

Hon. Judson D. Lyons of Augusta, Ga., who had served as Register of the Treasury under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, and who, for a number of years, was National Committeeman from Georgia, was only a contested delegate to this convention. Henry Lincoln Johnson was the leader of the Georgia Negro delegates. Harry Cummings of Baltimore, Md., who seconded the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt in 1904, was not even a delegate to this convention, but was a Sergeant-at-Arms, standing with a policeman at the door.

In former years the Colored delegates were conspicuous figures. In the convention in Cincinnati in 1880, when Garfield and Arthur were nominated, Bob Ingersoll and Senator Joseph Benson Foraker waved the bloody shirt. Senator Foraker then said: "If we nominate Mr. Sherman he will split Democracy wide open, as General Sherman split Georgia in two parts when he marched from Atlanta to the sea." Cries of waving the bloody shirt were heard and the convention was in tumult. Then a tall, venerable looking Colored delegate walked down the middle aisles. Some cried out, "That is Fred Douglass." The delegates stopped their quarreling and gave the noted orator attention, as he calmly faced them with uplifted hands. He said: "We will wave the bloody shirt as long as it is stained with one drop of innocent blood," and he swept the convention off its feet by his impassioned eloquence.

Such was the part played by the Colored delegates in preceding conventions. But in this convention only two Colored delegates attracted attention—the Colored delegate from Ohio, who from the floor represented his state, and W. F. Cozart of Atlantic City, who cast the only vote that Colonel Roosevelt received on the third ballot.

The committee on platform, of which Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was chairman, courteously listened as the Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago presented, in a neat, logical speech an equal rights plank.

Not only have the Colored delegates declined in importance, but they have also declined numerically. I have been informed that there were sixty-six Colored delegates in the convention of 1912 and only thirty-three and a half in the convention of 1916. Does this mean that the Grand Old Party has dropped the Colored brother? No, it only means that the Colored man is no longer the pet, the protege and the ward of the Republican party. It means that the black man must enter the struggle for existence, side by side with his white brother, and that it now is a question of the survival of the fittest.

The changed attitude of the Republican party reflects the changed attitude of the country, which has lost its feeling of sentimental pity and sympathy for the poor Colored brother. But the country still has a kindly word for the black man, who has won his spurs and achieved distinguished success. And the Republican party has scores of leaders like the chivalric Hon. Rufus C. Dawes of Evanston, Ill., who will lend a helping hand to the Colored man heroically toiling up the heights.

The passing of the former type of Colored politician means that a new type of Colored leader will be evolved. Men like Hon. Richard T. Greener, the first Colored graduate of Harvard University, and Hon. Geo. W. Ellis, contributing editor of Clarke University's *Journal of Race Development*, men who possess the intellectual equipment of command, the respect of the intellectual and political leaders of the dominant Anglo-Saxon race.

President Woodrow Wilson has so at-

tempted to degrade the Negro that his re-election offers no hope to the Colored race. In Chas. E. Hughes we have a man of vision, insight, courage and high principle, and I believe that he will be a wise, just and righteous President, who will give the Colored brother an opportunity to prove his mettle, or win his spurs. At this stage of the political game we do not ask for charity or sympathy, but for an equal chance or a fair play. And this, I believe, Judge Charles Evans Hughes will give the Colored brother.

And with an equal chance in the race of life, of fair play, secured and granted, the black man will seek shelter from no tempest or exposure, from no ordeal or criticism. But with the bright standards of liberty of opportunity in the economic and industrial world and equality of civil and political rights nailed to the masthead, he will be content to stand or fall, to sink or swim, to live or die and to survive or perish with the great mass of American citizenship upon the broad decks of the good old ship of American liberty.

And just as under English sovereignty, Sir William Conrad Reeves rose until he became Chief Justice of Barbadoes, and was knighted by the Queen, just as Edward Wilmot Blyden rose, until he addressed the London and Liverpool Chambers of Commerce, so in America, under the leadership of the Republican party, the black men, who are intellectually and morally fit, will rise to the heights of eminence.

A Letter from the Shade of George Walker

Edited by Scrip

To Scrip, arbiter of Negro theatricals, from George W. Walker in the Land of Elysium, the Realm of the Blessed:

AS ONE who has been close to the Negro theatrical world, I feel it my duty to write you concerning the stage of your generation.

I am aware, Scrip, that the times have changed. The Negro stage is on a decline, due largely to the lack of efficient leadership. Art, my dear Scrip, has been neglected for the fleshpots of Egypt. The men and women of my profession have gone to the devil's booth and with their talents have purchased the dross I would call tinsel success. That is the sorrow that I am carrying with me every day.

During my brief sojourn on earth, I worked hard to establish the Negro as an artist. I thought that when "Abyssinia," with its massive settings, its rich choral numbers, its weird African music was produced, I had accomplished my purpose. "Abyssinia" was the most glorious event in Negro art, my dear Scrip; I can never forget it. Oh, the picturesque eccentricities of Ras Johnson! The tragic position of Menelik! The romantic coloring the inhabitants of that desert kingdom afforded! It was a masterpiece, Scrip, something that astonished Alan Dale himself.

But after reviewing the later history of the Negro actor, I have discovered that "Abyssinia" was only a temporary success. The Pekin Theatre came into existence, reached its zenith and declined. With the decline Negro vaudeville was born. Vaudeville is the method the gods employ for the degradation of art. Negro art, for which my associates and I had struggled so long, began its downward career the day colored actors became colored performers.

Do you believe it? If not, go to your favorite cabaret and after you have fought the smoke and the insipid liquor, ask the young lady who entertains you by screaming something abominable to tell you of her career. You will be astonished to learn that she has been on the stage, that once she was with my organization or with Cole and Johnson and

that when the cheap vaudeville craze was instituted she became a performer. Cheap vaudeville is but one step from the carbaret, because it appeals to the basest passions.

I understand that you fight suggestive theatricals, that that is the reason you have enemies among that class of managers and actors. My advice, Scrip, would be this: Lay aside your cudgel and go in for constructive work. Organize as I did years ago; advance art, forget everything else.

I wish that some time you would commend Salem Tutt Whitney. He approaches my ideal closer than any other Negro before the theatrical public. He has the artistic sense, something lacking in your Butler May type. If it were not for him, I would say, abolish entirely what we call Negro theatricals, and let the masses take their amusement either in the saloon or at the church social. Whitney saves the artist in his pupil and spoils the commercial being.

Take for instance Hattie Akers. From the spirit world, I have watched her, this greatest example of Whitney genius. She has in her the soul of art, that art that recognizes the beauty and the glory of the Negro race. So far as the histrionic part of the work is concerned, she reminds me of Aida. The eternal child lives in her and it is manifest in every phase of her. To have produced Hattie Akers is an achievement that Whitney should boast of for years to come.

I am glad to learn that though the stage has been declining, the professional musician still lives among his ideals. James Reese Europe is not permitting the hundreds of musicians under his leadership to chase the fireflies called popular desires, and yet the musicians thrive better than the actors.

It is art, Scrip, art, that glorious goddess whose chariot traverses the clouds and leaves behind her a trail of flame. Art, that in the earlier ages nurtured Thespius, that inventor of the Merry Andrew cart! Art, that made Sophocles master of the tragedy! Art, that crowned Aristophanes King of Comedy! Art, that led the immortal boy, Will Shakespeare, to the pinnacle of the world's greatest dramatist!

Art will work wonders. It will refine the crude substance called ore until it is burnished gold. It will be a pillar of fire leading the seeker to paths of glory. It will be manna to the hungry and to the thirsty gushing water from a hitherto barren rock. It will clothe the naked with the robe of idealism. Divorce art and you will lead a lonely life. Your table will be barren, your days will be dull, your nights will be dark and your path strewn with many pitfalls.

Therefore, Scrip, I advise you, do not fight the suggestive actors. They are fighting themselves. Instead, become press agent for Art. Go into the highways and the byways and impress upon the world her wonderful message.

May the Gods bless you!

A Negro Preacher

A SHORT STORY

By J. S. Cotter

IN the early part of the nineteenth century there lived in a city midway between the North and the South, a Negro preacher by the name of the Rev. Henry Jones. He was the pastor of a congregation, composed of some free colored people and those slaves—for this was a slave holding community—who were owned by lenient masters. He and his flock worshipped in an edifice on what is now the principal street of the city. As a result of hard work, the building had been purchased by the congregation and through the ingenuity of the pastor, had been deeded to the "Colored people and their successors forever." The congregation worshipped in this shelter with increasing fervor and devotion. The Rev. Jones by his upright life and manly character drew his members to him, as a kind shepherd draws his flock.

There came a time when the white church of the same faith which had supervision over the Rev. Jones and his flock,

divided among themselves over the question of slavery. The meeting at which they divided was held at this same city, not a stone's throw from the colored church.

The White Elder Seized the Bible on Reaching the Pulpit; Rev. Jones Seized the Hymnal.

This cast the lot of the colored church with the side that favored slavery. So the Rev. Jones felt that he and his people should separate themselves from the whites and join the recently formed colored organization of that faith. The white Elders held that they had no such right and forthwith expelled the Rev. Jones. Rev. Jones held that he had already left the church and could not be expelled. Matters reached a crisis on the following Sunday when the colored people were bidden to meet in the church under the white Elders.

At the appointed time the place was crowded. The white Elder stepped forward to the pulpit to open the services and to his consternation the Rev. Henry Jones came forward too. The white Elder seized the Bible on reaching the pulpit, Rev. Jones seized the hymnal. The white Elder gazed in utter bewilderment for a few seconds and then, regaining his composure and striving to dominate this unusual proceeding, announced his text in as impressive voice as he could command. "Servants be obedient to your masters."

The Rev. Jones completely ignoring him lined the hymnal, "Jesus, Shepherd of the Sheep, to Thee We Fly for Help." The congregation filled with the spirit of their leader sang the song with fervor and abandon.

Then the Rev. Jones prayed a prayer such as only the Negro preacher of that day could have felt and prayed. It was filled with righteous denunciation and abounded with religious faith. "Amens" were heard from every corner and "Hallelujahs" filled the air. He finished and sat down, leaving the white elder nonplused and at a loss for words to support the text he had taken.

The colored people, having seen their way out of Egypt, followed their chosen leader into the Promised Land.

Songs of the Enslaved Spirit

By Will H. Hendrickson

THE UNFORGIVABLE

'Tis said the balm of fleeting years will heal
The wound of cutting word or flinty steel;
I can forgive the unkind things you said
That turned my pallid cheeks to flaming red.

But, though the years in their eternal flight
May dull my eyes and streak my hair with white,
I can't forgive until all hope is dead
The good you thought of me and left unsaid.

FREEDOM

I long to tread the distant roads,
The world says, "Go, for thou art free."
Another voice says, "Stay, thou fool!
You must obey; I'm Poverty."

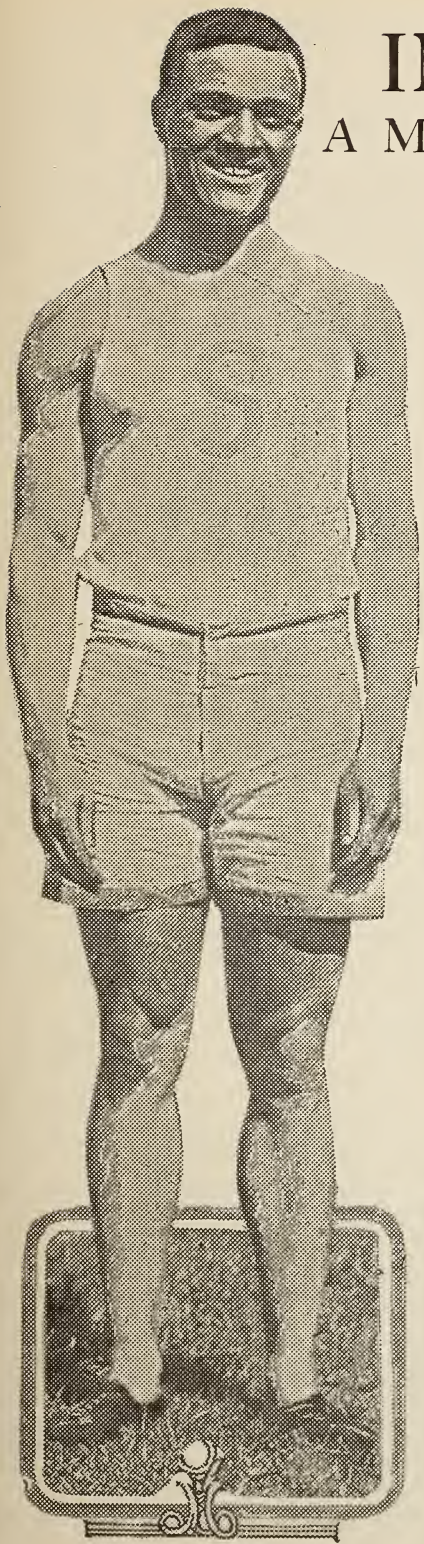
I long to take the book of life
And turn the leaves to youth's blithe page;
A voice creaks out, "What folly, this!
Stay thou thy hand, for I am Age."

THE ESCAPE

Outside my door the grim guard's steady tread,
The well-poised rifle, belly full of lead;
The sleepless eye, the ear attuned and fine
It almost startles at this thought of mine.

The sweaty walls, forbidding, gloomy, thick,
Of roughened stone, of flinty steel and brick,
All seek to make a prisoner of me.
They seek in vain for it shall never be.

I wander o'er the city's thoroughfare;
I breathe the country's crisp inspiring air;
I follow brooks from birth to salted sea,
Thank God they cannot take my dreams from me.



IN THE SUN

A Monthly Review of Athletics

By Binga Dismond

THE PASSING OF HOWARD DREW

UPON the eve of the National Championship games in Newark, comes the report from California that Howard Drew has received a paralytic stroke. This disastrous news is tempered by the possibility that the affection may not be permanent; but there is the certainty that Howard Drew, the world's champion, has passed. This is particularly destructive to our hopes in the Newark game and as the CHICAGO DEFENDER says: "casts a gloom over the events." Just at present there appears no champion of color who has proved himself capable of wearing Drew's spikes. Roy Morse, who by kidnapping the 220 in the National Games in 'Frisco last year, and who is looked upon as Drew's most logical successor, is the sprinter upon whom we are placing our hopes. Irving Howe should be able to get in on the money in one of the sprints. Harry Martin, in spite of the fact that he will have a hard time in defeating Simpson, of Missouri, in the hurdles, may be able to secure a place. Butler should win the broad jump, that is, if he exhibits anything like the form he had on hand last year; and, of course, there is always the chance of some unknown breaking into the Sun.

Drew vs. Jinx

In addition to being the world's champion, Drew can rightly be called the "hard luck" champion. Drew's first taste of misfortune occurred in Sweden in the Olympic games of 1912. Howard, about that time, was without question the fastest human upon the cinders, but was robbed of the Olympic laurels by "pulling" a tendon the day before the meet. Drew has had more misfortune than usual in having his records disputed by the A. A. U. officials. The athletic lead-

ers have taken an extraordinary delight in questioning the phenomenal feats of this whirlwind runner. Drew's second dose of misfortune became his inheritance when he lost the hundred yard event in the National Games at the World's Fair. The same "pulled" tendon was responsible for this also. Drew's third display of his affinity for hard luck occurred last winter in New York. In the early part of the season he "did himself proud" by defeating Jo Loomis, who had beaten him on the coast. Drew defeated Loomis not once, but turned the trick three times; however, the jinx could not be shaken off permanently and just before the indoor championships, Drew became sick. The sequel of this misfortune was an additional defeat to the champion's credit. Now comes the news of the San Diego disaster and Drew's partial paralysis. Although I have received word that the stroke is not as severe as the Associated Press inferred, there is no doubt that the running days of great Howard P. Drew are over. It is true his career has been filled with misfortunes, but this has been more than eclipsed by the brilliancy of his work when he was in condition.

Who among us does not envy Drew his athletic career—misfortunes and all?

Lives of runners all remind us
We can win our final heat,
And departing leave behind us
Records which are hard to beat.

Traveling with a fast set doesn't necessarily develop a fast runner.

Just because a man smokes doesn't mean that he can burn up the cinders.

Breaking training and breaking records don't go hand in hand.

When we think about Drew, we come to the conclusion it's a clever idea to quit while the quitting is good.

FAMOUS RUNNERS

Ostriches,
Howard Drew,
Hall Runners,
Run 'er out,
Russian Soldiers,
Twentieth Century Limited.

SPORTING PAGES OF THE WEEKLIES

ALTHOUGH a handful of our weeklies are exhibiting a realization of the importance of the sporting page, the majority of our editors are still in the dark as to the value of the "dope sheet." The alibi usually offered is, "a dearth of athletic news and a poverty of space." The first part of this alibi is refuted by the amount of space our young men have earned for themselves in the white dailies, and the second part, by the columns of worthless patent news, through which we are compelled to search in our weeklies in order to find anything of athletic interest. On the other hand, it is interesting to note that the editors who are featuring the Sporting Page possess at the same time the most extensive mailing list. This does not necessarily mean that the increase in circulation is a direct sequel to the sporting sheet; but it is quite a coincidence; and in addition, the general news' morsels these same editors are issuing seem more richly seasoned, and their papers present the niftiest mechanical attire.

MR. FRANK JENKINS

My dear Frank:— —

YOU are hereby requested to report IN THE SUN and state why you shouldn't be called "Some Humdinger." You have been going pretty strong of late, old man, and those mile races you have been delivering have been jewels for which we have to give you credit. It seems as if we've heard it rumored somewhere that Negro boys weren't there with stamina, and couldn't endure the agonies of the mile; but you've showed them they were all wrong, Frank, all wrong, and made them acknowledge when it came to being yellow, you were color blind—didn't you, Frank?

Taking off our hats to you, we are,
Yours truly,
I. T. S.

PLAY BALL!

IN a few days the bats will be laid aside and the baseball togs tucked away in the moth balls. King Rugby will make his annual visit and the pig skin will be punted over the various university campuses. The ladies are already at the college gates waiting to welcome last year's heroes and the sophomores are on their way back determined to break into the line-up and subsequently into the limelight. As usual, Howard, Lincoln and Hampton will fight it out for the premier honors in the East and Fisk, Morehouse and Tuskegee will make a tussle of it in the South. In addition to these usual activities, the Howard squad has made preparations to invade Dixieland and give battle to the Southern Entente.

The Washington aggregation will consist

of two teams and will tour the Southern country in a special car. Since this is the first extensive trip of a Northern football team in the South, the down home teams are leaving nothing unturned in their efforts to present to the invaders an invincible front. Morehouse has purchased the services of a Yale football expert and twenty-five of her young men have hied themselves to the hills of North Carolina to get into condition. Fisk and Tuskegee are also rounding into form, which shows they too will not be caught napping. As regards football, this will be without question the greatest year the South has known. May the best team win the place IN THE SUN.

SUGGESTED YELL FOR BROWN UNIVERSITY

High Brown!
High Brown!
Pollard! Pollard! Pollard!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

CHICAGO WINS BASEBALL PENNANT

AS the present baseball season dims and dies the White Sox are a rather soiled lot and the Cubs have failed to prove themselves such "bears" after all, but the town Lake Michigan is by is not altogether without a national championship aggregation. The team which lays righteous claim to the pennant laurels is none other than Rube Foster's American Giants, and their claim must be given due consideration.

In addition to the soothing knowledge that his birds have met and defeated the cream of the City League, the peaches of the Park Owners' Association and the muck-a-mucks of the out-of-town white clubs, Rube is entitled to wear the smile that won't come off, because his ducks have cleaned the world-famed Cuban Stars and the Lincoln Giants.

The Cuban crowd and the Rubites enjoyed quite a sitting of it, the Muchachos from the land of good cigars and the State Street lads putting up a unique series of 32 games. The initial game began June 1st, grand finale being staged Labor Day. Rube was liberal enough to let the foreigners get away with ten of these exhibitions, but kept twenty-two for Rube—you can count 'em up for yourself. Foster's ancient friends, the Lincoln Stars, dropped in for a few days during the hot spell and relinquished their claim to the championship by ending their little arguments with the score card displaying the legend: Rube Foster, 4 games; Lincoln Stars, 3.

The cold breezes of the lake were too pleasant, or the white lights of the "great black way" too fascinating for the St. Louis Giants. They dropped 10 out of a possible 14 games to the Americans, and beat it back to the bank of the muddy Mississippi.

Next on the program breezed in Bowser's A. B. C.'s, who performed twice. I have been unable to ascertain what were Mr. Bowser's objections to winning either time. Taylor's A. B. C.'s, on the other hand, had the pleasure of winning one out of four games.

Mr. Foster's team has been just as successful in foreign territory as they have upon their home lot. Eighty-five per cent of the games played by these boys have gone on record to their credit—you will have to admit that is some per cent. The American Giants have won twice the California Winter League championship, and just before the present home season was begun, the Giants traveled a la Pullman some 21,000 miles, taking almost everything in sight. The club is composed of the following players:

Pitchers, Andrew (Rube) Foster, manager; Whitworth, Johnson, Dixon.
Catchers, Petway and Brazelton.
First Base, Grant.
Second Base, Bauchman.
Third Base, Francis.
Shortstop, Lloyd.
Left Field, Ed. Gans.
Center Field, Hill.
Right Field, Duncan.
Utility, Crawford.

In the Sun

In November:

How to Run a Quarter Mile—By Binga Dismond.

In December:

How to Run the Sprints—By Howard Drew.

Chicago American Giants Baseball Team

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

THE *Chicago Tribune* sees in a proposition made by the *Columbia State* virtual slavery for the Negro. This is the way the *Tribune* expresses it editorially:

While some newspapers in the south have bemoaned the threatened emigration of Negroes from that section to the northern states there are others who view with alarm the proposed immigration of Negroes from the north to the south. It appears that a project is on foot to colonize certain lands in South Carolina with northern Negro farmers. This brings from so liberal a journal as the *Columbia State* the remark that as South Carolina's population is already 55 per cent black, what is desired is that it should become preponderantly white.

After admitting the right of any one to buy South Carolina land and sell it to northern Negroes, the *State* adds: "Justice under the law should be done to any lawful undertaking, but that is no guaranty that equity will be done by the tax assessors of a county or a township where the enterprise is unanimously regarded as a nuisance and a public injury."

Thus, added to the disfranchisement of the Negro, is the threat of taxing him out of the state.

THE Negro hegira does not look so feasible to the Southern white man, judging from this communication of a certain Sigo Myers, published in *The New York Times:*

Intense dissatisfaction has been awakened in Savannah, Jacksonville, and other Southern commercial and industrial centers by persistent efforts to divert labor in large numbers from these centers of activity to service in the North. Skillful agents have been working in the South for several weeks and by promises of large wages and other inducements have succeeded in bringing many thousands of laborers to such places as desired in that section.

The natural effect of this is the unsettling of labor conditions generally in the portion of the country from which these laborers are drawn. The higher rate of wages offered temporarily for these Negroes causes discontent among the remaining, who are generally ignorant of conditions elsewhere and do not realize that these higher wages are but a

passing phase of labor shortage North and cannot continue, and that in a large measure they are offset by the greatly increased cost of living for the Negro, as compared with his expenses South. Several strikes have resulted and there are signs of discontent.

The importation of these many thousands of Negro laborers not only seriously interferes with the natural course of business in the sections from which they are drawn, but it is preparing problems for the Northern communities into which they are sent. These men are not accustomed to the Northern climate. They are constitutionally careless in their habits, and illness and death will be out of proportion among them to their numbers, and will subject cities and towns in the North to extraordinary expenses. Then, too, when discharged, as many of them must be later on, they will be far from their old homes, without money to return, and they will become more or less a burden on communities in which they have been placed. If any importer of labor of this class were placed by the Government under bond to return such labor to its old homes when discharged this phase would be remedied. But as it is, there will eventually be much suffering among the labor when turned loose among strangers in the hour when the competition for labor will have disappeared and be succeeded by an intense rivalry for jobs.

Say what you will, the Negro laborer is nowhere as well off as in the South, where climatic conditions are so largely in his favor, where he has many friends among the whites as well as the companionship of his race. He is better understood there, more consideration is shown for his weaknesses, too much is not expected of him, and in the hour of distress he is not given the cold shoulder. The little 25 or 35 cents a day additional pay that he may receive by listening to alluring claims he speedily finds is dissipated in the additional cost of living, in the fuel, the more expensive clothing, the medical bills, the higher rents, etc.

THIS will give the reader an idea of what the *Nashville Tennesseean* expects of a Negro leader:

"During all the years that Booker T. Washington was president of Tuskegee institute he taught the young Negroes who were students there some very practical and very salutary principles of living. The whole spirit of the institution's teaching was that the open road to success for the Negro was efficient work, and that he could best serve himself by maintaining good feeling between his and the white race. He never ran amuck of the laws that the state of Alabama or other southern states have made regulating the intercourse of the two races. If he did not approve them, he was wise enough not to oppose them, and, so far as we know, he unfailingly observed them.

"After Washington's death, 'Major' Moton was chosen to take his place. He has been less than a year at Tuskegee, less than a year in the state of Alabama, and already he has run foul of the laws on race regulation. He is making a fight on the 'Jim Crow' and other laws. It is reported that, a little while ago, his wife and his brother insisted upon riding in the white compartment of a railroad train, and had to be ejected by a policeman. It might not be just to blame the 'Major' Moton for the act of his wife and brother—except that their example was in accord with his precept.

"Moton will get nowhere by these methods. He is making a nuisance of himself and is in a fair way to destroy the usefulness of Tuskegee. If Moton remains at the head of the institution and continues to pursue his present policies, he will wreck the school. The alumni of Tuskegee under the Washington regime and Negroes of sense generally have a work to perform in putting Moton right or demanding his removal."

Is such an issue upon which the titular head of a race is to be chosen? Dear brother of Tennessee, measure a man by his usefulness, not by your prejudices. Major Moton was a useful man at Hampton; he can be of great benefit to his race, and the other race, during his administration at Tuskegee.

THE *Syracuse Post Standard* does not consider the Negro hegira such an important issue. It sees for the black man greater opportunity in the South:

The demand for labor in manufacture and public work is effecting an interesting shift in population. Negroes are coming North.

The migration is in such volume that it will have an appreciable effect upon industrial conditions North and South. The South will feel a shortage of the labor upon which it relies.

The curtailment of the Negroes' political rights in the South is in direct proportion to their numbers. Where they are in a majority they are held with a stern hand. Where they are in a minority they are permitted considerable freedom of action. An equalization in Negro population, by the distribution

of thousands from the black belt through the North, would be politically helpful to those who go and those who stay.

There will be no large and permanent shift of population, however.

The Negro is the object of industrial prejudice in the North, more serious than the political prejudice under which he labors in the South. He cannot make his way far above unskilled employment without feeling the hostility of public and fellow workers. There is greater opportunity for him in the South. There prejudice runs to the race, not to the individual; in the North it runs to the individual, not the race. We hesitate to admit it but we know in our hearts that it is so.

It is in the South therefore that the Negro will remain and will steadily advance in usefulness, in material possessions, in the variety of his employment and in political rights. The present shift is not the advance of a great movement from South to North. It is only a minor symptom which is not significant, for it will not be great and it will not be permanent.

ARTHUR G. SHAW, in a communication to the *New York Evening Globe*, tells why the Negro is coming North:

I have read with keen interest your editorial in today's *Globe* entitled "The Negro Problem," in which you say that the migration of large numbers of Negroes to the north within the past year has been due to his lack of fair treatment in the south and the effect it will have upon the country. You will concede that the Negro is an American citizen—dyed-in-the-wool American, without even the symptoms of a hyphen. And as an American first, last and all the time he is entitled to his constitutional rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness anywhere in America he may choose to make his home, provided he is competent to do the work.

Because immigrants from other lands come here, cannot speak English, have no love for American institutions and traditions, corner the labor market and with their system of declaring strikes at the least provocation—this has nothing to do with the rights of Afro-Americans in this country. The Negro has just as much right to seek higher wages as the whitest immigrant that has ever landed here, and you can bet your sweet life if they come here in large numbers they will be law abiding and competent, and you will never read of a gang of "gunmen" among them.

The American white man gives the immigrant every opportunity to get up in the world because he is white. He never takes into consideration that the immigrant is often an enemy of American institutions regardless of the fact that a great president was assassinated by one. But when war breaks out who is it that goes to the front? Who is it that has given their lives up in Mexico willingly? Has a Negro ever committed treason?

Yes, the Negro is coming north; he has a right to; his skill is on a par with the foreigner and his claim is just. If we fight your battles we are entitled to a chance to work for a living. Feudalism yes, is even better than we have been getting thus far, but if there is a God He surely will change things; all the Negro has to do is his duty; results are the Lord's.

The Negro did not make himself black; he cannot change his skin and he has no desire to, because if he did it might turn white and give him a weak spine, a yellow streak, and that is what is most despicable to every Negro.

We have the same kind of education that you have; we come out of Columbia, New York University, College of the City of New York, etc.; we are capable, God did not make any difference in brains, and we are going to get justice eventually, and if you and I live we will see it; nothing can keep us down. Just as Napoleon said "there shall be no Alps," the Negro says "there shall be no color line," and every man will stand on his merit as a man, be he black or white.

THE *Savannah News* sees another aspect of the Negro hegira. What about unemployment in Northern cities? Will it not affect the Negro from the South?

Attention is called anew to the effect of the war upon American immigration and labor problems by the arrest in Savannah of two men who were engaged in recuiting laborers for a great Northern railroad system. American labor has been affected in at least three ways by the great conflict. In the first place new immigration has been very greatly reduced and in respect to some countries has been entirely cut off. Then, many former immigrants have been recalled to fight for their countries in Europe. Again, the huge demand for American products, which has sent the value of American exports to new high records, has caused an unusual demand for labor in American factories, mills and mines, and on railroads.

The unemployment problem, which became

acute, especially in the North, in the earlier stages of the war, until business adjusted itself to the new conditions, has largely disappeared and the labor supply there has not kept pace with the demand. In the South there was a very large class of laborers which some Northern employer thought could be obtained easily and retained at low wages. So, the effort of recruiting agents to draw laborers by thousands from the South was only to be expected.

The question arises as to whether the South should discourage or look disinterestedly upon this recruiting campaign, which already has sent thousands of Negroes beyond the borders of the South and unless interrupted is sure to draw many more. This section is unwilling for its Negro labor supply to be so depleted that when the time comes to harvest the cotton crop pickers will be scarce; and no other section wishes the price of cotton picking to reach a ruinous point.

While it is not possible to prevent Negro laborers from going where they please, it is well for the Southern states to consider not only the direct result of their going to other sections in large numbers, but the question of whether—within a year or two, if immigration is heavy after the war and immigrants take away from Negro laborers in the North the jobs that are open to them now—there will not be a great movement of Negroes from North to South at a time when there will not be work for them in the South. It is wise to put demand and supply of labor together, but the South neither wishes her supply depleted when the cotton picking season is so close at hand, nor to be flooded by idle Negroes at a time when the demand for labor in this section may be seasonably low. It may be said that most of the Negroes recruited for Northern jobs are not cotton pickers, but it is a fact that when there is little work in the country districts Negroes flock to the towns, and when laborers are scarce in the country at cotton picking time it is not difficult, normally, to recruit them from the towns and cities. So a scarcity of Negro labor, in either town or country, at cotton picking time is likely to be felt by the cotton farmer.

The Chicago Evening Post in its Friday Evening Literary Review, edited by Llewellyn Jones, pays THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE this unusual compliment:

The general life of a nation such as America, composed of many groups and interests in complicated alignments and opposition, can only be successful when each of those groups is fully self-conscious. When every group knows both its capabilities and its rights, uses the former and insists upon the latter, then we shall have a nation that is both progressive and civilized and free from slavery.

We are far from that now, but with every new organization of self-expression on the part of a group we come nearer to it. One such expression that may play an important part in civilizing our life is THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE, of which the first number has just been issued. This magazine, edited by the well-known Negro poet Fenton Johnson, having as associate editors Emory Elrage Scott, Binga Dismond and Inez Cantey, is devoted to the service of the Negro race, and apparently aims to cover every feature of Negro activity—business, literary, artistic and athletic—in a fashion that combines the freshness of news—and illustrated news, at that—with the reflective editorial attitude that should characterize a monthly publication.

While the advertising in the first number is from Chicago firms, the magazine aims to be national in character. It will be independent in politics.

While the general public is apt to concede that the Negro may excel as a musician, while artistic ability in other avenues is often conceded to him, he has probably not achieved as yet a reputation, to a wide extent, at any rate, of being formidable in athletics. It is interesting to note, therefore, that Binga Dismond, an associate editor of this magazine, is a University of Chicago sprinter with all sorts of record-breaking feats, individual and in relay work, to his credit.

The magazine is well edited and has a most prosperous-looking mechanical dress. It should play an important part in encouraging the Negro and educating the white.

THE *Charleston (S. C.) Courier* thinks we are a burden to the white population of the country. Apparently the white population of the South is fond of carrying burdens, judging from the attitude it takes in regard to the Negro hegira. This is what the *Courier* says:

Nevertheless, whatever the etaoin or the defects of the Patrick undertaking, we hope that Mr. Patrick will found his colony somewhere else than on the coast of South Carolina. It is not needed here and it is not wanted here. Already we have more Negroes in the coastal section of South Caro-

lina than can be used to advantage or than have proved themselves able to live here with advantage to themselves and to the community.

The worst thing which ever happened for this section was the tremendous influx of Negroes which followed the invention of the cotton gin. Almost immediately the abounding prosperity of Charleston and the territory tributary to Charleston was transformed into a condition bordering on bankruptcy. The planters impoverished themselves in the purchase of slaves, heaping up debts against their estates from which few of them ever escaped. The Negroes were a burden to their owners and they have been a burden to their descendants.

In saying this, we are not to be understood as taking issue with the prevailing opinion that the Negro is the very best laborer for this soil and this climate. Under the conditions which have existed, and which in large measure still exist, we think this is probably true. But for well over a hundred years South Carolina, especially in the coastal section, has at all times had more Negroes than it knew what to do with. The spread of slavery drove hundreds of thousands of white South Carolinians away from the state in the years preceding the war between the states. The heavy Negro majority in most of the counties of the state has been a retarding influence in our agricultural development ever since.

In recent years the census figures, which in these matters are more or less trustworthy, have indicated a slight falling off in the Negro population of the coastal counties of South Carolina and a corresponding increase in white population. Our recollection is that for the counties of Beaufort, Berkeley, Colleton, Charleston and Georgetown the decrease in Negro population between 1900 and 1910 was about 17,000. If these figures can be accepted, they indicate a natural trend the right way.

It would be unfortunate for this section and unfortunate for the Negroes who live here if this movement should be checked. True, any effort on a large scale to accelerate this movement would probably arouse considerable opposition, just as the activities of emigration agents among the Negroes in the upper part of the state did some fifteen years ago. But we certainly do not want to bring any more Negroes here. There are too many now.

THE *Rochester Post Express,* spokesman for the home city of Frederic Douglass, sees the Negro hegira from the viewpoint of the Southern Negro himself:

The efforts of Major Moton and other true friends of the Negro are bearing fruit already in the bringing of large numbers of Negroes from the South to Northern fields of labor, where they are needed and where they can earn wages sufficient to make them respectable members of the community. But the Southern press is not taking kindly to the move; protests against this carrying off of cheap labor from their fields and workshops are vehement. They will not find much sympathy in the North. Some sections of the South find the Negro an insurmountable difficulty; they can neither do with him nor without him. But the future progress of the Negro to a place of respect in our citizenship depends upon his economic rise as a wage earner, and there is no justice in protesting against his finding his way to this where it is made easiest for him.

THIS is what the *New York World* thinks of that Magna Charta of Negro rights, the Fifteenth Amendment:

Every white man in the United States who votes obtained his vote through the states.

Every woman in the United States who votes obtained her vote through the states.

Every black man in the United States who votes obtained his vote either through the states or by the common consent of the electors of his community that he should exercise the franchise.

The Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States is without effect. It was framed and adopted for partisan purposes and has been worse than a failure. It created an irrepressible conflict between the white and black races of the South and has done more than any other one thing to hinder the progress of the Negro people since they were emancipated from slavery.

JOHN E. BRUCE writes thus in the *New York Evening Globe* concerning the political rights of the American Negro:

Elihu Root, in a speech at the Union League Club in this city some years ago, made the statement that the Thirteenth,

Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments to the Constitution cannot be enforced. He omitted to add "in those sections of our country in which they were specially intended to be operative."

The action of the states lately in rebellion against the federal authority made necessary these coercive measures. But the federal authorities have never had the courage to enforce them. These states have tacitly and determinedly refused to recognize them as a part of the fundamental law of the land, and they have never accepted them as binding. The federal government cannot now enforce any one of them in any state in the South. The South's answer to these amendments is Negro disfranchisement, Jim Crow cars, lynch law, the chain gang, Negro baiting in all its forms.

Since the incorporation of these amendments into the federal constitution there has never been an honest attempt to enforce them, and there never will be. The reason is obvious. But God will require at the hands of this nation an account of its stewardship. He is the attorney of record for all the weaker and helpless races who have been and still are the victims of the injustice of strong and powerful nations. He is now cleaning house in Europe, and America need not hope to escape His just wrath. The black man is not wholly friendless, for God is with him and will vindicate him.

THIS is what the *Des Moines (Ia.) Register* has to say concerning President Wilson, woman suffrage and the Negro question:

The *New York Sun* puts a question to President Wilson, which it is safe to say will bring no response from the President, when it asks him why he acquiesces in the Fifteenth Amendment, by which Negro suffrage was forced upon all the states by the vote of three-fourths of them, when in the matter of woman suffrage he insists that each state must determine for itself.

"New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, California and Oregon had failed to ratify the Fifteenth Amendment," the *Sun* recalls to the President, "when Hamilton Fish, as secretary of state, certified that ratification by twenty-nine other states made the amendment valid, to all intents and purposes, as part of the Constitution of the United States. The ratification by the twenty-nine states established Negro suffrage in the other six states of the Union."

If the President were to speak his mind he would say probably that the Fifteenth Amendment had never appealed to him. But he will not speak his mind; he will permit everybody to draw his own inference.

With the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment suffrage was made a national and not a state right, and although we have not changed the forms, we have recognized the principle ever since. That is the reason why a national amendment for woman suffrage suggests itself to Mr. Hughes and to everybody else who thinks nationally.

President Wilson's state rights notion of suffrage is belated. It is wholly out of keeping with his own course in other matters. No man has gone further in office to nationalize in some directions than he has. But he is a nationalist only in spots. Nobody can tell in advance when he will be an old fashioned states' righter and when a progressive twentieth century American.

THAT the Negro question is raising havoc with the Woman's Suffrage issue is apparent, judging from recent discussions in the press. The New York *Times* has a discussion from the pen of J. Hampden Dougherty concerning Mr. Hughes and the proposed Federal amendment. Mr. Dougherty says:

"This notion of a Federal amendment is likely to injure and retard the suffrage movement rather than help women to a vote. Furthermore, assume an amendment passed by Congress and ratified by the states either through their legislatures or through state conventions. The amendment would be of no actual value until enforced by appropriate legislation. How long would it take to get such legislation? And what should be its nature? It would not be possible to cut down state representation in Congress if the several states did not pass laws giving women the vote, as is possible under the Fourteenth Amendment in the case of the colored vote, for that amendment applies only to the Negro vote. President Wilson is philosophically right in insisting that this is a purely state question; not only so, but probably the quickest way of getting action is through the several states by amendment to their constitutions. But the particular point which I wish to press is that Mr. Hughes, far from being unequivocal in his utterances, is ambiguous, and that he should

say whether he advocates submitting a Federal amendment to the state legislatures or to state conventions, which, in other words, is its submission to the people."

THE Detroit *Free Press* is still hot on the trail of President Wilson and his policies. This time it is in reference to Woman Suffrage, which it is said Mr. Wilson will not support for fear of its effect on Negro opportunity:

"A Washington correspondent informs us that 'persons close to the president say they believe his private opinion is that Woman Suffrage in the South would be bad for that section of the country on account of the increase it would cause in the Negro vote.'

"In the South the Negro vote has been small. The state of Virginia, in which President Wilson was born, cast a total vote when he was elected amounting to only 6.6 of its population.

"President Wilson began his manhood career in the state of Georgia, where he essayed to practice law. The vote of Georgia in 1912 was 4.6 of its population.

"Some of the other ratios of total vote to population in 1912 were: Alabama, 5.5; Arkansas, 7.8; Florida, 6.8; Louisiana, 4.7; Mississippi, 3.6; South Carolina, 3.3; Texas, 7.7.

"The ratio for the whole country that year was 16.4. The ratio in Michigan was 19.6. Michigan obeys the constitution of the United States and makes no distinctions of race or color in the franchise. The Northern states make no such distinctions. The Southern states do make distinctions; this is the reason why the ratio of their votes to their population is so low.

"If Woman Suffrage or anything else should increase the Negro vote, it should bring about in our own country that condition of 'full and free elections' for which Mr. Wilson has stickled in the case of Mexico. It would apply to ourselves the lofty ideals we have advocated volubly for other countries and for humanity. It would be consistent and sincere practice of professions. But Mr. Wilson, who has repeatedly declared his public opinion that only by the exercise of self-government can other nations and humanity rise to higher levels, confides to persons close to him his private opinion that it would be bad for his own country to permit its people the exercise of self-government.

"Oh, Humanity, what burlesque does Hypocrisy play in thy garments!"

THE Trenton (N. J.) *Times* is publishing an interesting series of articles on the Negro by representative members of the race. We cannot refrain from quoting in full one of the articles treating of economic conditions:

"To the Northern Negro the war in Europe has been of immense and unexpected advantage, says the *New Republic*. It has shut out the immigrant, who is the Negro's most dangerous competitor, has doubled the demand for the Negro's labor, raised his wages and given chances to him which in the ordinary course would have gone to white men. If immigration still lags after the war, or is held down by law, the Negro will secure the great opportunity for which he has been waiting these fifty years.

"The average Pole or Italian arriving at Ellis Island does not realize that he is a deadly foe to the native Negro. He hardly knows there are Negroes. He takes the first job he can get, competes seemingly with other white men, and, as he rises to higher industrial reaches, makes room for other white men. All the while, however, he is unconsciously fighting the Negro. By filling all the jobs in the North, the immigrant forces the Negro back on the South, where the wages are lower and industrial development is more backward. It is a silent conflict on a gigantic scale.

"In the half-century between 1860 and 1910 the foreign-born in the United States increased from about two millions to over thirteen millions, of whom the overwhelming majority—over 95 per cent—remained in the North. Industrially they filled the North to the saturation point. In the same period the Negroes increased from about four and one-half to ten millions. But of these, almost nine-tenths were forced to remain in the South. They were held there as effectively as though the white immigrants stood on the Mason and Dixon line armed with machine guns.

"Because of race prejudice the individual Negro cannot easily rise above his race, as the individual German, Greek, Jew or Italian in America rises. He is never a man among men, but a Negro sharing the common lot of Negroes. And that lot is bad because industrially the Northern Negroes are superfluous. They hold no monopoly of skill, and are largely debarred from acquiring skill or using it if acquired. In the common occupations, on the other hand, where numbers count, they are too few. In Southern cities, in Atlanta, Memphis, Birmingham, Richmond, Nashville, Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, Negroes con-

stitute one-third to one-half of the population, and more than that proportion of the wage-earners, and are given a chance to earn their living, because without them the work of these cities could not be done.

"In the city of Philadelphia, on the other hand, Negroes form only 5½ per cent of the population; in Chicago only 2 per cent; in New York a little less than 2 per cent. In almost every occupation they are a hopeless minority. If white men will not work with them, if the employer is forced to choose between a large supply of white labor and a small supply of Negro labor, he will choose the former. There are always enough white men or women, thanks to our immigration, to do the work. The Negroes can be replaced by whites, but cannot replace whites.

"The New York example proves how replaceable and therefore weak and defenseless the Northern Negroes are. The colored population of the Greater City—one hundred or perhaps one hundred and ten thousand—does not equal New York's annual increase in whites. If these hundred thousand Negroes were to leave, their places could immediately be filled from Ellis Island. In almost every occupation the Negro is numerically weak. If the 12,000 white barbers of New York refused to work with the 200 Negro barbers, the latter must submit. If the 30,000 white carpenters and joiners choose to draw the color line the 100 Negro carpenters must look for odd jobs or work for their own people. The Negro gets a chance to work only when there is no one else. He is the last served; his are the industrial leavings and scraps. Being superfluous, possessing no industrial weapon against race prejudice, he is forced to work for a grotesquely low wage at menial jobs, which the white man disdains.

"We often wonder what the reflective Negro thinks as he listens to our orators, who welcome the immigrant to this land of liberty, to this free world of opportunity for all men. What does he think of our democracy, morality, religion, as he views it from his side of the color line?

"The Negro asks for little. A half a century of the contempt and exclusion which we call 'freedom' has taught him to be modest. He does not look to the big prizes of life, but is content with the common things, the right to walk unnoticed and uninsulted through the streets, the right to live where his purse permits, the right not to be robbed by landlord, tradesman and employer, and last and most fundamental, the right to earn a living at the work for which his skill and intelligence fit him. Yet because the immigrant has given us all the labor we need and has made the black man superfluous, we deny these rights to the Negro. He becomes the bell-boy, elevator-boy, Pullman porter, the obsequious tip receiver. Debarred from lucrative occupations, he receives low wages in the occupations into which he is forced; debarred from living in most neighborhoods, he pays exorbitant rents in the districts into which he is crowded. Thus our unobtrusive race prejudice means that the Negroes—and among them capable, cultured, sensitive men and women—die of bad lodgings and bad food, of over-crowding and overwork. It means that their married women are forced to work at wage-labor, and their children exposed to the perils of the street. The wronged are always wrong, and so we blame the Negro. If we are fair, however, we must place the responsibility of a social effect upon those responsible for the cause. If the Northern Negroes have a higher death rate and breed a larger proportion of criminals and prostitutes than do the whites, it is in large part our own fault.

"We cannot understand the problems of the Negro unless we constantly bear in mind this fact of industrial opportunity. The Northern Negro has the right to vote, the right—and duty—to send his children to school, and technically at least, many civil and political rights. We do not put him into Jim Crow cars or hold him in prison camps, for private exploitation. Nevertheless, the pressure upon him is almost as painful, though not nearly so debasing, as that upon the Southern Negro. The Northern Negro is urged to rise, but is held down hard. He is kept out of the white man's restaurants, the white man's hotel, the white man's theater, the white man's civilization. Ordered to segregate himself, adjured to build up a little black civilization within our big white civilization, he is not given the necessary means. For a civilization costs money, and men cannot get money unless they get work.

"How can a minority, even a wealthy minority, duplicate all the costly machinery of civilization? And the Negroes are not only very poor, but are prevented from growing rich. To live at all they must work for the white man at jobs which no white man wants. They have no economic surplus with which to erect

a civilization, or indeed to give more than a meager living to their own professional and mercantile classes, who are also discriminated against and must live in the main from the patronage of their own race. That the Northern Negroes have managed to progress at all under the double burden of race discrimination and competition with the more numerous, better equipped white immigrants is an encouraging sign. Their progress, in wealth, education, refinement, does not prove that they can do the impossible, but is at least an earnest of what they might accomplish if given a chance.

"Such a chance seems now about to offer to the Negro. Immigration after the war seems likely to be kept at a lower level during several years or possibly decades. If, then, the supply of immigrant labor is reduced, while the demand for labor maintains itself, the Negro who has equipped himself, should find a wider range of activities open to him, and a stronger demand, especially for unskilled labor. But if the Northern Negroes increase in numbers while their opportunities widen and increase, they will be less dispensable, and more able to make terms. It is the Negro's chance, the first extensive widening of his industrial field since emancipation.

"To just what extent the Northern Negro will grow to his new opportunities, it is impossible to predict. On the average he is probably not yet so efficient, or so tenacious as the white man. He must combat certain racial virtues and vices. Yet from what we know of how ability responds to opportunity, and of how the Negro has advanced under almost impossible economic and social conditions, we cannot but draw hopeful conclusions."

THE Indianapolis *News* comments thus upon the opportunities of the Negro as a farmer:

"Reports frequently tell of the success of movements in the South to establish Negroes as small farmers. The carpet-bag doctrine of 'forty acres and a mule' has no place in the new theory, and it has been found that the Negro, with certain limitations, makes a very successful farmer. A story comes out of Denver which throws new light on this subject. A Negro named Oliver T. Jackson, who has long been a messenger at the Colorado state capitol, is the originator of a prosperous cooperative farming society of Negroes not far from the city. Jackson has been thrifty and has made use of opportunities to improve his fortune. Like many other Negroes who have made some progress, he realized that Northern philanthropists, while successful in promoting the welfare of the Negroes of the South, were neglecting opportunities in their own part of the country.

"A few years ago a government tract of 20,000 acres was thrown open to entry. It was Jackson's hope that he could get enough Negro families from Denver and other Colorado cities to homestead the whole reservation. In this he failed. He got only half a dozen or so families together, and these he had to help to get a start. The little group has expanded, so that now there are forty Negro families concentrated in the town of Deerfield, which has only colored inhabitants. Jackson arranged for the cooperative buying of machinery and the exchange of labor. Denver offered an excellent market for vegetables and fruits, so the settlers engaged in truck farming. They have prospered, having proved themselves to be dependable laborers and good husbandmen. There seems to be no race prejudice in the community, although the Negroes, by preference, remain together. As white settlers sometimes desire to sell, their holdings are frequently obtained by Negroes from the city who wish to try farm life.

"The success of the experiment is due, of course, to the energy and interest of Jackson, who, being attached to the Governor's office, obtained the help of the executive. There is much encouragement in the venture. It has demonstrated that the Negro can become a truck gardener or small farmer in proportion to his ability and the community advantages which may be offered. The country needs more truck gardeners. A Negro with a plot of ground near a big city is much more profitably employed—for both himself and society—than one who is a casual laborer. A tiller of the soil is a useful member of the community, and it may be that the colored race can advance itself through farming."

THE Boston *Transcript* pays a tribute to the Negro's aspirations for achievement:

"The soul of John Brown of Ossawatomie 'marched on' for a while at Lake Placid, New York, yesterday. Its reappearance was due to the unveiling of a tablet at the grave, near by, at North Elba, where the body that was hanged at Charleston was interred. It is curious to note that John Brown's soul has been much

less peripatetic, less inclined toward marching on, during the last dozen years, than at any time since the little rebellion at Harper's Ferry was expiated. Is that because there is not so much occasion for it to march? It is probable. The American Negro, for whom Brown laid down his life, is now working out his own salvation, on the basis of whatever merit, whatever native strength, whatever spiritual and physical power, he possesses. The conditions of his existence are not ideal. The vote, which the Constitution was amended to give him, is denied him in a great part of the country. Jim Crow cars and segregation cut him off from the whites. But he is just as free as the white man to improve his condition, to struggle forward on the road of life, to educate his children and brighten their life, to prove himself a man. That was what old John Brown, Ossawatomie Brown, was fighting for, and therefore it is not strange that his soul evinces a tendency to cease marching—to repose in such quietude at last that sometimes it seems as if John Brown were being forgotten. But how intensely alive he was in those war years! Frank Sanborn, in his speech at Lake Placid yesterday, quoted Thoreau's words, anticipating by more than a year the song of 'John Brown's Body,' and written on July 4, 1860: 'I meet John Brown at every turn; he is more alive than ever he was.' The vitality of the old ruffian—he was an anti-ruffian ruffian—was a proof that the gallows cannot hang an idea. Brown became an extraordinary power. If now he is no more than a memory, it is because in America slavery is at an end, except as men make themselves slaves; and that form of slavery will never be abolished as long as the world stands."

THE St. Paul (Minn.) *News* is very sarcastic over the failure of Georgia to pass her anti-lynching bill:

"Georgia legislators have refused to pass a bill providing for the removal of any sheriff in whose county a lynching occurs. Reputation must be protected at any cost, says the state that failed to punish the lynching of Leo Frank."

THE New York *Evening Post* takes the Georgia legislature to task:

"Georgia has only herself to blame if the rest of the country expresses doubts of the depth of her desire to put a stop to lynching. Her legislature has adjourned without passing the bill authorizing the Governor to remove a sheriff for failure to perform his duty. The bill was accepted as a weapon against mob law, and was the centre of animated discussion. The Judiciary Committee of the House reported it favorably. Newspapers of the standing of the Atlanta *Constitution* declared:

"'The House owes the enactment of this measure to Georgia. No member of it can oppose this legislation without questioning the bravery of Georgia sheriffs and their purpose to obey the law when they go into office. No brave sheriff determined to carry out the law as he finds it can afford to offer opposition to it.' The last sentence is printed in full-face type, as if referring to an important obstacle in the way of the bill. But on the closing day of the session, the House voted, 113 to 29, to lay it on the table. This was the more inexcusable, as the bill had been amended to give an accused sheriff the right to carry his case to the Legislature as a court of final appeal. If it be said that this amendment took the teeth out of the bill, why should the Legislature have feared to pass it?"

THE Columbia *State*, a Southern daily, has this to say regarding the justification of lynching. The occasion of its comment is the editorial attitude of the New York *Evening Post:*

"The right to lynch a Negro is the concrete expression of the political creed of the typical Southern demagogues, and the *Evening Post* is no more interested in combating them than is the Southern man of average enlightenment."

IS the white world beginning to thirst for a knowledge of the real Negro? This is what the New York *Evening Post* says:

"The Negro race has itself produced physicians and surgeons, but its opportunities in this direction have been few. It is therefore an indictment against the white medical practitioner that E. A. Hooton, of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, makes in the *Medical Review of Reviews* when he asserts that we know little or nothing of the anatomy, physiology, or pathology of the American Negro; that there has been no attempt to ascertain whether the Negro's removal from a tropical to a temperate climate has resulted in adaptations; and that a number of questions of interest to the specialist in tropical medicine, the dermatologist, and the physical anthropologist

are wholly unsolved. In an editorial the *Review* commends this paper, and attacks the narrow attitude of publications like the *Southern Medical Journal,* as of the physicians at Southern medical conferences who have paid their chief attention to the Negro in describing his 'degeneracy.' But the Northern scientist as well as the Southern is at fault. The opportunities for study are at hand for each, and greater use should have been made of them. British medical investigators have a better record in the special study of the black man."

REGARDING America's new citizens of color, the Danish West Indians, an exchange has this to say:

"Uncle Sam is about to purchase the Danish West Indies. He is to pay $25,000,000 to Denmark for the islands. They are about fifty miles off the coast of Porto Rico, they are 142 square miles in area, they support a population of 27,000 persons, they are Negroes and they live by the cultivation of cane sugar. It is stated that the people on the island are in favor of the transfer and that the treaty is so framed that they are not called on to surrender Danish allegiance. They remain Danes in fact and in name while enjoying whatever advantages in a commercial way which may result from a transfer of the islands to the United States. Now how can a man serve two masters? How can a West Indian Negro be a Dane in allegiance and an American as a commercial asset?"

OUR friend of the Watertown (N. Y.) *Times* will think twice before he makes another editorial statement. This is his "apology":

"We expected to awaken some comment in an editorial printed last week criticising Congress for not increasing the regular army by enlisting Negroes. Speaking of the Mexican situation the *Times* said: 'It seems a pity to waste good white men in battle with such a foe; the cost of sacrifice would be more nearly equalized were the job assigned to Negro troops.' The New York *Evening Post* says this is a brutal suggestion, and *The Crisis,* a magazine devoted to the interests of the Negroes, calls the editor of the *Times* 'a delightful old scoundrel,' but gives him credit for being more honest than his fellows. The *Times* meant to be brutal; war is brutal. It is a question of sacrifice and it comes to be a question of who shall be sacrificed, the more productive or the more unproductive of its population. That draws the line in a brutal way, but it is a question that always has to be faced. The administration has now drawn to the Mexican border a citizen soldiery that has had to leave its occupations, its homes, break into its schemes of life and its careers, simply because the regular army is not large enough to do the job. The regular army cannot be recruited to that extent that it could do the job, because the Negro population is discriminated against because of its color and nothing else from enlistment in the regular army. And this is because of southern prejudice which controls Congress. The Negro is only in small proportion a skilled laborer; schools have graduated very many intelligent men and women, but they have not had a fair chance to show their capacity in the upper ranks of labor or the professions as a class or race. Shut out from other opportunities they would gladly become soldiers, and they make good soldiers. There are now four Negro regiments in the regular army, the 9th and 10th cavalry, and the 24th and 25th infantry, and each one has distinguished itself in service. The 10th cavalry saved the Rough Riders at the battle of Santiago, and at Carrizal has proved itself among the most gallant soldiers of the world. We had the 24th infantry as neighbors to this city in Madison barracks for a number of years, and the testimony when they went away was that there had never been a regiment stationed there so soldierly, so self-respecting, and which gave so little trouble to the people of the vicinity as the Twenty-fourth. A Negro is proud of his uniform and proud of his service, is a good fighting man and has few other opportunities to serve his country or national life. No matter how he may endeavor to elevate himself there is a present ban upon him which holds him down. It is not right and after generations the stigma will be removed and equality asserted for the race as it is in the older civilization of Europe, but it exists now, and whether wrong or right, it makes a condition which makes the Negro population the most available of any source to recruit the regular army up to full strength. As the *Times* said, it is a case where prejudice has stood in the way of the welfare of the nation, both as an economic question, as the solving of a political problem, and as doing justice to a race of black citizens. Government should draw on the eager and waiting millions of Negro population to supplement its fighting force of defense. It is the best preparedness, and it is at hand and it is shameful that it should not be utilized."

WE have referred continually to what we term propagandists. The following communication with the *Courier Herald* of Dublin, Ga., gives you an idea of what we mean by propagandist and how a Southern propagandist argues:

"Editor *Courier-Herald:* Scanning the pages of the *Laurens Citizen* this a. m. my eye was soon directed to an article, 'Negro Appointed to Office.' The article concludes with the words, 'The matter is the subject of considerable comment.'

"As fair-minded, conscientious, true to the color, and honest principles, I take pleasure and pride, as a 'true blue' native of the noble and proud state of Georgia, to render my comment on the above named article, and seek this means of doing so, inasmuch as your writer is now a native of this esteemed county of Laurens. Therefore, in protest, as well as comment, I stamp the vile act in question on the part of Judge Kent as an infringement and blot upon the name and integrity, not only of the fair name of this county, but upon all honest-loving principled citizens. In the first place, on the part of Judge Kent it seems as if he made an erroneous oversight in appointing this colored man, C. D. Dudley, to such a worthy office. Besides taking into consideration, as 'tis purported and borne out, that he is incompetent of executing the duties of said office. Besides, gentlemen, did you allow your minds to meditate and reflect for a while and see how many competent, more deserving white men in this county whom would be glad to have the office give them? I think I am sincere when I say they surely would.

"Then, too, it seems to your humble scribe that the judge overlooked, or else forgot, that this is a white man's country and will remain so yet awhile longer. Furthermore, the colored man, virtually speaking, deserves no such office at the hands of white men, for the colored man has at no time voluntarily shed his blood for this great and glorious country. On the other hand, though, the white men did. The father of ye scribe fought, bled and shed his life-blood in war between the states, and, too, for a 'Cause they loved so well,' involving as it did high principles, honor and love of home and country. With the self-same motives as inspired them, I am commenting on the above stated article. Suffice it to say, in conclusion, 'Let justice be done at all hazards.'"

Respectfully yours,

WILL B. EVERETT.

THE *New Republic* has discovered in the foreigner "a deadly foe" to the economic progress of the American Negro:

"To the Northern Negro the war in Europe has been of immense and unexpected advantage. It has shut out the immigrant, who is the Negro's most dangerous competitor, has doubled the demand for the Negro's labor, raised his wages and given chances to him which in the ordinary course would have gone to white men. If immigration still lags after the war, or is held down by law, the Negro will secure the great opportunity for which he has been waiting these fifty years.

"The average Pole or Italian arriving at Ellis Island does not realize that he is a deadly foe to the native Negro. He hardly knows that there are Negroes. He takes the first job he can get, competes seemingly with other white men, and, as he rises to higher industrial reaches, makes room for other white men. All the while, however, he is unconsciously fighting the Negro. By filling all the jobs in the North, the immigrant forces the Negro back on the South, where wages are lower and industrial development is more backward. It is a silent conflict on a gigantic scale.

"In the half-century between 1860 and 1910, the foreign-born in the United States increased from about two millions to over thirteen millions, of whom the overwhelming majority—over 95 per cent—remained in the North. Industrially they filled the North to the saturation point. In the same period, the Negroes increased from about four and one-half to ten millions. But of these, almost nine-tenths were forced to remain in the South. They were held there as effectively as though the white immigrants stood on the Mason and Dixon line, armed with machine guns."

THE New York *Evening Globe* has a definite vision of the results of injustice:

"The South seems threatened with the natural consequences of its policy of depriving the Negro of political and civil liberties. For more than a year a migration of men and women of color to northern states has been going on that has already deprived thousands of southern farmers of cheap labor. And the movement bids fair to continue. That it will have both good and bad effects is obvious. It will distribute the Negro population even more evenly throughout the country and thus tend to diminish race friction. But

unless there is a change of spirit on the part of northern unionists it will increase the danger of labor troubles in case of industrial depression.

"It is a mistake to assume, as many people do, that the Negro is better off in the northern than in the southern states. While the South discriminates against him politically—so much so that his chance of fair treatment before the law depends upon the good will of the whites and not upon justice or equality—the North has discriminated against him industrially. While he is allowed to vote here he is shut out of the better paid kinds of employment. In the South his wages are low, but so are his living expenses. Thousands of Negroes in the South are landowners on a small scale. In the North he is restricted for the most part to menial occupations.

But the war has profoundly changed conditions in the labor market. Labor, particularly skilled labor, is greatly in demand. The return of so many foreigners to Europe has thrown open employment that has attracted thousands of Negroes. Naturally this has been a blow to southern farmers, who are finding it impossible to procure cheap labor.

"But the northern states will have a serious problem on their hands in case of industrial depression. The white laborer does not object to the Negro having a job so long as he himself has a better one. But let him be thrown out of employment and observe large numbers of unorganized Negroes, accustomed to small wages, willing to work cheaply, and there is material for trouble. Injustice never brings peace, and there is reason for thinking that injustice to the Negro—in the South politically and socially and in the North industrially—will have its inevitable consequences."

THE EDITOR'S MAIL POUCH

MY dear Mr. Johnson: I have received the new magazine you are editing and have read its interesting pages with pleasure. I am glad you have a medium of personal experience which will run with your own powers and the interests of the race. I congratulate you most heartily on the text and appearance of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE and wish it, as you must know, the success it deserves.

Cordially yours,
WM. STANLEY BRAITHWAITE.

Cambridge, Mass.

My dear Mr. Johnson: I am hoping that someone who has his mind's eye focused on neither the commercial future nor intellectual one of the dark man will arise in our midst and so speak to us that the eyes of thousands will be opened to see that we have arrived by virtue of being human. What we require objectively or subjectively cannot change that fact—the supreme one involving all possibilities. So what do we care in a way? My future is that of humanity. He that believes will not make haste.

THE CHAMPION is very well dressed and entertaining and daring. With best wishes,

Yours very truly,
S. D. BROWN.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Johnson: I have just seen a copy of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE and I wish to congratulate you upon its neat physical appearance as well as its high literary quality. Such a magazine is much needed among the colored people, and I sincerely hope that you will encounter no difficulty in securing strong support for it.

Sincerely yours,
CHAS. ALEXANDER.

Los Angeles, Calif.

To the Editor of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE: You are to be congratulated on the excellent typographical appearance and the variety and value of the articles.

Wishing you all success, I am,

Very truly yours,
RICHARD T. GREENER.

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor: The copies of your excellent magazine have just reached me. It is newsy, instructive and full of sound matter and wholesome advice couched in the choicest English. It is a production of which all of us ought to be proud.

I thank you for your congratulations and in turn offer you mine on the superiority of your magazine.

J. C. NAPIER.

Nashville, Tenn.

—Photo by F. G. Smith, Jr.

Judge Hughes at Hadley Park, Nashville

Former United States Senator Newell Sanders, Ex-Governor B. W. Hooper, John W. Overall, Present Candidate for Governor (Republican), and Other Distinguished Party Leaders on Rostrum. Also J. C. Napier, Former Registrar of the Treasury.

THE FAILURE OF EDUCATION

By Phil H. Brown

No possible concept for the advancement of the American Negro can exclude education. His hope lies not only in the education of himself, but of the race with which he is thrown in contact. Culture is supposed to be a foil for prejudice—a crucible wherein the dogmas of contra-racial aversions may be tempered with cause and effect and from which justice from man to man may emerge. Education should produce fairness, frankness, a basis upon which races and men may meet with common understanding, not so essentially as the brotherhood of man as a community of interests and intelligence.

All theories of the efficacy of education are set at naught in the character of Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States and candidate for re-election. Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly a man of classic culture. The greater part of his life has been spent either as a student or a professor at Princeton University. For many years prior to his academic essay at politics he was President of that famous institution. We believe that his biographers recount something about his being a sort of lay preacher in a great church. He is the author of a more or less pretentious history of the country and as a writer upon sociological and scientific subjects and economics his letters bear the stamp of authority.

When he was a candidate for the Presidency of the United States he published promises to the colored citizens that were fairer perhaps than any candidate for that high office had ever offered them. He declared that he would protect them in every right guaranteed them by the Constitution.

Many of the colored people, led by some of the brightest thinkers in the race, accepted his pronunciamento for its face value. He was a man of education and it was presupposed that he was removed from the petty prejudices of the dull and the ignorant. They had reason to believe that his pre-election word would yield 100 per cent in redemption after his election.

Candidate Wilson's word is still out and has gone to protest in President Wilson's clearing house. Contrary to his promise to deal out to the Negro a fair hand of equal justice, he has succeeded in three years in destroying what it has taken the Republican Party fifty years to construct in the way of civil rights for colored citizens.

When he entered the White House he closed the door in the face of the Negro and bent his ear to the venom of Vardaman.

He swept the platter clean of the colored man's connection with public service of responsibility, thus flying in the face of the record of his own party when President Cleveland consistently adhered to the custom of rendering unto Caesar the things that were Caesar's—positions that the Republicans had accredited and delivered to the colored race for thirty years.

His administration groped from pillar to post in the Mexican banditti, the one-eyed leading the blind, oblivious to the destruction of American lives and property; he watched and waited for three years prating paeons of "new freedom" for the half-breed peons of Mexico; but when the Dominicans and Haytians fought among themselves for a few hours or days he occupied those countries with his marines, seized their custom houses and incidentally created a few vacancies for "deserving Democrats." It was the "new freedom" for the peons of Mexico and old slavery for the Negroes of Santo Domingo and Hayti.

His appointees as District Attorneys have permitted peonage to thrive in the South. His party's members of Congress have introduced bills against the rights of the Negro covering every conceivable reprisal known to racial prejudice. These run the gamut from resolutions to repeal the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and jim-crow measures to the one introduced by Mr. Caraway last July to prevent the enlistment of Negroes in the military establishment of their country.

He wept over the white martyrs of Vera Cruz and slept over the black martyrs of Carrizal, yet both were the victims of his mistakes.

These few instances are cited as the failure of education as exemplified by President Wilson, who is probably the most distinguished exception to the rule that the history of the country has ever produced.

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The Champion Magazine

NOVEMBER 1916

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Thanksgiving

To Thee, O Father, the Universal Giver, we, the children of the Rising Sun, render Thee thanks that in Thy mercy Thou hast spared us the opportunity to labour for our sustenance.

That Thou hast given us the glory of Tuskegee and the splendour of Howard, Atlanta and Fisk.

That Thou hast increased the usefulness of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes.

That from the soil of Virginia Thou hast given us Robert Russa Moton as our industrial leader.

That from the heart of the Berkshires Thou hast moulded that mighty dreamer, William Edward Burghardt DuBois, that his dreams might move the world to justice.

That Thou hast given us the memory of the immortal heroes who died at Carrizal that their fairer brother might live.

That Thou hast spared us Wanamaker, Spingarn, Storey, Rosenwald, Frissell and others who labour for their darker brethren.

That Thou hast kept among us men of such finesse as Scarborough, Buchanan, Richard Greener, John R. Lynch and others.

That hope for the reconciliation of the races grows brighter day by day.

To Thee, O Lord and Benefactor, are those blessings due.

The Champion Magazine

A Monthly Survey of Negro Achievement

Edited by Fenton Johnson.

Associate Editors,
Binga Dismond,
Inez Cantey.

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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs relating to Negro life and current Negro events desired. When not available and accompanied by necessary postage, they will be returned. All manuscripts must be typewritten.

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The Champion Magazine

Vol. No. 1 November, 1916 No. 3

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

THE NEGRO TEACHER

TO BRING a race from the darkness of an old civilization into the light of a new civilization is no ordinary task. Missionaries have boasted of such an achievement from the days of Saul of Tarsus; Alexander the Great made it the basis for his conquest of the ancient world and even today Prussian Wilhelm shapes it into an excuse to plunge the Occident into the most terrific struggle ever known.

Leading the Negro out of Africa into America is the work of one of the most noble professions on the colored Americans' calendar. Despite the brambles and the thorns that are strewn along the pathway, the Negro teacher goes on and on, guided by the star that leads to achievement, honor and the reconciliation of the races. Sometimes we honor him; sometimes we forget him; but never does his ardor wane. He gives his heart and his soul to his race; and he asks very little for it.

Beginning with that courageous faculty at Wilberforce long before the dawn of Emancipation and ending with the thousands who convey the message of Tuskegee or the message of the older education, we find the Negro teacher linked hand in hand with racial progress. Upon his shoulders the white world has placed, and is still placing the burdens of leadership.

"Mould these freedmen into American citizens, worthy of a nation founded upon the idealism of the Anglo-Saxon race," was the command the North gave the Negro teacher following the freedom of '65. Has the Negro teacher lived up to expectations? Is he moulding the sons of the freedmen into American citizens? Perhaps the best answer to our question is the famous statement of the young student at Atlanta University.

"Tell them we are rising."

MR. PATRICK'S DREAM

ABOUT two generations ago the leaders of intellectual New England, imbued with the philosophy of ages and influenced by the theories of the early nineteenth century economists, established Brook Farm. It was to be a "co-operative" community, a latter day Eden, and such men as Emerson, Alcott and Hawthorne lent their energy toward advancing the scheme. But it proved to be, as everyone knows, a failure.

Now we receive news that a certain Mr. Patrick, who, according to the Boston Transcript, has long cherished the idea of aiding the Negro, as his father did before him, has advanced a new co-operative scheme It is to organize Negroes of America into a co-operative colony that shall teach them how to work and how to make themselves and their community self-supporting.

Remembering Brook Farm and all the other numerous communistic schemes, we ask is it not a dream, this plan of Mr. Patrick and his followers?

SETH LOW

IN SETH LOW the Negro has lost a valuable friend. He belonged to that type exemplified by Spingarn, Rosenwald, Wanamaker and others; men who give their energy and their substance toward the uplift of their darker brethren.

The glory of Columbia University is generally accredited to Mr. Low. We are certain that were Booker T. Washington alive he would give a generous

share of the achievements of Tuskegee to the dead leader of New York, for as head of the trustee board of Tuskegee Institute, Low made possible the triumph of the Washington ideas.

What will be the Negro's estimate of his dead friend? Seth Low was, as is every man who will work for an unfortunate people, worthy of the most beautiful laurels in the vineyard.

NEGRO BISHOPS FOR NEGRO COMMUNICANTS

THE Protestant Episcopal Church is at the time of this writing debating the question of a colored bishop. The same question has been before the Methodist Episcopal Church many times, but save for the selection of a colored missionary prelate nothing comes of the discussion. The church is slow to elevate the darker brother.

It is our opinion that that is the wrong attitude and is highly unprofitable. So far as the Negro is concerned both the Protestant Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopacy must compete against the African Methodists, the Zion Methodists, the Colored Methodists and the Missionary Baptists for his membership. In those organizations the Negro can rise to the highest rank and demonstrate his aptitude for self-government. He has a voice in those organizations, but in the denominations controlled by the white Christian he feels, despite all kindness, that he is a stranger.

Let down the barriers. Lift up those most worthy to preside over the shepherds of the flock, and thus inspire confidence in the colored membership. The hour has passed that the Negro must be treated as a heathen and a ward.

MR. CARAWAY OF ARKANSAS

ANOTHER propagandist has arisen, a certain Caraway from Arkansas, who would buy the loyalty of his constituency by posing as a bitter enemy of the Negro. This Mr. Caraway would exclude the Negro from military service, a proposal that he deems sensational enough to get him space in every American newspaper and make him a brother to those immortal propagandists and destroyers of Americanism, Blease, Vardaman, Tillman and Dixon.

Such as Mr. Caraway brought into existence the "Jim Crow" car, disfranchisement, segregation and the other monstrous evils of his section of the country. Fortunately the people are not with Mr. Caraway; his attempt to purchase popularity at the expense of a struggling race has proved futile.

We hope that Congress will do something to prevent men making political capital of any race. Mr. Caraway, instead of rendering himself useful to the advancement of his constituency, has brought disgrace upon America and his State. The people of Arkansas should rise up in their wrath and let the world know what they think of their representative.

ELIMINATE WASTE

THIS is a luxurious age. The predominant aim of the human species during this generation is to satisfy economic desires. Million dollar piers, two million dollar residences and entertainments that outshadow those of Cleopatra and Nero for costliness and profligacy are not uncommon features. Nearly everyone today looks upon the luxuries of a pre-Napoleonic prince as necessities.

The Negro is carried along with this overwhelming desire for luxury. He buys much that is waste and is ruthlessly exploited by business adventurers. Clothes, food and pleasure are dealt out to him as if they were the signs of a higher civilization and prices placed upon them out of proportion to his average earning capacity.

If the Negro is to triumph economically, waste must be eliminated. His dollar must have the same value and the same protection that the white man's dollar has.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE is always open for discussion on this subject.

OUR PRESS DAY

THE Editorial Department would like to remind the contributors and readers that the first of each month is the regular "press day" of THE

CHAMPION MAGAZINE. All material submitted to us after that date will be considered for the ensuing number.

WRITE US A LETTER

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE is launched for the service of the public. We want to know if we are satisfying you or merely satisfying our personal vanity. We cannot afford to do the latter, so, as the only means of gathering in the "straw" votes, we take this opportunity to invite you to write the editor a letter concerning your journalistic desires, criticisms, and complaints.

Write us. We are your servant, not your dictator; your brother, not your enemy. Help to make THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE the best the world has ever known.

THE LEDGER

NEGRO GIRLS IN NORTHERN HOSIERY MILLS

NEGRO girls have proved so satisfactory in Southern hosiery mills, according to the National Association of Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturers, that they may be given an opportunity in Northern mills of demonstrating their adaptability to the work.

The association points out that, with white labor at a premium and agitators moving for an 8-hour day, the employment of Negro help affords a real solution of a vexed problem among Northern manufacturers.

"Negro help has been employed in hosiery mills in several sections of the South for some years," the association says, "and therefore is no longer an experiment. It is expected that with the enactment of the federal 8-hour law there will be more demand than ever for Negro girls in the mills. Just now the Enfield Hosiery Mills Company of Enfield, S. C., is teaching a number of Negroes for the taking of permanent positions in the mill. It is stated by a representative of the company that as learners the Negro girls show more progress in attaining efficiency than does the average white girl, and the management is very much pleased with the prospect of having a more abundant supply of help. 'They seem to learn in four weeks,' a mill executive said.

"The employment of Negro help necessitates the maintenance of separate plants, as the whites will not work under the same roof with the blacks. This imposes no burden on the Enfield company. Machinery that is idle in one plant because of a scarcity of labor is being transferred to another knitting room, where hosiery will be made exclusively by Negro help. The dyeing and finishing will be done in the plant where white help is supreme. The company has a machine capacity of 1,500 dozens a day, but on account of inadequate help was having an output of only 900 dozens.

"A modern mill building is to be erected at Rocky Mount, N. C., in which only Negro help will be employed. In crossing the color line for keeping knitting machines in operation there is to be no discrimination in the matter of comfort, conveniences and environment, and it is regarded likely that the war conditions which put a premium on white help will prove a blessing to Negroes willing to work for wages. Furthermore, it is pointed out, when the boom has vanished and there comes a time when work people will be seeking employment, a considerable number of white persons may find themselves crowded out of the factories by those of the black race.

"Southern knitting mills, it is reported, are suffering from the raids which spinning mills make upon their help, and are having the experience of many manufacturers in the Northern sections where munitions plants created a new demand for unskilled help. One manufacturer is mourning the departure of five families, nearly every

member of which was an employee of his mill. They gave up knitting for spinning."

NEW COURSE AT HOWARD UNIVERSITY

HOWARD UNIVERSITY has added to its curriculum a very novel and useful course. It is the study of Negro problems, such as growth, distribution and tendency of Negro population, segregation, occupation, crime, vital statistics, education and religious and benevolent organizations. The instructors will be Professors Kelly Miller and R. E. Parks. Prof. Parks is the present lecturer in sociology at the University of Chicago.

HARLEM CANNOT SEGREGATE

HARLEM, an uptown community in New York City, has long had the question of a Negro invasion before it. Certain property owners in Harlem two or three years ago signed a "covenant" whereby they agreed not to rent or sell to colored people on certain streets. August the twenty-second Agnes K. Thomkins brought suit against Anna Wiedersich to restrain her from permitting Negroes to occupy her premises, 214 West One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth street. The suit was contested on the grounds that the "covenant" was void and contrary to the provisions of the constitution of the United States.

Justice Finch of the Supreme Court decided against Mrs. Thomkins, adding, "The validity of the 'covenant' in more than one respect is not clear." This should settle the question of "mob law" segregation and will prove of great value to the colored people in Northern communities.

PATRICK FAVORS DISFRANCHISEMENT

JOHN T. PATRICK, the millionaire promoter of the Negro co-operative colony to be founded somewhere in the South, at a meeting in Philadelphia said:

"I do not advocate social equality, but I wish to place the Negro in a position to earn a good living and own a home that he may be proud of. I regard the enfranchisement of the Negro as the greatest crime in the history of the country."

The officers of Mr. Patrick's corporation are: President, Dr. J. P. Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.; vice-president, Dr. C. V. Roman, Nashville, Tenn.; secretary, Lester A. Walton, New York City; directors, Dr. A. B. Jackson and H. A. Boyd.

SEPTEMBER CONVENTIONS

The twenty-sixth annual convention of Baptists, over which Dr. E. C. Morris presides, was held at Savannah, Ga. The principal feature was the unveiling of a monument to Geo. Lisle, the first foreign missionary of African descent. The educational board decided to establish somewhere in the South a national theological seminary.

The Boyd faction met at Kansas City, Mo. The principal feature was the subscription of fifty thousand dollars for the founding of a colored theological seminary in the South.

The B. M. C. met at Washington, D. C., Edward H. Morris presiding. The membership includes four hundred thousand.

PROTEST MEETING CALLED BY COLORED CITIZENS

On October 6th a meeting was held in the Carlton Branch of the Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, to discuss the question of discrimination by theaters and motion picture play houses against colored patrons. After a short discussion it was decided to hold another meeting at which definite plans would be made.

John H. Dickerson, secretary of the meeting, declared that while there had been much discrimination in Brooklyn, there had been no concerted action taken heretofore to protest against it.

SCHOOL QUINTET IN TEXAS

A quintet composed of some of the best colored singers of Texas will soon begin a tour of that and adjoining states in the interest of the Texas Normal Industrial Institute for Colored Youth. They will also advertise the second annual Southern Negro Folk Song Festival, which takes place in Dallas next July.

LACE FACTORY FOR NEGROES

Information comes from Alabama that a company is being formed to build and operate a lace factory, the owners, operators and laborers to be Negroes. The plan is to have 400,000 take stock to the amount of $5.00 each in the factory. It is claimed that lace makers from Brussels will be brought over as teachers for the operatives. If the promoters have ability and are honest there is no reason why the scheme should not prove successful. The South, producing quantities of cotton, offers great inducements for such an enterprise.

EQUAL RIGHTS LEAGUE IN NATIONAL CONGRESS

A NATIONAL Citizenship Rights Congress, with the National Equal Rights League as is nucleus, was held at Washington, D. C., during October. The leaders in the movement were William Monroe Trotter and Dr. Byron Gunner. A permanent organization was effected with the following officers: President, Byron Gunner, New York; vice-presidents, Beverdy C. Ransom, N. J., William D. Brigham, Massachusetts, Harvey Johnson, Maryland, C. H. Stepteau, Washington, D. C., Marion F. Sydes, Rhode Island, Mrs. S. L. Adams, Illinois, John Barnett, Virginia, Bishop J. N. Ross and W. C. Brown, Washington, D. C.; recording secretary, William Warley, Kentucky; corpresidents, Reverdy C. Ransom, N. J., Wil-Trotter, Massachusetts; assistant corresponding secretary, Maurice W. Spencer, Delaware; treasurer, Thomas Walker, Washington, D. C.; national organizer, W. Spencer Carpenter, Pennsylvania, and financial secretary, A. F. Wallace, Washington, D. C. The chairman of the executive committee is M. W. Spencer.

The most notable features of the congress were Dr. R. C. Ranson's advice to organize a non-partisan Negro party, and M. W. Spencer's "Address to the Country." There were one hundred and thirty delegates from twenty-one states.

COLORED WOMEN OF NORTHWEST ORGANIZE

THE colored women of the Northwest have organized a federation for the purpose of fighting racial evils. The leader of the movement is Joanna Snowden Porter of Chicago. The federation embraces nineteen states. The officers are: President, Joanna S. Porter, Illinois; vice-president, E. L. Davis, Illinois; secretary, Mrs. J. B. Rush, Iowa; corresponding secretary, Sarah Willis, Wyoming; treasurer, Bessie C. Jones, Indiana; organizer, Martha B. Webster, Kentucky.

MAGNIFICENT HOSPITAL FOR COLORED RICHMOND

THE colored department of the Memorial Hospital will erect in Richmond, Va., a building costing one hundred thousand dollars with an equipment valued at twenty-five thousand. The edifice will be completed about April 1st, and will be seven stories high. The nurses' home will be five stories high and will accommodate one hundred and eight nurses. There will be a nurse training school under white instructors and a post-graduate course.

MOTON ON THE NEGRO HEGIRA

PRINCIPAL ROBERT R. MOTON of Tuskegee Institute, in an address at the Baptist convention in Savannah, Ga., said:

"Better school facilities and protection of life and property of the Negro will be the only means of keeping him from leaving the South and going to the North in search of education and employment. Logically the South is the black man's home and he is better off there than anywhere else, owing to his familiarity with the soil, which draws no color line, and his adaptability to the economic conditions which he finds in the land of his birth. The people of the South should do all they can to keep the Negro among them. This they can do by better wages, better treatment, better educational advantages and by doing away with the scarecrow of lynching. Education, protection of property and guarantee of justice in the courts will keep the Negro at home. I believe that the best white people of the South are conscientiously trying to bring about these conditions, in order that the South may be true to American ideals and continue to benefit by the Negro's efficient labor for the general uplift of humanity."

ANNIVERSARY EDITIONS

NEGRO journalism has within the last ten years advanced at a wonderful stride. The launching of eight column newspapers and class magazines and the establishment of departments is to be noted as a sign that the Negro is reading more and that his business interests are increasing to such an extent that they realize the importance of advertising.

This year two newspapers on the exchange list of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* gave the public very creditable anniversary editions. The Baltimore *Afro-American*, twenty-five years old and a veteran in the field of progressive journalism, had a very interesting number. The editor, J. H. Murphy, and his staff are to be congratulated upon their achievement, and upon the promise of that edition we wish the *Afro-American* a long list of anniversaries.

The Chicago Broadax, another veteran, in order to celebrate its twenty-first birthday, issued an excellent number that amply proved the powers of its editor, Julius F. Taylor. *The*

Broadax is the oldest periodical extant in Chicago. Its most notable achievement was the expulsion of "Pitchfork" Tillman from that city in 1907.

A CURE FOR LYNCHING

Seventeen years ago, in Indiana, a law was enacted which operates to automatically remove from office a sheriff who permits a mob to take a prisoner from him. Ohio also has such a law and in both states this has put an effectual stop to lynching. A sheriff doesn't hesitate when he is required to make an instant choice whether he will surrender his prisoners or his office.

Recently a sheriff in Kansas, which state also has a similar law, was suspended from office, but the governor reinstated him "on condition that he shall do everything possible to bring about the arrest and conviction of the members of the mob."

Would not such a law cure the evil in Georgia and Texas if the legislators had courage enough to enact it?

HUGHES ADDRESSES COLORED NASHVILLE

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES delivered his first address to colored people since becoming a candidate for the presidency of the United States at Hadley Park in Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Hughes said:

"I stand, if I stand for anything, for equal and exact justice of the rights of all American citizens, regardless of race or color. The one word that I love above all others is the word 'justice.' We want, in this country, what is right.

"I am sure you do not wish particular things done because of color. You want what is right and fair. I desire to see such fair and decent and just treatment as will make you proud of your manhood and your womanhood."

NEGROES IN PITTSBURGH PAGEANT

THE city of Pittsburgh will on Nov. 3 hold a pageant at Forbes Field in celebration of the city charter centennial. Professor George Baird, author of the libretto, has provided for a personnel of a hundred colored men and women, intimating that the Negro has contributed largely to the development of the Alleghany city. Their part in this pageant is notable as an instance of colored people granted the permission to share in the artistic endeavors of the nation.

SEGREGATION QUESTION REVERSED

A NEW ordinance which forbids whites to move into Negro districts and Negroes to occupy houses in white sections has recently been adopted in Dallas, Tex. This law was recently tried for the first time by Negroes in that ctiy when Phillip Rappa, a white man, moved into a Negro section and Negroes had him arrested. He was fined ten dollars and ordered to move out immediately. This proves conclusively that segregation laws are as inconvenient for the white man as for the Negro and affects them as rigidly.

FIFTEENTH INFANTRY RECEIVING COLORS

GOVERNOR CHAS. WHITMAN of New York on Oct. 1 presented the regimental colors to the Fifteen Infantry, the new colored regiment, at Union League Club, New York City. Later the Governor and his staff reviewed the regiment as it paraded down lower Fifth avenue.

The organization consists of ten companies, nine staff officers and one band. Bert Williams, the famous comedian, is a captain. Eight hundred men have been recruited and drilled.

SECRETARY OF WAR DISAPPROVES CARAWAY BILL

SENATOR THOMAS TAGGART of Indiana, who is himself bitterly opposed to the Caraway bill, sent a copy of the measure to Secretary of War Baker, asking his opinion. Secretary Baker replied:

"Those who are familiar with the history of our country from the armies organized by George Washington, in the American Revolution, down to the present day, know that brave and conspicuously gallant service has been rendered by colored troops. In the most recent instance, at Carrizal, in Mexico, these colored troops conducted themselves with the greatest intrepidity and reflected nothing but honor upon the uniform they wore."

WHITES OPPOSE NEGRO DIALECT

THE high school teachers of New York City, under the leadership of Dr. Frank H. Rix, musical director, opposes the continuation of Negro dialect in songs published in school text-books.

"We want our children to learn pure English, not a dialect," says Dr. Rix.

No one can blame him, after judging the

dialect in "Dixie" and some of the other ante-bellum songs.

ANOTHER INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

Plans for an industrial school for Negroes, to be built near Independence, Kan., have been drawn. The school will be built on a sixteen acre tract and will cost about $25,000, the gift of Julius Rosenwald. The purpose of the institution will be similar to that of Tuskegee Institute.

RECOGNITION FOR COLORED ARMY OFFICERS

THE general court-martial for enlisted men at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, consisting of twelve officers, has two captains and two First Lieutenants of the Eighth Illinois National Guard, the colored regiment. This is the first time in the history of the country that such recognition has been accorded the Negro race.

THE OBSERVER

The Critic and Observer had just witnessed the opening of Howard University. They saw the students with the enthusiasm of youth enrolling in their classes and starting their year's work. Then the Critic and the Observer went up to the tower of the main building and looked down upon the beautiful campus. I then looked over the city of Washington to the waters of the placid Potomac.

Situated on a hill, overlooking the National Capital, the University gives a splendid place of observation. And from the tower, the eye can sweep in a wide expanse.

"It is an inspiration," ventured the Observer, "to witness the undergraduates matriculating in a University in preparation for their life's work."

But this outburst failed to kindle any enthusiasm in the Critic. For he said, "It always fills me with sadness to see colored boys and girls filling their heads with knowledge that they can never use and their minds with ideas that they can never realize. It is all right for young men and women to see visions, but this is the practical age which demands that a man can do things and produce results. Efficiency is the rallying cry of modern civilization. And money is the thermometer that registers the success in modern life. The world doesn't ask 'How much you know, but what can you do?' "

This caustic reply stirred the Observer deeply. "And European war is a powerful reply to your statements. Every day, in newspaper articles and editorials, you read of German efficiency. In magazine articles and books you read of German efficiency. In public lectures and conversation with statesmen, educators and business men, you hear of German efficiency, and what, pray you, is German efficiency based on but thorough, intellectual training? For over a century Germany has led the world in scholarship. In philosophy, theological and literary criticism, sociology, science and medicine, she has evolved the ideas which have revolutionized the world's thinking. To the universities of Berlin, Leipsic, Jena, Gottingen and Heidelberg, American and English scholars have repeatedly gone to receive their Ph. D. degrees. Many of the most noted professors in Yale and Harvard received their finishing touches at the hands of German professors.

"Germany has astonished the world with her Zeppelins, her submarines, her Krupp gun, which could hurl a cannon ball weighing a ton 21 miles, her armored bakeries on the field of battle, her series of trenches with underground trenches, and her triple line of railways on the frontiers and connecting the frontiers. Her explosive shells and asphyxiating gases have astonished

the world. What do we find in the Zeppelins, submarines, the Krupp guns and underground trenches but the twentieth century science?

"Mechanics and mathematics, harnessed for practical use. What do we find in the explosive but the latest evolution in physics and chemistry? And what is German efficiency but another name for German thoroughness?

"You will recall that yesterday you admired the Capital, the Congressional library and the million-dollar mansions on 96th, which a few years ago were occupied by Secretary Strauss and the Swedish legation. Do you know that these splendid and symmetrical structures represent a harmonious fusing and blending of the world's latest and best ideas in mathematics, mechanics and architecture? Last week you admired the Brooklyn Suspension bridge, the skyscrapers of New York, which tower hundreds of feet in the air and the underground tube, which runs nearly fifty feet below the bed of East river and connects New York and Brooklyn. Last month, you spoke of the high powered automobiles which you saw on Michigan avenue, Chicago. Do you know that the Brooklyn bridge, the New York skyscrapers and the underground tube but represent the last word in mathematical knowledge and engineering skill?

"Take the automobile, which everyone has seen and which thousands of people daily use. It is nothing but the culmination and focusing of the world's mathematics, mechanics, physics and chemistry. How, then, can you say that knowledge is of little worth?"

This argument staggered the Critic and he replied: "Your argument is irrefutable, but we must remember that colored men don't deal with such big problems. His sphere in life is a humbler one."

And then the Observer said: "If the colored man is to survive in the American civilization, he must be trained and fitted to compete with his white brother. In law, banking, business and real estate, in medicine, dentistry, pharmacy and optics, as a farmer, mechanic, cooks, chaffeurs, landscape gardener, tonsorial artist, engineers or electrician, he must be up to date or he will go to the wall.

"The colored writers, artists, musicians, and colored physicians, dentists and business men, who have been permanently successful, have been the ones who have applied the white man's latest knowledge. The university or college but gives a graduate tools. It can do nothing more; it is up to the graduate to use the tools. Efficiency is truly the watchword of modern civilization. But before the Negro can acquire efficiency, he must know something and learn something."

The Triangle

By Sergt. Cortez D. L. Bradshaw, Company B, 8th Inf. Ill. Nat. Guard

ON JUNE 23, 1916, when the 8th Infantry of the Illinois National Guard boarded the train for Camp Dunne, the state mobilization camp, it stepped out of a triangle composed of employers and respective places of business, our friends and our homes.

Many of our employers assured us that our dependants would be cared for. They were handicapped by our leaving, for it meant to them the hiring and breaking in of new help. Many places of business were closed. The sudden call did not allow time enough to secure the right man to place in charge. Doctors, lawyers and other professional men left their practices to the mercies of the wind.

Our friends stood by and as they tried to give to us messages of cheer we could see that deep in their souls there lurked misgivings. Although war had not been declared, still Carranza had ordered the U. S. to remove all troops. Gen. Pershing's forces had been cut off and with bloody

headlines the daily papers were telling us how Capt. Dodd and a troop of cavalry had been wiped out. Far from being pleasant were these situations.

Without a doubt the saddest parting is that from the home and fireside; from wife, children, mother, sisters and sweetheart. Our grandparents recalled to mind the parting when the soldiers were called out in the great war of '61. To them it was not a pleasant thought, for they knew war and its horrors.

After a few days at Camp Dunne, in turn, the 8th was mustered into the Federal service. 'Twas then that things seemed to change, for Michigan avenue "parading soldiers" were now real soldiers. Many trembled and feared that they could not stand the physical examination which would prevent their going, and such proved to be the outcome, for several were sent home on this account.

As quickly as arrangements could be made we received orders to move, and on the night of July 3rd we left Springfield for "Somewhere on the Border." Upon our arrival we stepped into another triangle.

The Mexican greeted us with a sullen silence. Although he never spoke, unless we spoke; neither did he show any signs of anger; still, from behind his copper-colored skin there came a look which showed that we were not welcome.

Our own people formed the second link in this great triangle. They were glad and sorry. They greeted us with a peculiar joy. They were wondering if our arrival would be like that of a band of ruffians coming to shoot up the town. They wondered if our conduct would be of such as to cause the whites to seek vengeance on them after we were gone. They were glad to see us, their own brethren, ready to take our place on the firing line. Glad because Colonel Denizen, Major White of the hospital corps, and a number of officers and privates were born in San Antonio. Their homes, their churches, their large, warm southern hearts were opened to receive us.

Then comes the third side of the triangle —the southern white man. It is generally known that the southern white man dreads to see a gun in a Negro's hands, for he knows that in order to keep his black brother under subjection that he never allows him to judge distance down a rifle barrel.

It is said, however, that Negroes fare better in San Antonio than elsewhere throughout the state. And, with a few exceptions, where our boys encountered a few would-be ruffians, the white citizens were very courteous. We were jim-crowed, not because we were Negro soldiers, but because that law was passed long before we were ordered out and it could not have been changed in a day.

There were the white soldiers from Illinois, who also formed a part of the white side of the triangle. They preceded us, and, strange to say, our entry into the city was unlike any we had ever known; not a hand nor a cheer did we receive until we reached Camp Wilson, when our white comrades received us with outstretched hands. Before we fell out of line they were over in our quarters to welcome us and to tell us of their experiences with rattlers, tarantulas, scorpions, etc. This fellowship was lasting throughout. They shared with us and we shared with them. Our Y. M. C. A. was a mixed one. They played dominoes, checkers, took turns at playing the piano and singing and at the conclusion of a certain religious meeting in looking over the cards, which the men had signed to live better lives, we found as many whites as colored.

God grant that peace may reign forever, but should war be declared, should the 8th Infantry be called into service again, may we have the privilege of camping and fighting with men such as our white comrades from Illinois.

Appeal for Woman Educator

HARRISON RHODES in the Boston *Transcript* makes the following appeal for Mary McLeod Bethune, the Florida educator.

"Twelve years ago a black woman, Mary McLeod Bethune, with 'three dollars in her pocket and a faith in God,' as she herself put it, took a four-room cabin in Daytona,

Florida, and founded the 'Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School for Negro Girls.' There were five pupils at the beginning. Three slept in one bed, two in another, and it was not always certain at night whether there would be breakfast the next morning, for help at first came almost wholly from the Negro community around. Later white friends were found, who constituted a board of trustees and a Ladies' Advisory Council. There are now over one hundred and fifty pupils who, when they can, pay tuition in money or in farm products; when they cannot, they are taken free. The girls learn washing, scrubbing, cooking, sewing, dress-making, millinery work, vegetable gardening, all the simple trades which may fit them to earn their living or to marry, keep house, rear families. They obtain as well the ordinary common school education. Some few even prepare themselves to be teachers, a necessary measure in a state like Florida, where it is forbidden by law that a white person shall teach a Negro!

"If you start to help a community you cannot stop at merely a school. As Negroes were not admitted to any of the local hospitals they often, especially in acute surgical cases, literally died from lack of care. Mrs. Bethune, four years ago, started a hospital. It has an excellent operating room, clean beds, a colored trained nurse, and accomplishes, unpretendingly, a real work of mercy. From it a visiting nurse goes into the Negro settlements with the gospel of cleanliness, fresh air and sanitation. A boys' club has been established in the village, and a mission school to a backwoods turpentine camp. Daytona has a genuine 'Community Center.'

"All this takes money. With strictest economy a girl can be lodged and fed and taught for a little over $100, but that means that the school must raise for next year a minimum of $12,000. And, in addition, it is now putting up, after heroic efforts, a new building to give light, dry class and work rooms. This will relieve the congestion in the old building where now sometimes four girls must occupy one small room. But only if $3,000 more is raised during September can the building be finished for this coming school year.

"In the early days Mrs. Bethune said humorously that the buildings were 'talked up, prayed up and sung up.' This letter is an attempt to add 'written up.' New York and the Middle West have helped already. In behalf of the school, I appeal to New England, whose imagination has always been able to see good works even remote from its borders, and kindness to the developing Negro is one of its first traditions.

"The Daytona school's need is genuine and urgent. Checks may be sent direct to Mary McLeod Bethune, Industrial School, Daytona, Florida, or to the vice-president of the board of trustees, Harrison Rhodes, 222 West Fifty-ninth street, New York City.

"Harrison Rhodes."

What Is the Best Type of School for the Negro Youth?

A Symposium

By Robert R. Moton

Principal of Tuskegee Institute, says:

IN one sense, there should, it seems to me, no longer be even any discussion of the best type of school for the Negro, any more than for anybody else. When you speak of type of school, you are saying what kind of

education the Negro youth should have, and really when you come to that, you might just as well discuss the kind of water he should drink, the kind of bread he should eat, or whether he should wear woolen or cotton clothes. In all such cases the only answer that comes to me is, eat, drink, wear that which will serve the individual best, to make the best possible man out of him. In general, let our children pursue the courses that best train them for the particular service they are to render to their fellow men.

However, we must keep in mind that education, for the colored people, at any rate, is a commodity in the market, depending upon supply and demand, just like a measure of meal or a bolt of cloth. This may be a hard saying, but investigation will disclose, I feel quite sure, that such is the case. The hero of the "Autobiography of an Ex-colored Man" found that the rich gentleman in New York had nothing to do with his training but to travel and gratify his senses. This is true of a very few if any colored men. They must earn their bread. Granting, however, that they did not earn their bread, there is still so much work to be done among us in lifting our unfortunate people, teaching them how to live, how to eat, to sleep, to wear their clothes, to think, that there is no place, it seems to me, in our system as yet for the idle, rich, educated Negro.

Further, still, since there is so much to be done, I think we need as yet, very few men of the high scholarship type. I know I am treading upon slippery ground. I do not mean the ordinary Bachelor of Arts. Happily for us, such men have had to labor too hard with their hands to get far from the people. I mean the scholar, visionary with his load of degrees. I grant that we need educated leaders, all that we can possibly secure. We need the highly trained minister, doctor, teacher, indeed the best trained men in all the intellectual walks of life. But there is grave danger, as experience often shows, of these men being so refined that they get above the heads of the people whom they are leading. I am reminded of the story of a certain young minister who took an educated classmate up into the pulpit to hear the minister preach. For half an hour he labored away in a profound, analytical sermon to the delight of his friend and to the dismay of the congregation. Then turning to his friend the minister said, "I've been preaching to you for the last half hour; now I'll preach to my congregation." And he came down out of his realm of scholarship and went straight to the hearts of his congregation.

Very often, as I have traveled about and dealt with situations in which educated men have been employed, I have heard this remark, "Yes, he is a very excellent young man, well educated, but somehow he could not fit in." This, it seems to me, is the crux of the whole situation in giving so-called higher education, namely, that even the highest form of training for our boys and girls should take a practical turn. I believe this is always possible. Here is what I mean. Only a few days ago a young man came to see us from the Normal department of one of our colleges. The teacher asked him if he had had Ancient History. "Oh, yes." Then the teacher set before him questions as to the location of the Nile, the commercial significance of certain roads and passages. "Oh, I didn't have that kind of Ancient History," he exclaimed. It appears that the young man had memorized a great many dates and names, but had never stopped to weigh values. This, then, it seems to me, should hold in the education of our leaders, no matter how high they go. Their studies should take a practical turn, a turn that will be of service to them and to their fellow men.

To educate leaders is most desirable, but what of the great masses of followers? After all, our men of culture must fall back on the masses. The doctor, the minister, the school teacher, the lawyer would nearly all starve to-day were it not for the proceeds from the masses of our people. To them I would give the education

of head and hand. Mark, I do not say that the man of higher education would be throwing away his time to learn a trade. It was a source of great satisfaction to me the other day to see the sons of two of our teachers getting ready for college. These two young men had been graduated in 1916 from a Tuskegee Academic course and from carpentry. These young men last summer took contracts for and completed each a very handsome three-room rural school. This summer before leaving for college, or further study, each took a contract for and built a cottage, pocketed his money and went off like men, though neither is out of his teens. It will be hard to convince me that these boys will ever be sorry for the mastery of the trade of carpentry.

I would teach the masses of our people, therefore, a trade; a trade with the knowledge of the business side of it, and as much literary training as they could stand, both mentally and financially. I would supplement this with a practical knowledge of health, of foods, of property values, home economics, cooking and many forms of domestic art, that they may go forth and establish themselves as strong, intelligent, useful men and women in their communities. To me this is the surest and shortest road to a solid race, to gain intelligent followers and to make respected citizens in our Republic.

E. T. Ware

President of Atlanta University, says:

THOSE who assume to know the specific occupations for which the Negro youth of the land are fitted may find it easy to answer this question. If you believe only in hand work under direction for the Negro, you may answer, a manual training school. If you have the curious notion that hand work is somehow degrading for the Negro, and that the youth of the race should therefore be directed indiscriminately toward the arts, sciences and professions, you may say the academic high school, followed by professional training, with increasing individual responsibility. To suggest these answers is to reveal their inadequacy.

The Negro race in America numbers ten millions and has aptly been called a "nation within a nation." No one type of school can serve the needs of the youth of a nation. It is impossible to say what type of school is best for any youth until you know something of his individual capacity and the time and resources at his dsposal for the purpose of education. All should have opportunity for such common school training at public expense as will fit them to transact intelligently the affairs of every-day life. From the point of view of the individual this is of fundamental importance. He cannot go further until he has this foundation.

For some there must be larger opportunities, more advanced courses, with strong emphasis upon the spiritual rather than the material elements of education. From the point of view of community welfare or of the system of education, this is of fundamental importance; for only in this type of school can teachers and leaders, the moulders of public sentiment and the standardbearers of community ideals be trained.

All the youth of the Negro race are not cast in the same mold. After the first few years of general education, the individual youth and his parents should be alert to determine what type of school is best suited to the child's capacities and possible future occupation.

The youth of the Negro race doubtless do possess certain limitations and characteristics which belong to them, not essentially as human beings, but rather because of their inheritance and environments. In the South, and to some extent in the whole nation, the Negro is hedged about by countless initiating or humiliating disabilities.

Except in comparatively few cases, he has not the "background" which comes through generations of education and responsibility. These two circumstances have a natural tendency to embitter the spirit and in very self-defense to exaggerate the importance and significance of any individual successes.

A private boarding school with a strong and disinterested religious motive, is peculiarly fitted to meet these conditions. A private school can take a more liberal attitude toward Negro students than prevails in the community. An Englishman visiting the South was oppressed by the many evidences of prejudice. When he came onto the campus of Atlanta University he breathed a sigh of relief and said, "I feel as though I have found an oasis in the desert." A private school can afford to be an oasis as a public school cannot.

A boarding school can, by association of teachers with pupils and pupils one with another supply certain essential elements of culture—can make up for the lack of "background." At Atlanta University, it has been said, some of the best of the sons of New England come into close and sympathetic association with the most capable youth of the Negro race.

The religious motive must be genuine, and it must be disinterested. If an institution becomes a feather in the cap of a denomination and develops a denominational partisanship, its education is no longer liberal and cannot be. Atlanta University here has an advantage in being undenominational. It welcomes the youth of all denominations, and through well trained workers contributes to the welfare of all. The religious motive must be true and strong, for the task of the institution of education for Negro youth is great. It must enlighten the youth and at the same time keep them strong in their faith in God and humanity. It must reveal the enormity of the injustice Negroes suffer in a free country and at the same time inspire strength and courage. The school that opens the eyes of the Negro youth must possess and inspire the quality of faith that moves mountains. Otherwise, enlightenment will carry with it despair, anger, bitterness and the spirit of retaliation. We need and must have alert, intelligent, magnanimous men and women of large faith, and the schools that develop such leaders for the Negro race are of the best type for the Negro youth.

Wm. F. Holmes

President of Tougaloo College, says:

In grades One to Six, to continue the education through hand-work that may have been begun in the home, and to make up for it if not, the best school for colored children will give simple sewing to girls (perhaps also to younger boys), cooking to older girls (why not also to boys?), woodworking to older boys (perhaps also girls), and to all school garden work, and both free and supervised play on a well-fitted playground. It will, of course, teach reading, writing and arithmetic as the groundwork of all intelligent living; add geography, history (mainly in biographical form, and nature study as first lessons in knowledge of the larger world in which the pupil will live; and suitable portions of the Bible, through memory work and story, as foundation knowledge for character building.

In grades Seven and Eight, mindful of the regrettable fact that masses upon masses of pupils will go no higher, the best school will continue cooking and sewing for every girl, continue woodworking and provide ironworking for every boy, to school garden work add theoretical agriculture for all—both that hand-work may help develop brain and intelligence, make labor happier and more efficient. To impart a usable knowledge of the

pupil's self and immediate surrounding, the school will teach simple physics and physiology, stress the commercial aspect of geography, teach United States history, emphasizing physics. Its arithmetic will solve problems of home carpentry, home economics, agriculture, ironwork, and so forth. It will aim to make language a usable tool for the pupil's self-education throughout life, and will continue character-building through Bible study.

In the Ninth to the Twelfth grade, to provide for developing the differing capacities and individualities of its various pupils, our school will offer as wide a choice of courses as possible, leading to as many trades and professions; in all courses requiring history, economics, science, mathematics, and the English language, as imparting knowledge needed by all adequately educated persons, and strengthening the means of self-education. Since certain professions and trades are regrettably and unfairly not open to colored persons, of whatever capacity, and, sometimes, genius, the school will emphasize those that are open, yet not exclude the teaching of any wherein by reason of capacity a person may come to adequate self-expression, and live a satisfying life. While society demands that each person shall be so educated as to fill efficiently the place he may have a call to fill, a democratic society seeks to offer each person a chance at the place for which, by capacity or genius, he is best fitted. And a school for colored youth is a school established in a democratic society.

In personal Christian character and preparation for community service the best school for colored youth will aim to bring its teaching to a climax. Whatever his or her profession or trade, every colored man or woman belongs to a community peculiarly in need of the inspiration and leadership in the best things of personal and community life, which only the educated are prepared to give. And to be availing, to command confidence even, this leadership must be founded on an expression of Christian character.

N. B. Young

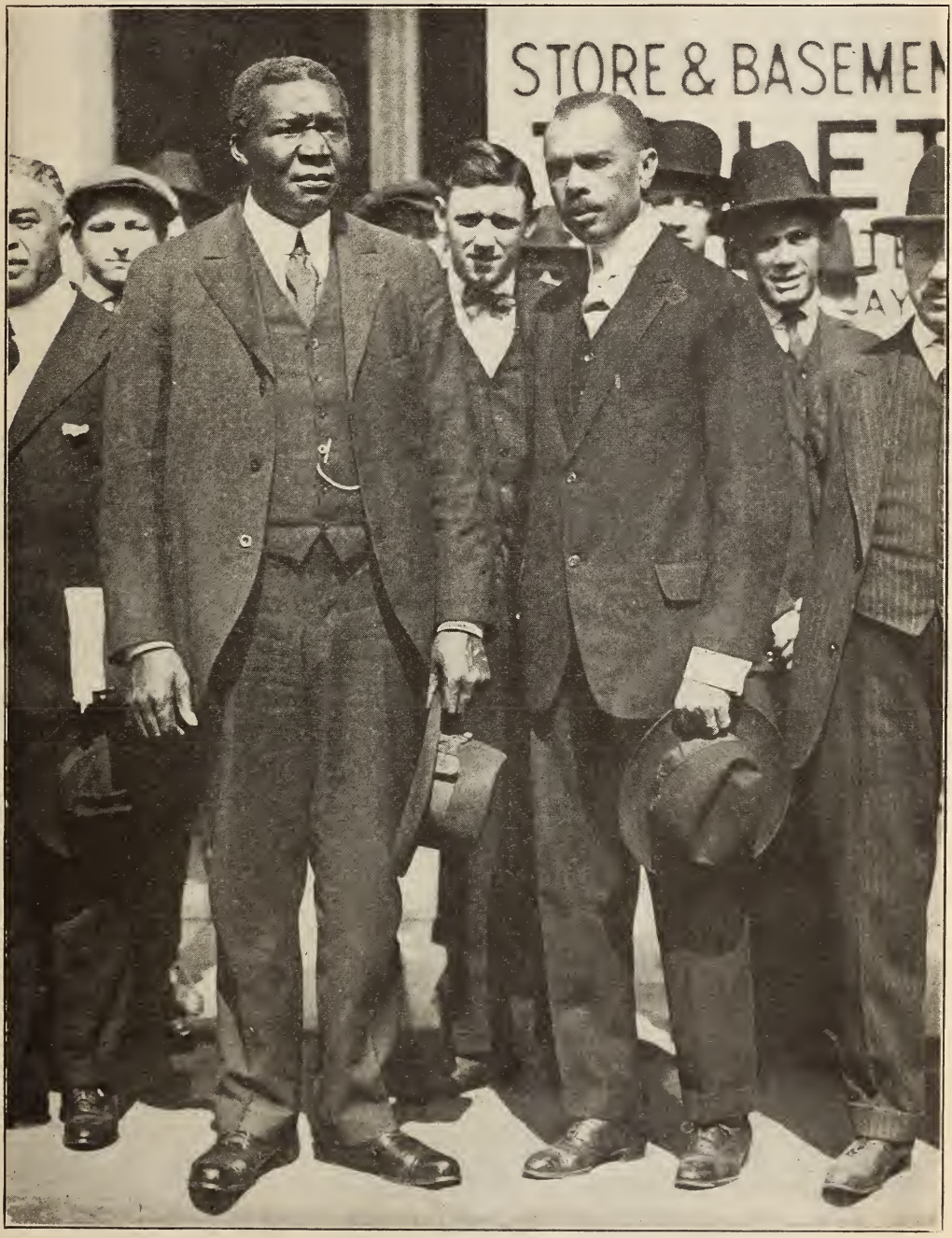
President of A. and M. College, Tallahassee, Fla., says:

IN reply to yours of the first, statement as to best type of school for the Negro youth, I beg to state that my seasoned opinion is that the Negro youth of America needs the same type of school for his education as all other American youth—having practically the same rounds of life to run as they. I have never taken any stock in the discussions advocating a specialized school for the Negro youth.

A West Indian Poet

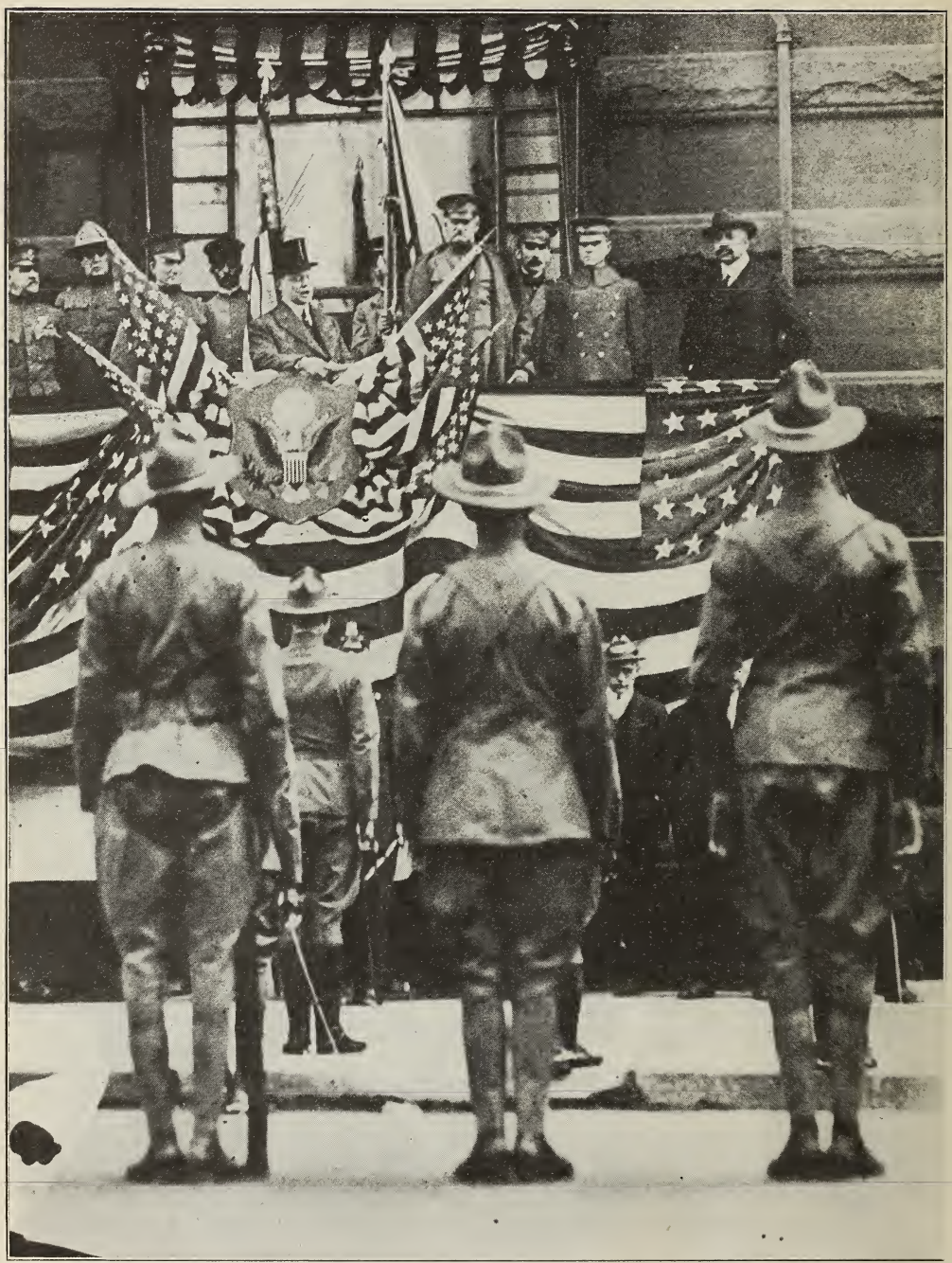
T. H. McDERMOTT, editor of the *Jamaica Times,* has discovered a poet of considerable promise in Eva Nicholas, a young girl of African descent. Her verse is of nature and is lyrical in its nature. Stimulated by publicity and criticism, Miss Nicholas would easily become one of the many poets of this generation.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS



Principal Moton and James W. Johnson, the Poet, at the Funeral of Seth Low

—Photo by Paul Thompson.



Governor Whitman Presenting the Colors to the Twenty-fifth Infantry, N. Y. N. G.

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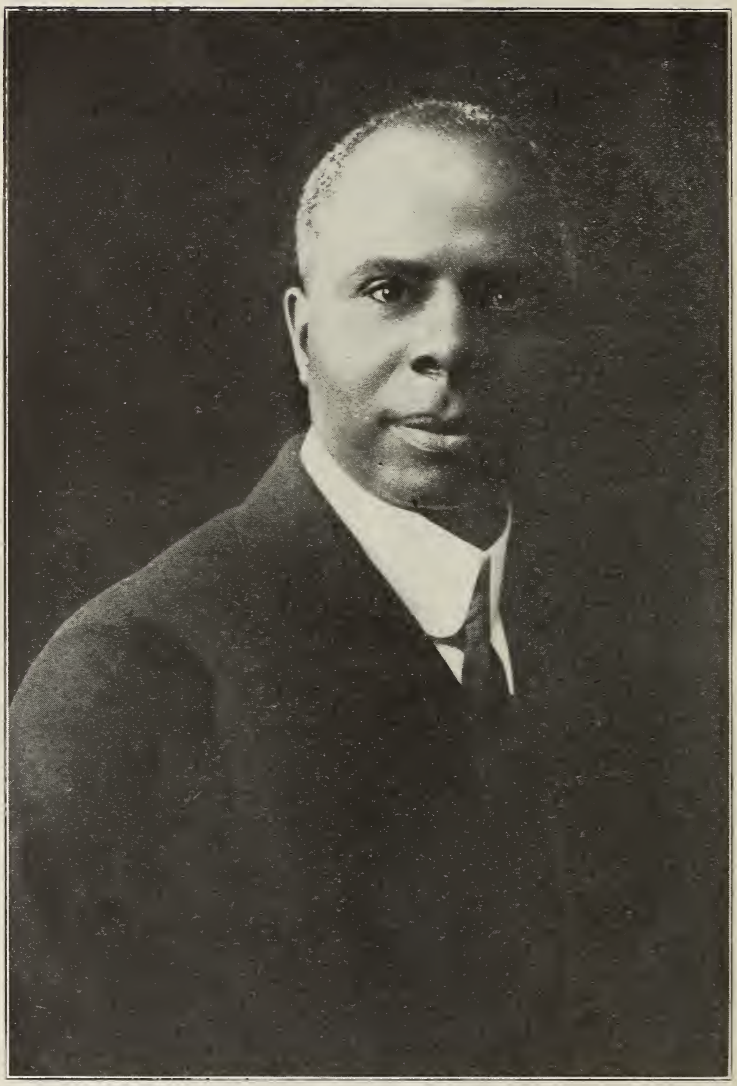
The Twenty-fifth Infantry Color Guards After the Presentation

—Photo by Bachrach.



Monroe N. Work
Editor of The Negro Year Book

Leaves From An Ex-professor's Note Book—Seeing Nature With a Craftsman's Eye

By Richard T. Greener

HOW many have ever seen the action of color on the faces of what we call white men and women? Look in the sunlight at one of those white persons attentively some cloudless day when the face is in shadow, and heed the warm glow that is thrown up from below on the under planes of the chin, and under the nose and under the projecting brow.

Then see the upper planes of those parts of the face exposed to the sky borrow something of its purple blue or take upon themselves what artists call "the cold lights."

Then hold your handkerchief by the face of one of these so-called white persons, and notice how far the lightest is removed from white.

Go to the other extreme of humanity and the blackest human to be found is hardly darker than chocolate, when compared with soot from an oven. Look at the glossy skin and see the wealth of varied color that pervades it.

White men and black men exist only for convenience of classification. The most elementary observer has discovered that neither black nor white exists in nature.

There is always the influence of red, yellow or blue, and often two or more unite to destroy them. An object, or deep recess at first glance appears black; all students soon perceive that nature cannot be translated to canvass without the addition of one or more pigments.

The whitest cuff is infused with yellow or red, or with both, where the sunlight falls, while the shadow cannot be interpreted without blue. The color of the cuff, like the planes of the white cuff is determined by angles and by the character of the surroundings.

Study a flock of black crows at close range and discover that they have been tinted by all the rays of the prism and that the black crow we have talked about all our days does not exist; has never gladdened or depressed us with his caws. Black as a crow, white as the driven snow, are all terms rendered useful by antiquity rather than by accuracy.

When the conditions known as black or white are realized in their endless variety, a wide field of observation is opened.

This artistic view of color agrees with the atomic theory—qualities and forms of things result from combination or contact of atoms or parts each of which taken alone or singly have nothing of that quality or form in them.

Alba rearis; ne ex Albis aut eaquae Nigrant, Nigro de semine nata. Truly we may translate this ancient saying: Do not think white things are made out of white stuff; nor black things out of black; because quality, form, etc., are not entities, independent of figure, size and motion of the parts, as life, soul, mind and understandings are. The former are fancies; the latter are "simples" —essentials, i. e., realities.

The Health of Colored Kansas City

By T. C. Unthank

ONE of the editors of the Kansas city *Star,* in the course of an address to an audience at Lincoln High School this past winter, said: "The index of a city's greatness is not its sky line of large department stores, factories, churches and magnificent residences, but the manner in which it looks after its poor and and provides for their welfare." The ideal city is one in which the poor people are supreme; where there are no alleys in which filth and dirt can accumulate, no tin houses nor damp cellars that breed disease and fill the body with cold, but where every citizen will be assured a decent place to live and plenty of fresh air and sunshine to keep him and his family in good health.

Such is our dream of Kansas City in the near future; but until then, provisions must be made for the vast number of people who become victims of disease, because of their environment, and who receive such small wages for their services that they are unable to pay a physician's fee.

To meet the needs of this class, thirty years ago on the hillside at Twenty-Second and Cherry street, Kansas City erected a large two-story brick structure, and two small frame buildings to which she invited her sick poor. No close line was drawn and for many years both white and colored patients were admitted. However, the space allotted to our people was very small, and hundreds of deserving Negroes, who were the victims of circumstance, were refused admittance into the institution.

Some who might have enjoyed its privileges refused to enter, because they were skeptical of the treatment they might receive at the hands of white internes and nurses, for during all these years no colored physicians were allowed to practice or in any way gain experience there.

As the growth of the city continued it became impossible to accommodate all of the patients in the hospital, so that better and more commodious buildings were erected. It was planned by the officials to remove all the patients to the new hospital and turn the old one into a division caring for isolated and contagious diseased patients. But the spirit of the colored citizens was aroused at the thought of being boxed into a small portion of the new hospital, as before, and being treated by white physicians when colored men were just as efficient. The tax payers felt that they were not getting full benefit of their taxes, and after much discussion with the officials succeeded in showing the pressing need our people had of a hospital. Consequently all of the white patients were removed to the new hospital and the old buildings turned over to our people.

This was only a partial victory, for even then no colored people were allowed to take part in the management. This caused a committee of colored men to go before the Commercial Club, the Board of Health and the mayor, asking that the Negro physicians and nurses be allowed to get the experience afforded in the treatment of their people and colored employes get the benefit of the work.

As a result of this effort, in 1912, under the administration of Mayor Darius A. Brown, the hospital turned its nurse training school over to the training of colored nurses, though under a white supervisor. A little later internes graduating from the best medical schools in the country were admitted to spend their required course in hospital work; then, in 1913, a colored head nurse was appointed and finally under the administration of Mayor Jost, in 1914, Dr. Wm. J. Thompkins was made superintendent of this institution. The victory was now complete; we had all we had asked for and it only remained for us to demonstrate our ability to run the institution on a business basis.

Here was the test of Negro efficiency, the proper management of a large plant consisting of four general wards, male, female, medical and surgical; two annexes used for isolation patients and porches used for convalescent and tubercular patients, besides divisions set off for special treatments, as eye, ear, obstetrics, nose, throat, and X-ray; then one large operating room and a female dressing room; also a room where the bodies of dead patients can be held until the arrival of their relatives.

You gain some idea of the size of this institution when I tell you that there are two

Physicians and Nurses of the Old City Hospital

hundred and eleven beds, of which on an average of one hundred and fifty are filled. The work is divided among the internes, one in charge of each ward. They are also divided into two groups of three each; one group of the medical service and the other on the surgical service alternating every three months. The internes are responsible to the staff physicians, who are divided into similar groups. The senior interne is in charge of the laboratory department, also in charge of each ward is a senior nurse, who represents the Head Nurse, and to whom all the other nurses are responsible. There training covers a course of three years and each girl must be a graduate of some High School. Two or three are usually required at each operation, one assisting the physician by handing the required instruments, and the other two bringing the necessary material for the operation.

Patients are admitted to the hospital on the recommendation of the City Physician commissioned by the Board of Health or upon that of a private physician. Although the institution exists for those who are unable to pay, many others are taken there through proper recommendation.

Upon the entrance of a patient, a brief history of his life is taken along with the name of his nearest relative or best friend. All his valuables are taken by the matron, and even the clothing he wears is recorded in the office and kept in a locker, until he is well enough to go back home. Not only this, but a full record of his disease is kept on file from the day he enters until he is dismissed. In all cases of emergency, several of the staff physicians are ready to come and perform at a moment's notice the required operations.

There are twenty-seven employes at the Old City Hospital. Some of the light work is done by male patients who have partially recovered but still need the attention of a physician. The superintendent has charge of all employes and staff physicians and receives any complaints from patients or outsiders, having general oversight of the whole institution.

The best proof of the efficiency with which the affairs of the hospital have been handled is the late appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars for improvements. This sum is to be used in the building of a new operating room, the placing of an X-ray into the building and the arrangement of a better and more suitable place for the consumptives.

Now what does this institution mean to us? Is it merely an asylum for our sick poor and a means of livelihood for the management? Decidedly no. It means the saving to Kansas

City of thousands of dollars every year in restoring to health hundreds of men and women who belong to the great army of working people who are actually making the homes and building the town. It affords for the Negro the best experience in surgery in America, giving him the opportunity of putting into practice those things others see only in books.

Perhaps you do not know that while some of the best schools in the country admit our boys and girls, they bar them from the hospital clinic which is so essential to the successful practitioner. It thus puts the local Negro practitioner in the forefront of his profession, besides giving a more efficient training to a race of women who are naturally gifted nurses.

We expect some day to see our medical men from all parts of the country flock to Kansas City to witness the marvels in surgery wrought by our local physicians and we expect to see our home girls and boys so inspired by their proficiency that they will take advantage of every opportunity offered by this splendid institution for training and by ministering to the needs of their people will make Kansas City a better place.

The Science of the Booker T. Washington Theory

By W. D. Allimono

THE Booker T. Washington theory of modern education is a process of the materialistic conception of history, based on economics, and a method through which the student acquires actual dynamic knowledge by being brought in contact with the natural phenomena of the universe and the machine process—he studies the science of physics and chemistry, specializing with the properties which have an immediate bearing on his trade; during the entire process of his training, he applies the method of observation, experiment and reasoning and discovers the laws which underlie, co-ordinate and co-relate the facts, thereby obtaining the scientific spirit in his industrial training, which enables him to utilize the materials and forces of nature to his own advantage.

The Washington theory has forced open the doors of opportunity to all the colored men and women, who, with their shrewdness, have fortunately acquired a trade notwithstanding the fact of the existence of the rigid apprentice law in the trade unions. The apprentice law was adopted in order to protect the members of the union against the increasing competition established by the Europeans who were emigrating to America in thousands with a cheaper labor power. Many of the unions in America utilized that same law to retard the industrial progress of the colored people by discriminating against the colored boys and girls who desired to learn a trade, and consequently limited their progress to unskilled labor.

Dr. Washington observed that existing condition and today we see the results of his observation, experiment and reasoning in the functions of the Tuskegee Institute (which is analogous to a burning volcano belching out clouds of smoke and burning lava which ignites everything it comes in contact with) turning out hundreds of handicraftsmen yearly, prepared to meet the struggle of life as carpenters, masons, plumbers, machinists, etc.; the students bid farewell to their Alma Mater and become functionaries in the service of the community as producers with a high standard of skilled labor power for sale, always in demand in the commercial world, and a sound foundation for further intellectual development and commercial ability.

Gratitude is due to economic determinism which emancipated the slave and perfected the wage system; but, in our delight we must not overlook the fact that through its process of evolution, it has made us all, both white and black—wage slaves. Through the actual process of production which we observe in Tuskegee, we are taught that the true and only resources of wealth are nature and labor, and with such scientific knowledge the race will not only be able to produce its individual necessities, but will be able to establish its own

industries on the field of commerce and then become a real factor in society. Then, with the proper development of their intellect in the sciences and the activities of honest attorneys, the race will then have the power to demand its rights, and discontinue the habit of begging for it, because every man, or at least the majority, will know the true value of his vote and cast it according to his judgment and such judgment will be based on the scientific knowledge of the material process of production and distribution of wealth, the evolutionary process from one stage to another will cause the leaders who are functioning from different angles of the social organism to become conscious of the fact that the action of each part must be an effort to always compel the other parts to act in the interest of the whole (such as we find in the biological organism) and not their individual interest.

It impresses the tender mind of the young colored generation that wealth can be only obtained by the application of labor to the natural resources of the universe and they are properly directed to good citizenship. Upon this achievement Dr. Washington anticipated a further development which would teach the race the true relationship of man to the universe, thereby acquiring power.

Power is knowledge and knowledge is the result of education, the basis of rational thought and a direct path to accumulate personal landed property. France leads the world in philosophy and the greatest philosopher of them all—Paul LaFargue—in his treatment of the evolution of property from forms of contemporaneous property to the capitalistic property says: "Landed property as it evolved prior to the bourgeoise property, on the one hand ran into small peasant property and on the other into feudal property. Agriculture was the prime motor of this evolution, commerce was the motor of the evolution of the property of the instruments of labor and industrial products which once it has attained a certain degree of development, reacts, as Marx has demonstrated on landed property and accelebrates its transformation into bourgeoise property."

I cited the above for those who are misinformed as to the importance of agriculture and commerce. They are the fundamental principles in determining the destiny, not only of one race of people, but the entire social order. It also exposes the essentiality of the position which was heroically filled with an unblemished triumph by Booker T. Washington. Now with a further scientific development of the colored man's intellect which can only be acquired by the socialization of dynamic knowledge in order to promote dynamic action, the entire human family will emancipate itself of the present slavery, establish a spirit of true fellowship which will abolish the barriers of creed, race, color and national prejudices, and together mankind will commune in a state of complete comfort and happiness.

By socializing knowledge I mean for those who have acquired knowledge in some certain science, not to be so selfish that he will cherish his knowledge as something for the favored few, but endeavor to impart that knowledge to all. It was the Washington theory which awakened those dormant tendencies in the minds of all the educators as to the material benefit that would be derived by incorporating vocational adjustment in the curriculum of the public schools. I wish Hampton would add another laurel to her crown by producing the immortal educator's anticipated ideal of character to carry out the plans of which he has only built the foundation.

Owing to the fact that Dr. Washington's structure is built on an economic basis, he was fully cognizant of not only the growing bond, but the sublime relation which already existed between politics and industry and, too, the use of the political institutions as instruments in the effort to regulate the industries by those who own the process of production itself. He also knew that through the process of the evolution of property which affects and produces all other social phenomena that an industrial plutocracy has been established, therefore, in his opinion, he thought it advisable to make a personal sacrifice of free speech by never introducing his views of political ethics and marked an epoch in Negro culture.

The better understanding established between white and black was not founded on caste—it was the effect of a cause; it was due to the fact that Dr. Washington's intellect was so powerful that he could control his emotions and adapt himself to his environment. In so doing, he seized the opportunity and demonstrated that his method of an industrial education for the Negro was a material advantage to the economic condition of the nation, which gained the moral and financial assistance of the leading financiers

of this country, and that was the cause of a better understanding between the white and black.

In sociology, which is the science of society, the trinity is formed by Ratzenhofer, Small and Lester F. Ward. Ward says: "The environment transforms the animal while man transforms the environment." That is, in order for a man to transform his environment he must adapt himself to it and Booker T. Washington proved it.

In the feudalistic state of society we find that classification of classes is the establishing of caste originated from the fact that all functions among barbarian tribes tend to become vested in certain families.

The great English historian, Anthony Froude, says: "When natural causes are liable to be set aside and neutralized by what is called volition, the word science is out of place. If it is free to a man to choose what he will do or not do, there is no adequate science of him."

We also learn a great lesson from Emanuel Kant, who gave to us the Nebular Hypothesis that the "human actions are as much under the control of nature as any physical phenomenon." Therefore, we cannot hold Dr. Washington responsible for the perfection of the disfranchisement of the Negro, because no individual can be held responsible for the results of the process which is brought about by natural causes. The fact that Dr. Washington has established during his life, by the results of his work, an achievement for his race, is sufficient evidence of his sincerity to his people; therefore there is nothing that can be submitted to influence the people that the leader's will was other than to see the colored race granted the privilege to exercise the right of suffrage as provided by the constitution of the United States of America; inasmuch as Washington really established a means to that end.

In reference to political rights, Ward says: "When men were in the political struggle they imagined that when their political rights should be attained, the millennium would be here. But they found it was nothing of the kind; that they had not reached any such state, but that there was another great struggle to be gone through, the economic and social struggle, the struggle of today."

I quoted Ward in order to emphasize the thought of one of the world's greatest philosophers, that the political phase of social evolution is only an effect of economic determinism; although it is the most powerful instrument the state possesses today.

The cause of the decline of Negro colleges and public schools can be very easily traced and attributed to the inadequacy of their curriculum with the demands of the present society. The colleges were premature, that is, established before the race had sufficient material to supply them. Today we need the Negro colleges, but the curriculum must be revised and placed on a higher standard, one which will teach, not only the material facts of history, but the general laws which underlie them and a new theory of political economy.

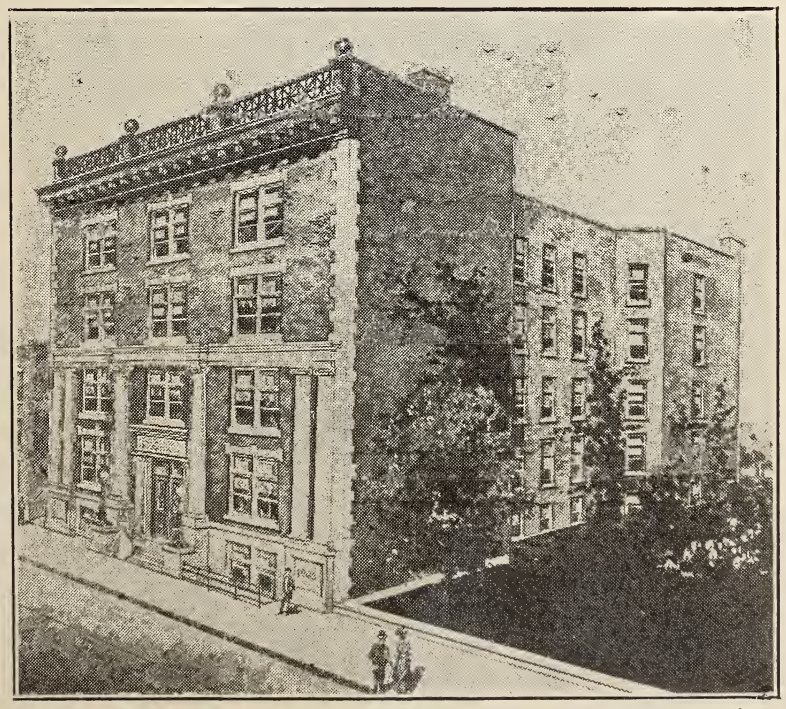
The struggle for life has been incessant through the organic evolution as well as the social. Charles Darwin, with his theory "On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life," demonstrated that fact. In dealing with circumstances favorable to natural selection Darwin says: "If any one species does not become mortified and improved in a corresponding degree with its competitors, it will soon be exterminated." But there is no chance to exterminate the Negro race, because when we apply the Darwinian theory of natural selection, we find that nature has proved the species a fit one and the Negro race, whenever the chance was given it, proved itself capable of improving and mortifying itself in a corresponding degree with the white race.

The scientists, philosophers and authors apply the method of induction to their thesis, and so it must be with the black and white races in solving their problems. No race will ever make any social progress by considering that their difficulties are purely based on color caste for they are not. The present position of the colored race in the social world is the effect of a general cause thereby making the interests of one race the concern of all humanity and Washington has demonstrated that condition to the few men who control this government.

I maintain that the economic theory upon which Tuskegee Institute is founded is fundamentally sound, pre-eminent in principle. demonstrated to be practical by its achievements, and the only foundation that will support the highest intellectual development. If the institution was not a necessary social product of its time, its survival would have been an impossibility and the institution would have met the same fate as the Negro colleges.

The Washington educational theory has proved to the world the capability of the colored race in mastering the natural phenomena. It is the lack of dynamic knowledge on the part of the colored race and the results of the misinformed white man that generated the inferiority of the Negro race. Scholes, another historian, in his work entitled "Glimpses of the Ages," tells us "that the black man was the pioneer of European civilization." The true history of a science is the history of the formulation of its fundamental laws, and the great figures in life are the men who gave those laws to the world. For example, Newton gave us the theory of gravitation, Copernicus, the heliocentric theory, and Kant, the Nebular Hypothesis. In physics, Helmholtz and Mayer, through the process of induction, reached the doctrine of the conservation of energy and Lavoisier proclaimed the permanence of matter. In biology Jean Lamarch became the founder of modern evolution and Chas. Darwin revealed the nature of the evolutionary process by his theory of natural selection. Now we come to the new born science, sociology, and in this field of human knowledge another great thinker, following the scientific methods of his predecessors, discovered that great law which lies at the foundation of the science of society, "The Materialistic Conception of History," by Karl Marx, and again we find dealing with social phenomena a constructionist whose theory teaches us how to acquire and apply the materialistic conceptions of history, whose thinking and judgment proved to be so great in his theory of modern education that Harvard conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Booker T. Washington had the intellect of a Newton, the genius of a Darwin and the knowledge of a Marx, a Ratzenhofer and a Word. Though passed away, he still lives and the materialistic conception which his theory instilled into the minds of the colored race will illuminate the intellectual atmosphere of society indefinitely and be held sacred upon the shrine of the new democracy.



Frederick Douglas Memorial Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Rachel Mourns Her Dead"

By Scrip

"RACHEL mourns her dead and will not be comforted." Such might have been written lately of the colored theatrical world, for two who have been in the limelight as leaders of the Negro stage are no more. Billy Johnson is dead! Leubrie Hill has passed away!

You remember Billy Johnson. It was he, who with Bob Cole, about twenty years ago, evolved the idea of the Negro musical comedy. Before the advent of young Johnson, minstrelsy was the highest form of Negro art. Black Patti and her troubadours, Billy Kersands, Sam Lucas and others, were in the stellar ranks, their banjos tumming, their soft shoe dances delighting "the tired business man," and their quaint plantation melodies pleasing the ears of thousands. George Walker had not yet made famous the dance called the cakewalk, Bert Williams was struggling to gain a foothold in New York, and Will Marion Cook was not yet following the gleam called American ragtime.

Esther Bigeou

"A Trip to Coontown," crude as it might seem to the contemporary theatergoer, was the first successful attempt to weld minstrel material into an effective unit. It was something like the plays of Christopher Marlowe or the early products of Shakespeare's pen—the crucible into which that that had gone before must pass and be melted. Billy Johnson was the Christopher Marlowe; he prepared the crucible that not long afterwards produced Jesse Shipp. "Isle of Pines," presented by the Pekin Stock Company, with Johnson himself as star. It was a very artistic affair, and demonstrated the results of Jesse Shipp, Bob Cole and the Pekin school of playwrights. There was nothing amiss in the "Isle of Pines" so far as we can remember, and that is more than we can say of many other musical comedy effusions. The characters were logical, and the plot, though slight, was well constructed. Of course, the vehicle idea was discernible, but it is a poor actor-playwright who forgets himself; consequently we get Billy as a stump speaker, as a scheming politician and a clever dancer.

So far as Billy Johnson's lyrics are concerned, they tingle with that warmth so necessary for syncopated ballads. Billy did not penetrate so deeply into Negro life as did James

W. Johnson of the Cole and Johnson song writing combination, but then Billy was not as fine a poet as James Weldon. He had no aspirations for literature; James Weldon had, and, with his brother, Rosamond, has made the name of his family immortal.

When we look over the life of Billy Johnson we realize what a tragedy those years following the dissolution of his partnership with Cole must have been to him. From the pedestal of a theatrical leader to one of the ranks is a descent not very pleasant, but to have discovered the name of Cole and Johnson achieving popularity without his aid was to have quaffed the dregs of bitterness. In later years men will speak of his predicament as something Rooseveltian in its nature.

As a leader, we might say this of him. He was a child of genius, richly endowed; he had as many talents as George Walker and more, but like many who approach the door of immortality, he squandered his gifts along the highways. Men will speak of him as they speak of Edgar Allen Poe; they will call him an unfortunate child of the gods.

And now we turn to that leader of this younger generation, John Leubrie Hill. If Billy Johnson is to be called the conceiver of the Negro musical comedy, then Hill is to be remembered as the heir. Upon him fell shreds of the mantle worn so gracefully by George Walker and Bob Cole.

But his problem was a different problem. The times had changed. Flo Ziegfeld was ruling the kingdom of musical comedy—that meant the revue or the journalistic type of entertainment. You know, at a Ziegfeld show, you get a generous view of pretty girls, a lot of Broadway chatter, something about Teddy or Woodrow, or Bernard Shaw, a scene in the subway or on a roof garden, and a few minutes with Bert Williams. Hill realized the predominance of this type, and conceived a show that would at least give the audience a generous view of colored vaudeville actors and a glimpse into the gentler side of Negro life. He had with him such favorites as Abbie Mitchell, Evon Robinson, Alice Ramsay, Sarah Green Byrd, Anthony Byrd, Thompson, Cooper and others.

"The Darktown Follies" librettos are, so far as stage literature is concerned, successors to the earlier productions of Jesse Shipp's pen. Mr. Hill knew Negro life in its most joyous periods and could present it adequately within the narrow scope of musical comedy. His characters dance through life with all the abandon of well regulated revue people. Sometimes their chatter sinks into mediocrity, and sometimes it flashes with brilliancy.

The Hill songs have been unusually successful. The reason is obvious. They express the spirit of their age, that brief period preceding the outbreak of the Great War. "At the Ball," Hill's masterpiece, is the most composite picture of the revelry of 1914 ever written. In it we catch a glimpse of Vernon Castle and his wife inventing tango steps for a dance-crazed public, roof gardens flowing with champagne and other expressions of a striving for luxurious living. The lyrics of Alexander Rogers expressed negro life; the lyrics of Leubrie Hill, Broadway, that street that would delight a King Charles or a Madame Pompadour.

Leubrie Hill's leadership, though brief, was not without results. It kept the colored theatrical world from an untimely dissolution. It let the American public know that Negro artists were still capable of organization, and that our great singers did not pass away with Flora Batson and Sisseretta Jones, our great dancers with Aida Walker and our great comedians with Williams and Walker, Cole and Johnson and Ernest Hogan.

And now that we have spoken of the dead, we will say something of the living. You want a little gossip; that is natural.

Harlem is now in the grip of the movies. Billie Burke's arm is tired; he has written yards and yards of melodrama and would fain rest while the scenario writers unfold their

stories of tiger hunts, murderous Indians and vapid New York society people. Burke spent the winter uplifting the "drammer" and is spending the summer watching the "drammer" uplift itself. Perhaps he will "come back," or if he should fail to do that, he might give up the moving picture rights to his plays and rest forever.

As for Eugene Elmore, he has been, of late, mixing with Will Shakespeare as well as the lights on Broadway. If you want "drammah," the imitative "drammah," you will find it at the Lafayette. Mr. Elmore is nursing it.

From New York to Chicago is quite a jump, but all of that is to be expected, even of a theatrical critic. Chicago's leading vaudeville house on the Stroll is, as you know, the Grand Theatre. And there not long ago the talents of a new meteor flashed across the theatrical horizon.

We are speaking of Esther Bigeou, leading lady for Irvin Miller, that tall boy of Negro theatricals. Miss Bigeou is the most important performer of her sex to appear in Chicago since Estelle Harris and Therese Burroughs. She has two solid foundations—art and personality. She can dance with all the cleverness of a Mrs. Vernon Castle and can delineate character with the skill of a Florence Holbrook.

Give us Esther Bigeou and give us plenty of her.

What The Newspapers Say of Us

MAGAZINE IS FINE PRODUCT

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE, which your correspondent has before him, the latest of the literary ventures of the race, edited by that brilliant young poet, Fenton Johnson, is one of the finest literary products that has appeared since freedom. In the judgment of the writer nothing has appeared from the pen of Negroes with the literary finish of *THE CHAMPION.* It marks, doubtless, a literary rennaissance of the Negro American and gives promise of being what will be a new literary school.

The magazine is adhering closely to its name, in that it is championing in an admirable manner the position the Negro should have in the national life of the country. The October number is one of interest, and is well and ably put together.

The departmental features show literary taste and discrimination.

The editorial section, headed by Mr. Fenton Johnson, contains timely references to the Negro's place. Among the editorials worthy of mention are "That Word, 'Negro,'" in which the writer defends strongly the title Negro, and "Why Not Have a New South?" which is an arraignment of the South's lynch policy.

The Ledger, the feature of the new magazine which culls current movement with special reference to the Negro, makes a careful survey of all racial movements. The great national movements of the Negro, like the National Negro Business League, the educational and club movements, are told in special articles by leaders in the respective movements concerned. Other features of the new magazine are Paste Pot and Shears, carefully clipped editorials from the daily newspapers, the page devoted to the Negro theatricals, and that to sports edited by Binga Dismond. The magazine has a national flavor, and is beautifully illustrated with pictures showing Negro movements all over the country as well as men and women among the Negroes in the public eye. The magazine is destined to take a high place in the literary endeavors of the Negro in America and is especially welcomed at this time when a periodical approximating that of the Literary Digest, Independent, and Public Opinion in literary finish is needed. The editor of the new magazine is well prepared for this venture and his place in the literary life of America is well known at this time. To let such a periodical perish would reflect much on the race. Here is success to the *CHAMPION.*
—*Indianapolis Freeman.*

STATE STREET

By Eulalia Yola Osby

Under the bright lights,
Dazzling white lights,
Are beckoning nods and smiles;
Loud mirth and music gay,
Great crowds that drift and sway,
Onward and onward for miles.

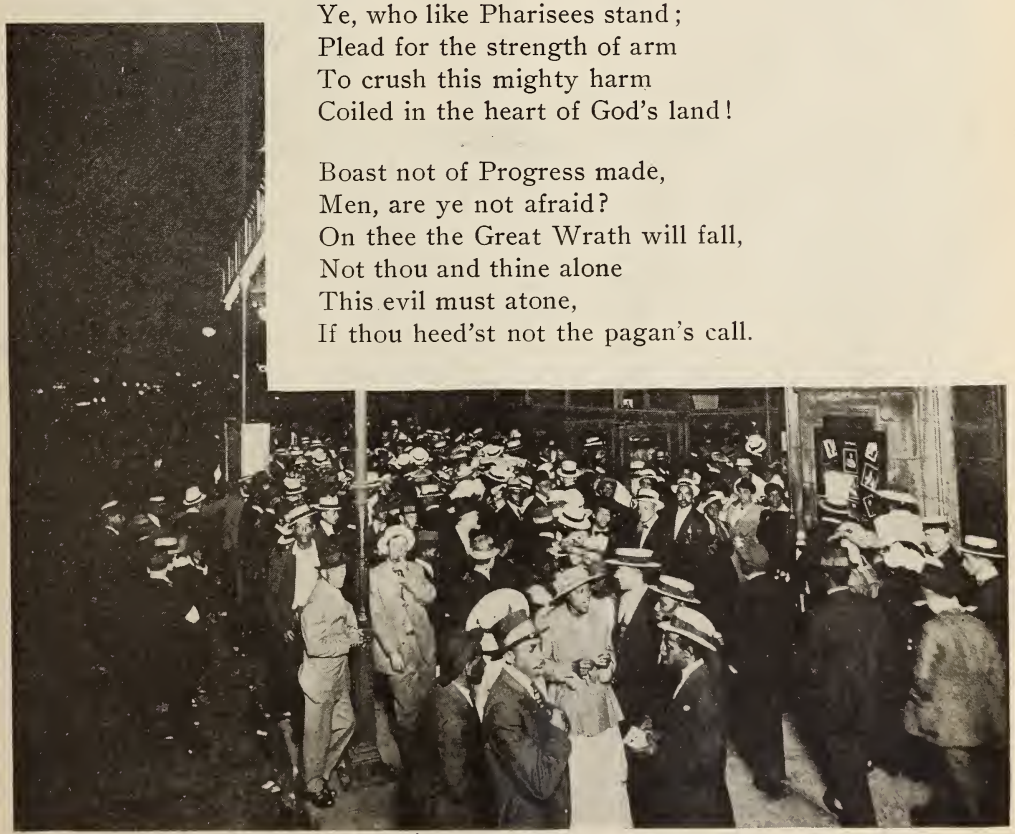
Handsome and jeweled girls,
Powder and frills and curls
Calling and drawing you near;
Serpent like graces,
Passion marred faces,
Never a sigh or a tear.

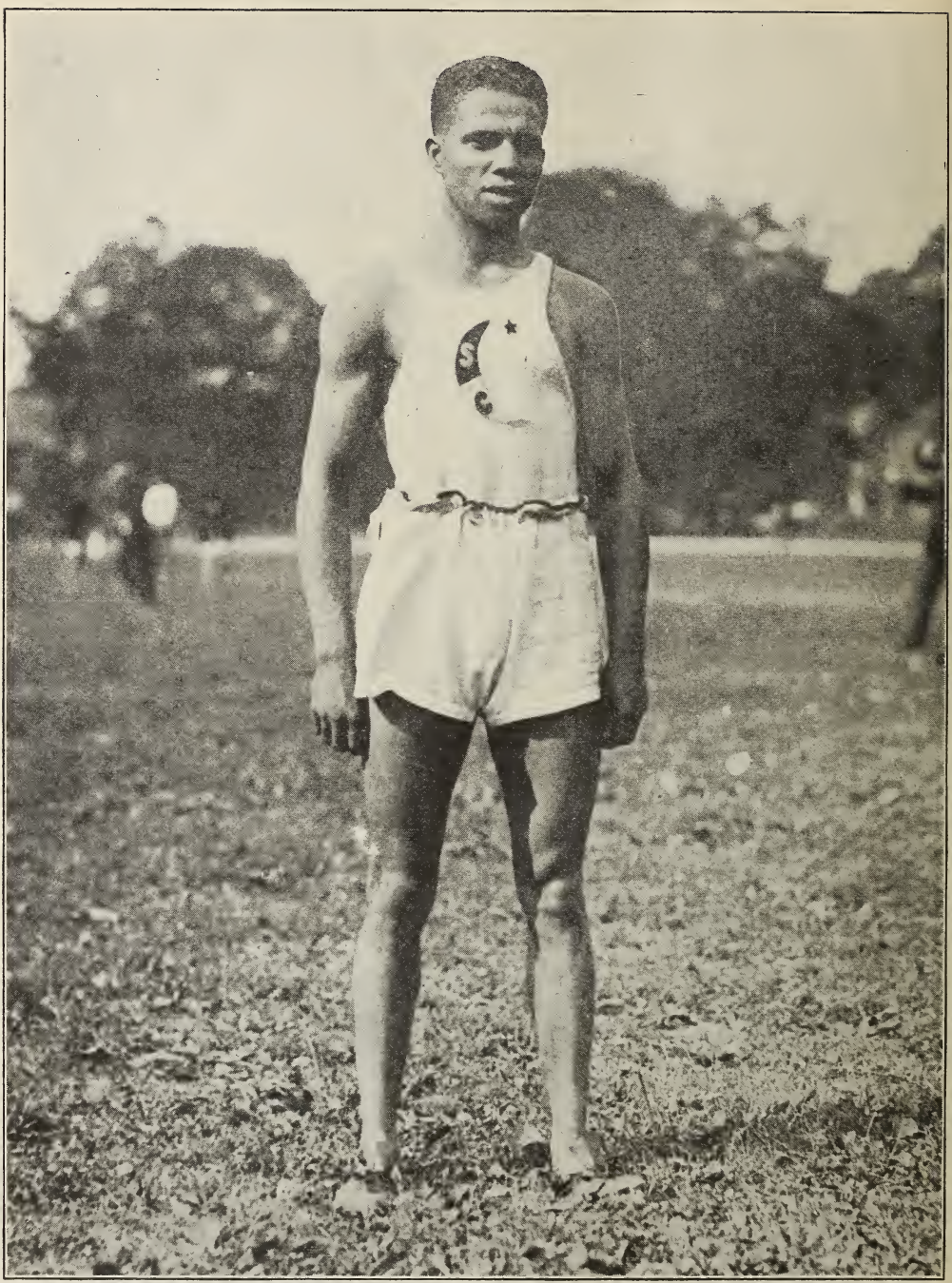
Vice-branded, loathsome men,
Handsome, but sinful men,
Eager to tempt you to wrong;
Insulting, coarse remark,
Voices which call to you, "Hark!
Sensous music and song!"

Children, already old,
Furtive, yet wondrous bold,
Darting, like shadows, past;
Children, whose parents weep
As they their wild oats reap,
And think of the days that have past.

Pray for the lust of them,
Plead for the souls of them,
Ye, who like Pharisees stand;
Plead for the strength of arm
To crush this mighty harm
Coiled in the heart of God's land!

Boast not of Progress made,
Men, are ye not afraid?
On thee the Great Wrath will fall,
Not thou and thine alone
This evil must atone,
If thou heed'st not the pagan's call.





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Roy Morse

In the Sun—A Monthly Review of Athletics

By Binga Dismond

ONE VERSE CLASSIC

The days of the athlete fly by fast,
No matter how good, they soon are past;
And soon the old boy must buzz and buzz,
And tell his friends how good he was.

GYM GEMS

A football player can't hit the line hard if he hits the high places often.

And he can't run around ends if he runs around nights.

They don't have to be colored either!

If an athlete is inexperienced, he is green; if he is timid he's *yellow;* if he's in shape, he's in the *pink* of condition; if he studies, he's well *read;* if he is defeated, he's *blue;* my! my! my!

The captain's last word to the rooters:
Sing the songs and shout and yell,
It makes the boys play like the mischief.
Decided by I. T. S.
You've certainly gottahandito Pollard.

LITTLE ROY MORSE

WHILE we're sad because Drew is finished, we cannot overlook the fact that we still have Roy Morse. Although Roy did not annex a first position at the National Championship games, he is still too good to be overlooked, and then to be able to appropriate even second place in class like that is really going a few and deserving of a place in the Sun. Morse, perhaps, is not quite as speedy a youngster as the powerful Drew was in his balmiest days, but he certainly has some fast hundreds and two-twenties up his sleeve and the men of any race, creed or color who can lead him to the tape are as hard to find as hen's teeth.

The lad is so slight of build that it seems wonderful that he can last fifty yards, much less the lengthy two-twenty. His legs are all muscles and he has the advantage of not being compelled to carry any excess weight. Morse has a powerful chest and a healthy pair of arms for his size. In addition, too, he does not let his athletic feats worry him. He sleeps before a race just as if nothing special was coming off the next day. This ability alone wins many races for him. Morse is not old and should improve materially, for he has not by any means gone his limit.

PREPAREDNESS FOR THE QUARTER MILE

A number of my friends have written me begging of me pointers on the best way to prepare for the quarter mile distance. Since the war has sent the price of paper soaring, I shall stick a composite answer here In The Sun. Not only that, but I've induced Howard Drew to put them wise as to the best way to sprint the century. Jackson, formerly of Harvard, will set them right about the hurdles, and Rube Foster will introduce some inside information about baseball. Can you beat it? Well, anyway, as regards the 440, here goes:

In order to get a quarter-mile out of your system, you've got to put one in it. To get a quarter mile in your system, you've got to get determination in, and then some sleeps. After you've slept sufficiently, sleep a little more. Review your determination and then report IN THE SUN.

The fall of the year is the most ideal time for conditioning. The brisk autumn breezes are full of pep, and everything is conducive to the love of living. The intended quarter-miler will find it necessary first to get a certain amount of wind, staying qualities or endurance. "Wind" does not depend, as many believe, upon the lung capacity, but upon the condition of the heart. Under increased activity, violent exercise or muscular movement, the heart is called upon to pump an enormously large amount of blood out

into the body. The muscle tissues must have oxygen, and when the heart is incapable of delivering the goods, we become "winded."

The heart, therefore, must be carefully looked after. It is possible to build up a weak heart just as it is possible to improve a disused muscle. Intelligent increase of the work the heart is called upon to do will gradually increase its capacity. Jogging, throwing the medicine ball, monkeying with the pulleys cannot be beaten for this kind of work. After a certain amount of heart capacity is obtained the attention must be placed upon the muscles. The muscles of the lower extremity are important for obvious reasons. Care must be taken that these are developed evenly and do not harden or knot. Walking around on tiptoes, running upstairs develop the muscles of the calves, but the thigh muscles are most important of the leg muscles. They will be improved by jumping on one foot at a time, raising the knee high in the air, like kids do, running without moving forward.

The abdominal muscles are next in importance. They are important in respiration. Science speaks of two manners of respiration, intercostal and abdominal. The former is controlled by the chest expansion and expulsion, the latter by the diaphragm and the abdominal muscles. All fat deposits under the abdominal muscles must be gotten rid of and these muscles highly developed. Bending forward until it is possible to touch the floor without bending the knees gives rise to beneficial effects. The following exercise is also great: Lie prone upon the back, placing hands at side. Place a weight of some kind upon the feet. Rise slowly into a sitting position without using the hands.

A month's intelligent work should whip the most out-of-form athlete back into condition. The resting champions or the rooky cannot jump into hard training, but must gradually work up to the stiff drills. The first week or two should be devoted entirely to distance work to strengthen the heart and develop the leg muscles, and to pulley work, and the exercises mentioned above to get the abdominal muscles into shape. If the athlete is to limit his attentions to the quarter it would be best if his distance work did not exceed the mile during the first week. During the second week, however, distance may be repeated in order to develop "come back" powers. After the two weeks of jogging, attention must be paid to sprinting.

No sprinting must be attempted before the muscles are thoroughly "warmed up." Pulled legs, torn tendons and charley horse result from disobeying this rule. The first day of sprinting might be spent in dashing off a few 50-yard sprints, on the second two or three hundreds, and the third a couple of 220s. On the fourth day it would be well to supplement the sprints with a good stiff half mile. This might be repeated upon the fifth day and the sprints again on the sixth.

The next week should be commenced by running a good fast quarter mile; this should be followed by dash work and a "half" at steam roller pace. On the second day of this week two fast hundreds will help. These should be followed by a slow 600. Another quarter should be tried on the third day. The rest of the week should be spent in alternating in this manner sprints and distance work in such a way that the runner is able to perform the quarter, which is the average of the distances, without apparent trouble. The above routine should condition the average runner and once in condition, a modification of it will keep him in the pink of form. Speed, strength and sticking power are the three great "S's" which spell success in the quarter.

Will They Make "All-American"

Last year Brown University surprised the football world by handing Yale a humiliating defeat. By artfully circumscribing Eli's ends and penetrating at will her defenses, our own Fred Pollard played a conspicuous

part in the victory. Not content with his work in the Yale bowl, Pollard performed brilliantly throughout the season, and was told by no less a personage than Walter Camp himself, that he would have been awarded a berth on the All-American but for his unfortunate fumble in the Harvard game.

This year Pollard is back at the Providence school with blood in his eye. This is his last chance at the coveted All-American team, and if playing football will get him there, he intends to "arrive." Here's to his success!

In addition to Pollard, we are expecting great things of Shelbourne of Dartmouth. Johnny's work upon the freshman squad last year drew widespread attention. If he can make good anywhere, he should certainly show class at Dartmouth. This school is renowned for the class of colored athletes it has turned out. Leslie Pollard, Heinie Bullock and Van Johnson have made reputations there that will be hard for any man to emulate. It is rumored that Trigg, the famous oarsman of the Syracuse crew, is out after football honors. Trigg was a bear in the old high school days in Washington and after his years as one of the eight should prove invaluable to the New York school.

Tufts also has a batch of color in its lineup. Morrison, a healthy lad, who did A-1 work with the eleven of Everitt High of Boston in last year's National Interscholastic Champion, is working out for the guard position. And Temple College, in the Quaker state, not to be outdone, is encouraging Bell Anderson, a colored lad, who, the critics say, shows an extremely classy football ability.

In the West Sol Butler is performing stellar work at Dubuque College. Sol's speed and strength seem to be unstoppable. There are three gentlemen of color trying out for the Nebraska team, one of whom, Ross, the former star, it is believed, is likely to break INTO THE SUN.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

THE American press is very bitter against Mr. Wilson and his Negro policy. This editorial in the Philadelphia *Star* is characteristic of what is appearing in the newspapers throughout the country:

"The Negroes of the country are quite well aware that they have not been very well treated by the present administration.

"There has been pehsistent discrimination against them at Washington, they have been replaced wherever possible in the government service by white men and there have been made disagreeable attempts to segregate them wherever they are employed in the service.

"This is not very pleasant for the Negroes nor has it been the policy of any other administration, Democratic or Republican. When Cleveland was in office he did no such thing. But, then, Cleveland did many other things Wilson would not do—such as sending that Venezuelan message to England.

"In the face of all this the record shows that when the United States troops were sent into Mexico in hobbles, ready to be shot at but not to shoot back, told to get Villa dead or alive, there was plenty of use made of the Tenth Cavalry, which is the crack colored regiment.

"When there was a dangerous mission to be performed by the troops, that is, when General Pershing had to send them where the Mexicans said they could not go and where the government had not prepared them to go nor backed them up in the going, it was a company from the Tenth Cavalry that was sent.

"When these colored men arrived at Carrizal they were confronted by Mexican soldiers and they were told they could not advance. Their gallant officers said they should advance and the colored men never whimpered but got ready to fight—and to die.

"They died—many of them. Others were wounded. All who escaped did so in peril of their lives and had a few days of terrible suffering as they made their way back to the base camp. The wonder is the command was not annihilated. That was what the Mexicans attempted to do and what they very nearly did. It happened, however, that the command in question was made up of men—officers and men alike. They were determined to sell themselves dearly and they fought as only

men of courage and men of determination can fight.

"Owing to the defense they put us—they never had a chance of doing anything else—some of them got off. Many died there and then, many were seriously wounded and suffered untold tortures alone in the Mexican desert, surrounded entirely by foes and hundreds of miles from their base. Others again were taken prisoners, and it was the intention of the Mexicans, at first, to execute them as they do most of their captives. These prisoners were stripped of clothing, half starved, thrown into jail and told that any moment they might be called upon to face a firing squad.

"Well, the Negroes were good enough for that, but whenever a Negro officeholder at Washington has got out no Negro was appointed in his place, as had always been the custom; also, the plan of segregation was talked of and nearly practiced. When Wilson came into office there were twenty-five or more distinguished colored men in positions of importance, having been appointed by Republican presidents and confirmed by the Senate. At the present time there is but one Negro holding such a position. The others have been ousted.

"It may well be imagined that the Negroes of the land are not entirely pleased with this record and that they have no particular fondness for the Democrats or their president because of it. They have been flouted as never before. When the time comes they will know what to do."

The *Chicago News* is not so harsh on the subject of Negro dialect. It says:

"Good English? Who ever claimed those good old southern songs—or any of the old favorites, for that matter—are pure English? Of course, they're not. They wouldn't be so characteristic; they wouldn't be half so sweet, half so popular, if they were.

"Neither is 'Annie Laurie' good English, nor 'Bonnie Doon,' nor 'Hi'lan' Mary.' Yet we like them, not for their rhetoric, but for their sentiment, their melody and themselves.

"Let the school children of the land vote on what selections should reman uninterfered with in their song books, and it is safe to say that the 'Negro dialet' songs would be among the very last to go."

THE NEGRO

The Negro, patient and sunny,
  Lazy, laughing and loud:
Not wise to the value of money,
  Only with joy endowed,
Would stay in the South
With a grin on his mouth,
  If white folks of order were proud.

The Negro, trembling and flinching,
  Sees his fellows hung up;
No trial, a mob, and a lynching;
  Bitterness filling his cup;
His dreams range afar
Toward the ancient North Star;
  Though sorrow the banished must sup.

  The Negro Laws cannot hold him;
  Even peons can flee;
When fears like a cloud-wave enfold him,
  Wise as a serpent is he;
Economy pleads
The cotton-crop's needs;
  The Negro needs most to be free!

—J. A., in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

Although the above poem is crude, it is the first attempt to express metrically the reasons for the Negro hegira.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

The following letter, addressed to the editor of the *Boston Evening Transcript,* by the Honorable F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass, shows a difference of opinion with respect to the action the Negro should take in defence of his country:

"I have not seen the remarks made in your columns on the recent meeting at North Elba, in commemoration of John Brown and his men who died in Virginia, between the fighting in Kansas and the Civil War that abolished slavery, as Brown had planned, by force. At that meeting Negroes as well as white men were honored, by a dozen different speakers; among them Governor Herrick of Ohio, who presided at the Chicago Republican convention and is the party candidate for senator in Ohio, and a former governor of Louisiana. A colored citizen of New York, unable to be present, has written me as follows:

"I recently saw in the *Boston Transcript,* in reference to remarks made by you at the grave of Brown, that perhaps the Negro was too busy to remember or think of John

Brown. Not so. No educated Negro has forgotten him. For twelve years I have been in the South, laboring with and for my people. There I was struck by the unanimity of opinion in all classes of the Negroes whom I met, when they asked me the question, 'Would you go to war to fight for the United States in the time of stress?' I answered by saying, 'If New York state wanted me, and would accept me as a soldier, I would go under her banner; for she has treated me half way decently. But I would not go for the southern states, for they have not treated me as a citizen, and I owe them no citizen's obligation.' This was the underlying thought, without exception, of all Negroes with whom I have come in contact, from the half-witted to the trained ministers of the gospel. While the Negro swells the representative power of the South, he has no voice or vote; nor is he represented, but generally misrepresented, to his hurt, and the injury of the North."

He asks me to give him a word of advice in this dilemma. I have written him: "While you and your people are unhandsomely treated in this matter, I still recommend you to enlist and defend your state. It is your state as much as ours; and a handsome readiness on your part will bring you more satisfaction than an imitation of their shabbiness possibly could. They may not thank you, but they will appreciate it."

In the opinion of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE,* the course advised by the Hon. F. B. Sanborn is the correct one.

THE Savannah *News* comments on Major Moton's address at the Baptist convention in Savannah, Ga., in this manner:

"Such educators as the speaker here the other day constitute a steadying influence among the Negroes, and an influence that is still sorely needed. Freedom to go and come as they please is a privilege that the colored folks are given to using to their own disadvantage. They are too quick to drop whatever they may be about to take up the chase after an illusory rainbow. An instance of this is found in the ill-considered flight of hundreds of them northward recently, most of them not knowing where they were going or for what class of labor. They will serve their own welfare and happiness and the peace of mind of the communities in which they live when they learn the lesson in stability delivered to them by the thoughtful member of their race at the Savannah convention."

THE Mobile *Register* sees the Negro hegira from a new viewpoint:

"Conservative judgment is that in the movement is an economic one, that is to say, if it has sound economic principle supporting it, argument and even the passing of ordinances against it, will be of no avail. Also that it is not wholly a bad thing. A median line may be drawn. There can be no question that in recent years the Negroes have been crowding into the cities, coming from the country districts, and they are coming more than ever since the boll weevil has ravaged cotton fields and the floods have done so much damage in the river country. There is nothing for this excess population to do. These people must live on the workers, making the workers poorer. Their presence does not in the least help the community, however much it may swell the census count; and it does not even cheapen wages, since common country labor does not know how to do the things required of a Negro working in the city.

"If, now, there is a tap that will draw off the idle population, that will be a good thing, for the cities at least. As for emigration from the country districts there is a good deal of it already; and as far as known there is no way to stop it. Planters are experiencing some anxiety regarding help for the making of the next crop.

"We do not believe, however, that there is to be so great a drain as will seriously and permanently affect the labor markets. The Negroes have been free to go at any time these sixty years, and yet there has been no exodus. The climate of the North and the Northern attitude toward the Negro are unfavorable, and do not encourage a wholesale movement of Negroes into that region."

THIS is the manner in which the Houston *Post* thanks the men who came down at a great sacrifice to defend its state from Mexican encroachment:

"It is difficult to excuse unnecessary blunders which result in mischief. Over in San Antonio, white soldiers who are to be tried by courtmartial for military offenses are protesting bitterly because of the presence of four Negro officers of Illinois companies on the court. Not only that, but hundreds of the friends of the men to be tried are equally bitter in resentment of it.

"The first mistake made by the war department was in ordering these colored Illinois guardsmen to Texas. From the moment of their arrival in San Antonio, their presence has been troublesome to civilians resident in San Antonio as well as to the white soldiers who object to association with Negro troops.

"In Illinois, where these colored soldiers live, the conditions are not similar to those in San Antonio. Negroes patronize the same cars, restaurants, refreshment counters and places of amusement that the whites patronize. It is different in San Antonio, and the Negro soldiers have been frequently angered because service was refused them, and in San Antonio people have likewise been provoked by having patronage thrust at them which they did not desire.

"All this friction might have been avoided if the war department had used tact enough to keep the colored troops at home and not place them in a position where they were sure to offend and be offended.

"Likewise, somebody ought to have had more sense than to assemble a court composed partially of colored officers to try white soldiers, because the white men are unnecessarily offended and the colored officers are subjected to criticism and unpleasantness which very likely they would rather have escaped.

"It may be entirely possible to have the guardsmen of the two races to commingle pleasantly in Illinois, but we doubt it. It is certainly not possible in a Texas city. The net result of these blunders has been a most unpleasant experience for everybody concerned —the white soldiers, the colored soldiers and the citizens of San Antonio.

"It is highly important in time of stress to avoid such action as is calculated to result in friction and race hatred, and the blame in this instance is upon men who refuse to recognize conditions as they exist.

"Whoever is to blame for the situation in San Antonio ought to take such action as will abate the friction. Since it is found possible to dispense with the services of some of the troops in Texas, the colored guardsmen ought to be returned to their homes at once."

TID BITS gives some information that is perhaps new to the average Negro. *Tid Bits* has made a great discovery and, therefore, we doff our hats to *Tid Bits*:

"The baby Negro is not born black. Even so long ago as 1765 La Cat noticed that the newly born Negro is of a reddish color. This observation has since been frequently confirmed, and it is now pretty widely known that, though the baby Negro begins to follow in the footsteps of his parents as regards color within a few days after his birth, yet at the moment of birth he shows a disposition to aspire toward the Caucasian race, being white, or at worst red, in hue. It is generally assumed that the chief of all the causes of a Negro's blackness is the hot sun beneath whose more or less vertical rays he is doomed to live. There is, however, a physiological condition of the skin which differentiates that organ from the integument of the white man. In other words, there is a difference in what is known as 'pigmentation.'

"'The Negro,' says a scientist, 'possesses a more developed vascular sudoriparous system than we do.' In other words, he has more and larger sweat glands, and they are more liberally supplied with blood. By means of these he perspires much more abundantly. This condition is possibly a contributory factor in his blackness. It is an important element in the investigation to remember, however, that the blackest of all black people are almost invariably found under certain very definite climatic conditions. That is to say, they are found where great heat, strong light and much atmospheric moisture are in combination. For example, 'the blackest Negroes in Africa are those who live in Guinea, where the greatest amount of rain annually falls.' But 'the people who live in the dry section of the Nubian desert have red skins.'"

THE two most influential New York newspapers have made some very interesting editorial reflections on the Negro hegira. The New York *Times* says:

"The New York *Age,* a newspaper much read among Negroes, naturally contends for the right of the race to better its condition industrially by filling the positions left vacant by the drift of labor into the munitions trade. The advice of the *Age* to the agitated Southern whites is that they should compete with Northern employers in the attractions offered to Negro labor, should stop lynching Negroes, and should not overwork the Jim Crow laws. The sting of this advice lies partly in its common sense, and partly in the support of it by reprints from the Southern press of brutality toward Negroes. One case was the lynching of six Negroes, including two women, on the charge of helping a murderer to escape. It was charged only, not proved.

"The use of the police and the processes of the law to stop the migration of adult laborers is only another form of slavery in qualified form. The *Age* talks about a million Negroes coming North from the country where they are so little esteemed. That would put the shoe on the other foot and might start a Negro question at the North. It is the whites who are worrying. These are happy days for the colored brethren. Higher pay is the sort of uplift most valued, and is the best proof of growing appreciation and revalution of the Negro's services to society."

THE New York *Evening Post* adds:

"The real lesson in this situation for the South is that it must revise its whole attitude towards the Negro if it would keep him. It has not yet learned how to treat free labor; this was the burden of an official report to the Italian Government which put an end to the efforts to land Italian immigrants at Charleston and other cities with the Italian Government's sanction. It must learn that well-educated, intelligent and contented labor is the best, whether white or black; that a mass of unhappy, ignorant workmen retards economic development, whether in America or Europe or Asia; that if the Negro is the basis of the South's prosperity that prosperity will be enormously advanced by giving to the Negro the rights and privileges of all other citizens. For thereby the economic desires of the masses will be stimulated, with the result of greater and greater steadiness of effort and habitation, and the starting up of innumerable new enterprises to cater to the economic demands thus created. It is not the cheap Negro who is keeping out the white laborer, the Columbia *State* to the contrary notwithstanding. It is the stigma still attaching in the Southern public mind to certain forms of labor, and in addition the absence of many of the desirable things of life, such as good schools, good roads, good government, and many other things that make life rich and happy, even for the poor, that is doing the mischief."

LOUISVILLE, Ky., which is the most representative city of the border South, thinks that sixty thousand colored people out of a population of three hundred thousand should come in for a better share of the city and county administration. This is the way the Louisville *News*, spokesman for the colored citizens, expresses it, and there is a national significance in its demands:

"Louisville is the only city of its size in the whole country, and it is the only city of any size, having a relative proportion of colored population, that has not one or more colored men or women on the city pay-roll. The colored people of Louisville and Jefferson county pay taxes directly on approximately $2,000,000 worth of property, and indirectly on many times more than that, and yet they are without any representatives in the employ of the city or the county. We don't know why this maladjustment, but whatever its cause there is evidence of lethargy, inertia and lack of co-operation on the part of the colored people, and is a good subject for discussion in all our civic bodies, and especially the Falls City Medical society and the local branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. We ought to demand something. As tax payers we are deserving of some office under city and county administrations, of whatever political complexion; not alone for the remuneration to be gained but that we might have some closer knowledge of the workings of the administration and the expenditure of the people's money. We ought not be satisfied to have only colored laborers given temporary places, but we should insist that some person fairly representative of our people be given appointment. We ought to have colored medical and dental inspectors for the colored public schools, or in some way connected with the city or county health departments; we ought to have representation in the legal department of the city or county, and in the tax assessor's office; at least one representative in each of these departments. City ordinances provide for the assessor's office more than twenty-five deputies, assistants, draftsmen and clerks; for the city attorney's office, first and second assistants, mayor's counsel, solicitor, claim agent, law accountant, law clerk, tax attorneys, stenographers and messengers; for the health department 23 employes; for the hospital department 16 internes and 188 employes; for the city building inspector's office, 12 employes; also numerous employes in the offices of city buyer, comptroller, city gauger, engineering, street cleaning and numerous other offices under city and county government. We are entitled to know, of our own knowledge, just how our money is being spent, and we can not know unless we have representation in the administrative body. This is not a favor which we seek, but a right which is denied us, and we ought to know why. This and succeeding administrations

should be put on record and their attitude in this matter clearly defined. We must demand recognition for our race and must insist that we get it; we must lay aside our usual complacency which is so fatal to advance, and we must encompass every administration with a ceaseless vigilance. An equitable distribution of appointments are all that we ask and our demands are no less insistent because encouched in respectful terms."

THE Baltimore *Sun* says this Negro exodus is a part of our general labor situation:

"If the Negro laborer can make more money in the North than in the South, no city or state laws will prevent his emigrating. Possibly it might be a good thing both for the North and the South in every way if the colored population could be more evenly distributed. If 2,000,000 white people from the North could be settled in the South in exchange for 2,000,000 blacks, it might be to the advantage of both sections.

"But it would be a mistake to use the Southern Negro simply as a mercenary in the labor battles of the North. It would create a prejudice against him and would introduce a race issue in struggles that are sufficiently bitter already. If there any real labor scarcity in the North, it is purely temporary.

"With the readjustment of existing controversies and the renewal of normal immigration the shortage will disappear. Labor is in a strong position just at present, but it may easily injure itself by trying to drive capital to the wall. If capital cannot import labor from the South, it may go South in quest of it, as the American Tobacco Company announces it will do in the case of its New York plant if its employes insist on recognition of the union.

"Too much prosperity seems to have rendered both employers and employes unreasonable this year. It is time that both sides recovered their senses and adjusted their differences without recourse to desperate measures. The threat of a general strike in New York on the one hand and the hostile mobilization of the Negro labor from the South on the other indicates a temper that may be fraught with disaster."

BEN TILLMAN, good old "Pitchfork" Ben, dean of propagandists, breaks into print again. This time it is in the Columbia *State*. Ben says:

"There are those who have said that the reform movement was responsible for Bleaseism. I, as the leader and organizer of that revolution, deny the charge. The reform movement had certain definite, constructive aims in view. 1. To teach the people the power of the ballot and thus free the State from an oligarchy which had ruled it for 100 years. 2. To provide means for educating the enlarged electorate. 3. To safeguard the State, as far as possible, from Negro participation in politics. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I point to the primary system of elections, to Clemson and Winthrop colleges, and to the constitution of 1895 as the fulfillment of the purposes of the reform movement. The positiveness of 1890 never could have produced the negation of 1910 and 1912.

"He who charges that Tillmanism gave legitimate birth to Bleaseism expresses his own disbelief in democracy. The reform movement made the people of the State free political agents. Will anybody dare deny that that was a good thing? 'Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed.' Tillmanism gave the ballot to the people and taught them its potency—which all Democrats must admit was right and proper; it is not responsible for the mistaken use of a rightful power. I am a Democrat, and the defeat of Blease in 1914 and 1916 renews my faith in the people. If the reform movement elected Blease, what defeated him?

"I am growing old, and before I die I would like to see the people of South Carolina forget their differences and bury factionalism. Factions are the result of misunderstandings and social injustice. Let all the people, Bleaseites and anti-Bleaseites, come together in a spirit of mutual helpfulness, clearing up the misunderstandings and working together to remedy the injustices that are but too many. The vast majority of both factions—thank God!—are honest men, and surely honest men can find common ground to stand on."

Note what Senator Ben and his ilk consider "reform."

THE Mobile (Ala.) *Register* says regarding the illiterary of Mobile:

"The greatest proportion of illiterary is in the country districts, and among the colored people. Mobile city shows but 1 per cent of white illiteracy, which gives Mobile ranking position among the cities of the state and is a fine tribute to the extent and excellence of the

public and private schools here. The illiteracy among the colored people of the city is small also, being 13.5 per cent as against the average of 18 per cent for the whole county. The white and colored illiteracy of the city, taken together, is 6.4 per cent. The white illiteracy of the city and county is 2.7 per cent, and the illiteracy of white and colored is 9.2 per cent.

"All that is very well, Mobile, but who so many illiterate colored people? You say that your public and private schools are so excellent. Is there a reason?"

THIS is the common sense view of the Negro hegira taken by a correspondent of the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph:*

"The Negro is of a black race; he is made on the same scale as a white man; he gets hungry; he wants some clothes as well as a white man does, and yet the most of the close-fisted farmers treat a nigger like a dog, and think that thirty-five or fifty cents a day is enough money for a day's work for a nigger. Why, there is many a white man who doesn't work half as hard, who says it takes a dollar a day for him to live on.

"Some white hands will get seventy-five cents per day and board, and most of them are a lazy bunch. A good nigger, if treated right and given good wages, will do good work and stay with a good farmer.

"There are some farmers who will raise a howl if a nigger should work his mule too hard, but do not think much of working a nigger to death.

"Now, after all these conditions, the niggers are getting on as well as they can or are getting worse."

THE Topeka *Journal* says:

"Lynching must be suppressed in this country, in the North as well as the South, unless the nation is to lapse eventually into a state of anarchy that will assume the proportions of the lawlessness that has been in order in Mexico now for so many, many months.

"There is only one way to bring an end to lynching, to curb it.

"It lies in the prompt and adequate punishment of lynchers."

THE New York *Call,* the valiant Socialist spokesman, says:

"There is something peculiarly interesting in the remark of Dr. Anderson, who on his return from the Arctic regions with the Canadian expedition, declared that the white Eskimos are less honest than they were when they were discovered four years ago; that 'begging and petty pilfering seem to be more common.'

"If what we call 'civilization' is really a precious heritage worth preserving, there is nothing discouraging in the report. It merely means that the white Eskimos are becoming 'civilized.' No doubt the Eskimos that are not white, are making similar progress. The more dishonest they all are, the more civilized they become.

"And that is simply because what we are pleased to call our civilization is based primarily upon dishonesty. Most of us do not know it, of course, but many do, though naturally they are too dishonest to admit it—or too civilized, for the terms in this connection are interchangeable.

"As a matter of fact, the idea goes much farther than mere dishonesty. With unconscious irony, we always allude to Eskimos, South Sea islanders and people living far away from 'civilization,' as 'savages.' They are not really savage. Compared with white people they are not savage at all, but ludicrously meek and mild and peaceful. They may and do commit murder on a small scale. But all the murders committed by 'savages' of this kind, since the Stone Age period, are probably not one-hundredth of those committed in Europe in the last two years, and not one-thousandth, perhaps, of all that have been committed in civilized Europe in the name of war.

"Travelers returning from little known portions of Africa report that the Negroes there invariably regard the features of white people as unutterably savage, fierce, cunning, cruel and vindictive, and naturally have a fear of the whites that is certainly not without basis. How deeply this belief is fixed in their primitive minds is readily perceived by the fact that their 'devil' (or devils) is always white.

"If there is any definite meaning whatever in the term 'Savage,' it is the white race that is clearly entitled to that name. 'Savage' and 'civilized' only seem to be contradictory terms because our ideas of what we call civilization are contradictory, and most of us are either too dishonest to admit it or too cowardly to investigate."

AND again the *Call* speaks of us:

"It is said that the majority of 'Negro melodies' and sentimental slave songs were written by Northerners who did not know

the actual conditions. Be that as it may, whatever of genuine sentiment there may have been in most of them is dead today.

"For instance, take the song of the dying slave who is made to say 'Carry me 'long to the burying ground, and, Massa, don't you cry.'

"Whatever of sentiment may have once existed between owners and slaves was strongly bolstered up by, if not actually founded in, the financial value of the slave. (Oh, yes, we grant those exceptions.) Chattel slaves were, financially, on a par with horses and cattle.

"But today, how is it?

"In some respects the Negro laborer of the South is the worst exploited in the world, robbed in 'company stores,' etc. In factory or field their work is seasonal, and between seasons and crops only the Negroes themselves know how they exist. Employers hire them in droves, drive them to the limit of endurance, and discharge them with a 'debt' claim at the 'store' in excess of the wages due.

"Can you imagine one of these modern masters crying at the death of one of these wage slaves?

"And, as a gentle mental stimulant, compare the case of the Southern Negro wage slave with that of the Northern whites—and your own."

THE *Times Picayune* of New Orleans in a very lengthy editorial on the Negro hegira takes a constructive view of the situation:

"Nothing has been done or even suggested in that direction beyond tendering advice to the Negroes not to abandon work to which they have become accustomed, in a country where they have been living so long, for doubtful adventures in a new land. The laws in regard to labor agents are sufficient to care for the situation, it is thought; and the farmers and other employers of labor generally see to it that the labor agents are kept within the statute.

"We are now hearing the other side of the case from the Northern employers of Southern Negro labor. They say that the Negroes invaded sections and lines of work where they have hitherto been little known; and that they are giving satisfaction. They are now supplying a large part of the labor employed by railroads in track-laying, taking the places of Italians and Slavs formerly employed at this work. They are most numerous in Pennsylvania, where the great Pennsylvania railroad has given employment to thousands of them. The chief fault found with the Negroes is that they soon become dissatisfied and thousands of them, after a few weeks' work in the North, want to wander off 'down South again.'

"To meet these conditions and to keep these workers, energetic efforts are now being taken to improve their conditions or rather to bring about conditions to which they have been accustomed. The Pennsylvania railroad is wisely keeping its Negro labor in separate camps from the whites, putting them in good order so as to make them attractive. The camps are conducted in the most sanitary manner; medical inspection and service is provided, and the entire camp is under the care and control of a competent welfare inspector employed by the company.

"In addition, there have recently been established in connection with these new Negro colonies in the North a number of industrial schools for their improvement. These are established by persons interested in the welfare of the Negroes; but they have the approval and indorsement of the railroads, the foundries and other industries employing this Negro labor.

"Organization of this kind has naturally exercised a favorable influence; and the proportion of those Negroes who become dissatisfied with the conditions they find to exist in the North and want to go South again is becoming smaller with every year. The chances are that the Negro exodus or drift is likely to increase unless some better effort is made to check such of this emigration as would be prevented by legislating against those labor agents who deceive and hold out false pretences to seduce labor; or unless the conditions of the Negroes be improved in those sections where they are dissatisfied. It is well to remember there is now a formidable competition for Negro labor in the North without thought to the political or economic results that may follow."

THE Chicago *Herald's* roseate view of the American protectorate of Hayti is somewhat like a neighbor who says it is all right for a father to plunder his son's household. How would America like to have Germany come *over* and save her the expense of keeping an army and the trouble of regulating elections?

"Secretary Lansing and Haitian Minister Menos have signed a protocol amplifying the

existing financial, economic and administrative treaty with the Negro republic in a manner which goes far to insure permanent peace to that tropic isle.

"The provisions of the present treaty are similar to those of the agreement with Santo Domingo. The custom-houses are put under American supervision, thus depriving revolutionists of an easily accessible source of funds. This device has not, however, entirely prevented attempts in Santo Domingo to settle political contests with bullets instead of ballots.

"The Haitian protocol just provides for a national constabulary under American officers —about 300 officers named by the President of the United States and about 2,100 men. With this disciplined force to keep order Haiti will no longer need an army, and so better off both in saving the expense and in closing a breeding ground of revolutions.

"Another agreement is drafting for the settlement of Haiti's foreign debt by arbitration. These arrangements may well be termed Haiti's peace insurance policies, of which Uncle Sam is underwriter. Under their efficient protection there is every prospect for Haiti's rapid advance to governmental stability and assured prosperity."

THE Nashville *Tennessean* may go amiss sometimes on the Negro, but it certainly understands its own people, judging from this editorial:

"There are only two types of men in the South who are Negro haters. One springs from a vicious and 'low-life' element in the native stock. The other is the northern man who comes South as a Negro lover and, when he begins to get some experience, goes to the other extreme. And he is more vicious than the native Negro hater.

"Such incidents as the one near Pittsburgh and the one near Detroit, though the Negro suffers by them, may help somewhat in a general realization of some important facts.

"The place for the Negro is in the South, where he is known and appreciated, and not in the North, where he is sentimentally slobbered over and systematically starved."

THE Springfield *Republican* sees an injection of the race problem into the labor situation in the United States:

"If 2,000,000 Negro wage earners should actually come North—which may be seriously doubted — profound disturbances, of course, would be caused in the world of labor. The economic effect on the South would be disastrous to a degree because the South has no other labor supply, while in the North trade unionism might react violently against the low-priced, unorganized labor going with a much-increased Negro competition. There are almost boundless social and industrial possibilities involved in a very extensive redistribution of the labor supply of the United States, in case European immigration on account of the war continues to fail the country for some years to come; but enough has been said concerning the present conditions to show why the organized labor of the North in this year 1916 is displaying unusual restlessness and even militancy. It is being played upon by forces of the most stimulating nature— first, the steadily increasing cost of living; second, the tremendous business prosperity with its great profits which labor wishes to share; third, the scarcity of labor and the exceptional opportunity that is afforded for more firmly establishing unionism and collective bargaining. Should Negro competition with labor in the North become at all formidable, unionism would probably fight all the more zealously for the control of the 'labor market.'

"While the outlook in the immediate future for quiet in the labor world is not very promising, it is well to bear in mind that underlying forces are at work which neither capital nor labor can fully control, and that this epidemic of strikes is nothing but the manifestation of organized labor's jealous care for its own interests in a period peculiarly disturbed and over-wrought by reason of world-wide economic stresses and strains. It is a time when to an exceptional degree, both employer and employed need to employ the processes of frank understanding and conciliation with the one purpose of doing justice."

Thanksgiving Charity Among Colored People

By Wm. H. Ferris

THE difference between the Ancient Pagan and the Modern Christian World resides in the fact that in the Ancient Pagan world, might made right, while in the Modern Christian World, men answer the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" in the affirmative.

A few ancient philosophers have recogized "The Golden Rule" in a vague and dim way perhaps, but it was reserved to Jesus of Nazareth to enunciate the principle in such striking language, that it swept over the entire world, became a part of the fibre and fabric of modern civilization and has penetrated the consciousness of savages in the wilds of Africa, and the jungles of Asia and the Isles of the Sea.

The highwater mark of civilization has not been reached when a nation has accumulated wealth and acquired and applied knowledge as Germany has. Much as we doff our hat to German efficiency, much as we admire England's political and commercial genius, we yet feel that there is something higher, and that is the humane spirit, which would have prevented the carnival of bloodshed in Europe.

The fact that the Negro race has accumulated a billion dollars' worth of property since its emancipation from bondage, the fact that it has not only produced successful artisans and mechanics, but also efficient and capable educators, preachers, lawyers, physicians, pharmacists, dentists, electricians and inventors, editors and business men are auguries of its ability to measure up to the strenuous demands of modern life.

But not only is the black man developing efficiency, but he is also manifesting philanthropic and benevolent tendencies, and this, to my mind, is one of the most hopeful signs of Negro progress.

The colored race in America is supporting hundreds of churches and scores of schools and colleges. In practically every city or town in the country, where there is a fair sized colored population, fraternal and benevolent societies may be found.

As I have traveled over the country, I was impressed with the large number of homes for aged people, hospitals and orphan asylums, which have been founded by colored people, are managed and partly supported by them.

The Douglas Hospital in Philadelphia, which was founded by Drs. Mossell, the Provident Hospital of Chicago, and the Home for Colored Girls, at Lincoln Heights, of Columbia, founded by Miss Nannie Burroughs and the Old Folk's Home in Philadelphia are institutions with a national reputation.

But there are also scores of similar institutions in the country, which are not so widely known, but which are doing good work. There is the Amanda Smith Home at Harvey, Ill.; the Home for Aged and Infirm Colored People in Chicago; the Harriet Fubnum Home in Auburn, N. Y., the Harriet Tubman Home in New Bedford, Mass., was founded by Miss Elizabeth Carter; the Hannah Gray Home in New Haven, Conn., and the Howard Orphanage in Long Island.

It has been my privilege to visit some of these homes. When Dr. William A. Creditt, pastor of the Cherry Street Baptist Church in Philadelphia, Pa., invited me to visit the Old Folk's Home in Philadelphia and assists in the Christmas service in 1908, I went with feelings of misgiving. I expected to see a group of forlorn and dispirited old men and women. I was pleasantly surprised to see a noted colored singer there, happy and cheerful in her old age, and to see an old lady in her nineties, who had at one time been a power in New Haven, Conn. She spoke in glowing terms of the commodious rooms, excellent food, beautiful lawn and pleasant surroundings of the place, and both Dr. Creditt and I enjoyed the Christmas dinner that was served there and the visit.

Then I remember a visit to the Old Folk's Home in Boston, Mass., which is under the supervision of prominent colored ladies and philanthropic white ladies.

I met there a colored lady in her eighties, who was prominent in the Anti-Slavery movements, who had been a factor in the church and literary life of Boston for over half a century, who was by no means a pauper and who came to live at the Home of her own accord. When I talked with her in the parlor, she spoke of the books and magazines, which were presented to the Home and was pleased with her environment.

I also enjoyed my visit to the Harriet Tubman Home in New Bedford, Mass., and the Hannah Gray Home in New Haven, Conn. At the latter, I saw the widow of a famous presiding elder of the A. M. E. Zion Church. Both of these homes have a splendid building in a respectable neighborhood.

These four homes and the Howard Orphanage in Long Island show the possibilities of such institutions, when they are properly financed and wisely managed.

This is the Thanksgiving season, when we thank the giver of every good and perfect gift for the good things of life. And among the things that we ought to be thankful for in our present civilization are the Orphan Asylums that train and develop children whose parents have passed away or who are unable to provide for them, the hospitals, which care for the sick and the Old Folk's Home, which provides a comfortable berth for those who have passed the period of productive activity. And while we gratefully accept the blessings of civilization, let us also contribute towards those blessings.

The Editor's Mail Pouch

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Upon my return to the Institute after an absence of several weeks, I found your letter and the copies of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* which you very kindly sent me. I need not tell you how much we appreciate your editorial reference to our work and the very excellent article on the inauguration which was held at Tuskegee last May.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE is neatly gotten up and its several departments are not only appropriate, but well arranged for the convenience of the reader. We like the modesty of your claims and the sincerity of your purpose as expressed in your opening editorial, and we hope your efforts are going to be rewarded with every success possible.

Yours very truly,

R. R. Moton.

Tuskegee, Ala.

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Allow me to tender you my sincere congratulations upon the splendid and creditable make-up of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE. It fills a long-felt want. I hope it is upon a permanent basis. It ought to find its way into the home of every colored family in the United States and thousands of whites as well.

The general make-up is excellent. The reading matter is both interesting and instructive, thus showing good taste and fine judgment in making the selection of reading matter. But it is the spirit, tone and temper of your editorials upon public questions, especially those of a political nature, that forcibly and favorably impressed me. You have started right and I am sure you will remain right, the result of which I hope and believe will be that *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* will continue to grow in popular favor.

Very truly yours,

JOHN R. LYNCH,

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Christmas Number

December 1916

EDITED BY
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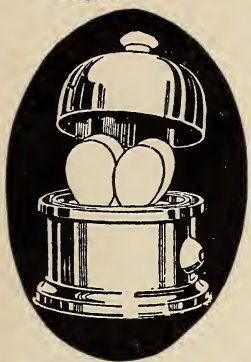
FRED'K D. ALLEN



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Edited by Fenton Johnson.

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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs relating to Negro life and current Negro events desired. When not available and accompanied by necessary postage, they will be returned. All manuscripts must be typewritten.

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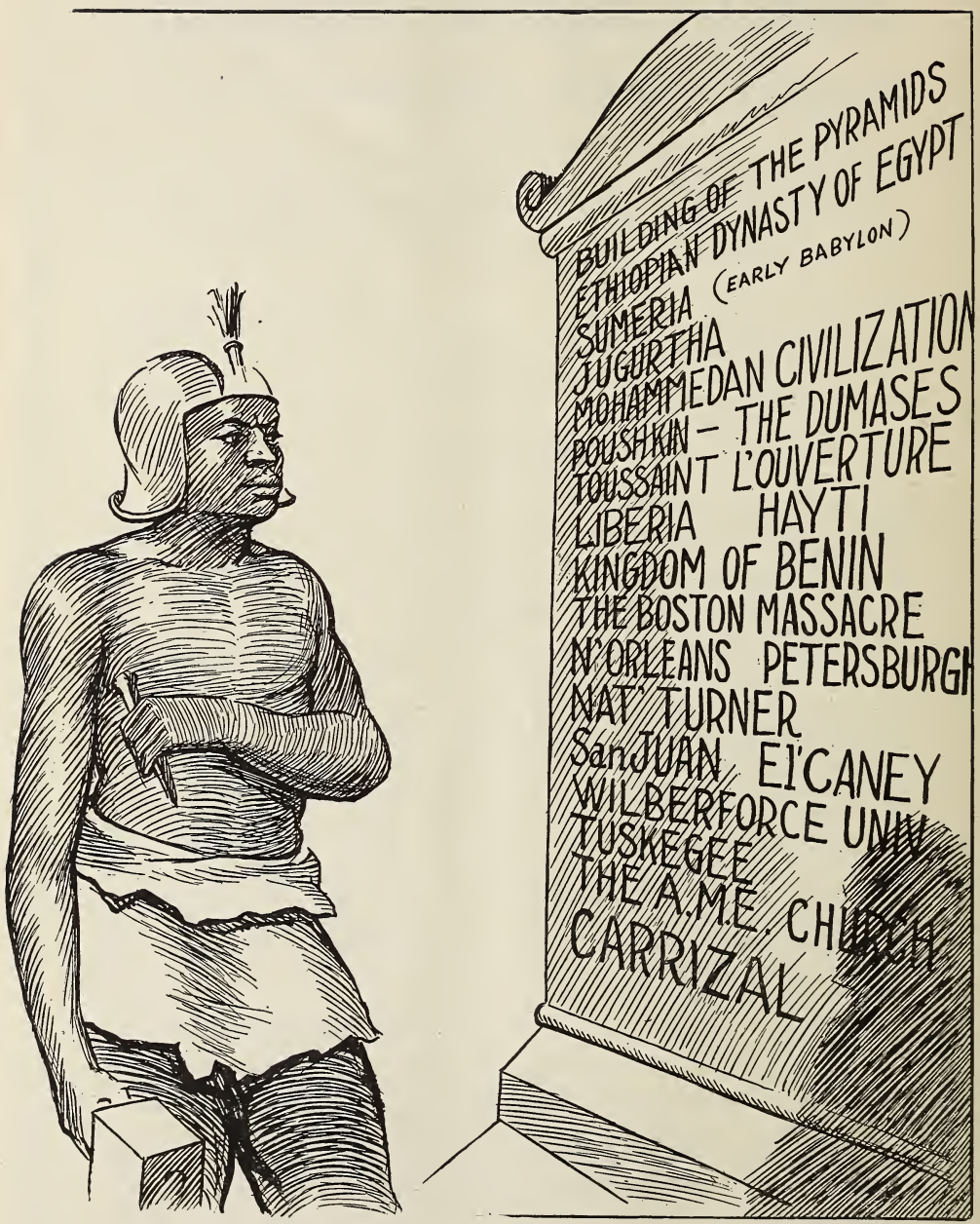


THE NEGRO: "THOSE ARE MY ACHIEVEMENTS"

Cartoon by E. C. Shefton

The Champion Magazine

Vol. No. 1 December, 1916 No. 4

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

THE Spirit of the Holidays is at hand. He comes to us wreathed in holly and mistletoe, his sceptre the fir tree, upon which hang gifts for the little ones. He is a merry spirit, drinking and eating, laughing and bidding us to forget that trouble and care ever existed.

And why should we not be gay? We are living in this twentieth century, this last decade of commercialism and greed; we are fast approaching that millennium when black man and white man, Slav and Teuton, Jew and Christian will dwell together in peace, realizing the message of the angels at Bethlehem.

In the Southland, the fiddle plays, the fireworks color the sky and men and women drink the Christmas wine and eat the Christmas cake. The black man forgets the evil results of propaganda and the white man turns his back upon the arguments of the propagandists and joins in celebrating peace and good will among men. Blood is thicker than water; the brotherhood of the races is stronger than the power of the unscrupulous agitator.

Father Christmas, you never grow old. You are that little child that shall cause the lamb and the lion to lie down together and dwell in amity. You are the Peter Pan, the Boy that Never Grows Up. You play the pipe of peace and harmony and willingly do we dance to its music as we shout in maudlin glee.

"This is Liberty! This is Fraternity!"

NEGRO BEAUTY

THERE is a tendency in many quarters to look upon what is characterized Negro as suggestive of ugliness and the ludricous. This is a mistake due to the abuse of race prejudice, for there is beauty in the Negro race, a beauty born of Nature.

The many hues, from dusk of evening to the soft white glow of twilight are to be found in no race but the mulatto people of America. Eyes large and lustrous, like those of Hellenic Juno are common among the darker people. The litheness of the animal is to be found in the physical composition of this race, a beauty that characterized the ancient Greeks and Romans.

The Southland itself, the home of American romance would lose much of its beauty if it were to be deprived of its Negro people. The harshness of our Occidental life is softened by the presence of the most beautiful men and women the Orient ever conceived. Louisiana and Mississippi, Georgia and Kentucky would not be so replete with romance if the Negro exodus should become permanent.

That is why we oppose caricatures on the Negro race. Whatever is written or whatever is drawn in illustration of Negro life should tinge with the warmth of sympathy and by sympathy we mean recognition of the existence of Negro beauty.

SUPERVISION FOR IRRESPONSIBLE SCHOOLS

THERE are many small schools established for the education of the Negro race that are merely serving the personal ambitions of certain leaders. They are not advancing the scholastic interests of the race, but ruthlessly butchering the mental opportunities of their constituency, owing to lack of proper equipment and efficient faculties.

We do not think that the ability to

preach is in itself qualification for the presidency of a school that aims to train men for all walks of life. The chief executive of a school should be a trained man in both business and the field of education. He should know as much, if not more, than those under him. His life should be an open book; there should be no skeletons in his closet. But alas! in the small school such a president is a rarity. He is usually a man who has the ability to run a small town church, to preach and pray, and whose training outside of the ministry is as thin as the ice in the lagoon during April. An ordinary Normal School graduate knows more about the training of the youth of the race than he does. Perhaps this is a harsh criticism, but it is true.

Often the small school is submerged with debts. Those who create the small schools do not, and cannot, keep up the integrity of their child. They regard their creation, somewhat as a politician regards the newspaper he has founded for his self-laudation; they say, "Let the child get along the best it can. We are reaping the glory." Debts mean an inferior faculty, inferior equipment and the lack of public confidence.

To let such conditions prevail and ruin the youth of our race is, to express it mildly, criminal negligence. We should arouse ourselves and do something to place these irresponsible institutions upon the basis of good service. We should do away with the little hymn book president and his toy school and place our trained men at the head of these institutions.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE advocates either Federal or State supervision of every small Negro school in the country. Let the government supervise, through a carefully selected board, the election of the president and the faculty, the arrangement of the curriculum and the use of the finances. Then, and not until then, will the small Negro school enjoy the confidence of the entire public.

THE BUY-A-BOOK MOVEMENT

FOLLOWING in the wake of our suggestion for a Buy-a-Book movement Editor R. R. Wright, Jr., of the Christian Recorder, has instituted such a movement in the interest of Negro publications. We hope that the race will prove itself worthy of its brilliant authors by supporting Dr. Wright's movement. It would be a calamity greater even than the election of a Wilson if Negro literature should be allowed to perish.

THE RACE IS IN DANGER

AT this writing it seems as if we are doomed to another four years of Woodrow Wilson and his type of Democracy. It is a bitter pill to swallow, for we do not know what will become of the Negro race in America under Wilson's regimé. We have had to endure so much during his first four years, and we know that, triumphant and endorsed by the propagandist element of his party, he will give us fourfold to bear. The race is in peril, the greatest peril it has been in since the Civil war.

We must be on our guard. We must do all we can to convert President Wilson to the doctrine of a square deal for all men. We must convince him, if it is possible to reason with him, that the men whose blood stained the fields of Carrizal in defence of his policies are as much entitled to the rights of American citizenship as any other man, native-born, foreigner or hyphen.

The Negro is willing to support Mr. Wilson's administration if Mr. Wilson will assure him something outside of words regarding his place and rights in the republic. If the President will become a mediator between the races instead of a rank propagandist, he will wipe out the infamy of his first administration and immortalize himself as Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt did before him. He will make the Democratic party rock-ribbed, the party of all men and all classes, and will end America's most perplexing problem.

The Champion Magazine is not interested in any party. It discusses politics only as it relates to the race. If Mr. Wilson and his associates can, and will, give the Negro a square deal, then the Champion Magazine will shout his praise from coast to coast.

If Mr. Wilson can bring about that milennium of good feeling between the races, then, and not until then, will he prove himself another Lincoln instead of a weak Buchanan, rewarded by a people too proud to fight.

We keenly regret that the American people rejected Charles Evans Hughes, for we sincerely believe that he would have made one of our greatest presidents, restoring the prestige America held during the days of McKinley and Roosevelt.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE RECENT CAMPAIGN

WE feel that many will censure Theodore Roosevelt as the cause for the apparent defeat of the Republican party. This would be wrong and entirely a sign of ingratitude, for no man has worked harder than Theodore Roosevelt to bring about the election of Mr. Hughes and the entire ticket. He has gone forth like the knights of old with his armor on, hurling invective after invective at the weak administration of the other party. He has urged all those who so faithfully follow him to restore the prestige of America by supporting the man whose triumph in the convention prevented him from leading the party in the campaign.

Contrast Col. Roosevelt's attitude with that of other losers and there is much to be said in favor of the great man at Oyster Bay. He was willing to forget and to forgive. Were the leaders who had crushed him so willing to do the same in regard to his followers? That is another story.

SOMETHING AFTER ALL

ALTHOUGH the presidential election went wrong, so far as the Negro is concerned, we have something to be thankful for, and that is that the country will have a Republican Majority in Congress. We can look to that majority to offset anything that the executive department might institute against the Negro.

And we can be thankful that New York returned Charles S. Whitman to the gubernatorial chair, and that the same honor in Illinois was conferred upon Frank O. Lowden. These men have been good friends of the Negro and we can look to them to conserve our political rights.

So after all there is a silver lining to the present dark cloud.

APPEAL FOR A CHICAGO URBAN LEAGUE

The city of Chicago, with its fifty thousand colored people, lacks one essential sign of progress. It has no active branch of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes.

We are certain that there is need for fresh air funds, rescue homes, big brother and big sister movements and other benefits derived from an Urban league. We appeal to both the citizens of Chicago and the directors of the national organization.

You know the necessity for such. Then why the delay?

THE NEGRO WOMAN

THE high priestess of achievement is the Negro woman. Upon her depend not only the institutions of her own race, but those of America itself. The bulwark of the home is the Negro woman. Many a Southern hearthside would not be what it is if it were not for the old lady called Mammy, who is as we have expressed elsewhere, the most glorious tradition of the Confederacy.

In the realm of notable achievements our women have done much that cannot be despised. The sculpture of Meta Vaux Warrick, the singing of the Black Pattis and Anita Brown and the intellectual brilliance of Mary Church Terrell are items worthy of any calendar of achievement. In the active world the iconoclastic agitation of Sojourner Truth and later of Ida B. Wells Barnett did much to arouse the country against evils perpetrated against the Negro.

Wherever there is progress there is the Negro woman. She sits at the spinning wheel of our spiritual life and weaves us the golden cloth some call art and others call social existence. Without her we would not have the church or the school or the home.

Without her the social settlement, that alleviator of all evil conditions, would not exist among our people.

In our women lies the glory of the Negro race.

NEGRO DIALECT

APROPOS of the contention in the New York public school system over the use of Negro dialect in the music text-books we have this to say:

Dialect is the most natural method for expressing human emotions. A formal language is like everything else that is formal, it is subject to variations that often become an accepted part of that language. The dialogue in a Broadway play differs from the dialogue in a Strand play, and the dialogue in a Strand play differs from that in a drama of the Elizabethan day. Yet they are written in the English language, and much therein has become, or will become, something a little above the colloquial.

The sentiment of such songs as "On De Swanee Ribber" and "Old Black Joe" would not be so beautiful if couched in the language of the Victorians. The dialect in those songs expresses the peculiar emotion of the Negro bondmen that proves to the world all men are one.

Keep Negro dialect wherever it can be found and encourage our writers to use it wherever it is appropriate.

OUR NEW OFFICES

WE suppose that you notice our change of address. In order to be nearer the heart of Chicago's colored business district we have moved our offices to 5 East Thirty-sixth place, not far from State street. We invite the friends of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE to our new offices.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND READERS

WE are very anxious that the CHAMPION MAGAZINE will represent the best efforts of the Negro in literature. We want these pages to be a reflector of Negro life everywhere and to be the most representative in every literary and artistic form. We have been greatly encouraged by the output that has come to us and all that we ask is that more be sent to us. Unknown genius, type us your story or your poem; we are anxious for the opportunity to recognize that genius. And do not be discouraged because you have received a rejection slip; try again and again until you have become one who has a message and knows how to couch that message in fitting language and form.

Is there a dearth of good fiction and verse concerning the Negro? Cannot we have something that will give us pictures of our people from either the romantic or the realistic view of life?

Now a word to our readers: Please help us to reach the twenty-five-thousand mark before the New Year. If you want to make THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE a permanent institution subscribe for it, show it to your friends and urge them to subscribe. Co-operation is the lodestone of success; please give us that lodestone. Spread our message everywhere; let the world know that there is a periodical striving to bring about the reconciliation of the races.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO HELP US

We call upon our readers to become a part of our force of contributors. We desire to make our "Ledger" more complete and feel the only way we can do so is to ask the members of the CHAMPION MAGAZINE family to send us their news as they would to their home newspaper. From that we will be enabled to give the world a composite picture of the great Negro race everywhere.

We expect to call our February issue our Chicago number. We aim to make it representative of the best the Chicago Negro can do in literature and to present to the world the achievements of the colored community in that remarkable city. Therefore, Chicago writer, send us your pet manuscript; try for a place in this Anthology of Chicago writers of African descent. The Chicago number goes to press January the second.

Our Confidential Talk

We believe that you will be pleased with our Christmas number. Our next issue will contain a series of articles on the "Negro in Business." We will publish statements from some of our prominent business men on the topic "In What Vocations Has the Negro Made the Most Progress?" The last installment of "Leone of the Guards" will also appear.

The business manager states that our circulation is piling up at an unprecedented rate which gives promise of acquiring the advanced mark of Twenty-five Thousand in January, 1917. "Bigger and Better" is still our motto.

THE LEDGER

WILLIAM PICKENS WINS PRIZE

DR. WILLIAM PICKENS, dean of Morgan College, recently won the first prize of honor which was offered the people of Washington for the best national song for the American Negro. Thirty-five songs were sent in, and the Washington committee awarded Prof. Pickens' song, "Up, Sons of Freedom," the first prize.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE takes pleasure in publishing the song:

Up, Sons of Freedom

Ye sons of freedom, up, to battle!
We go to war against the wrong;
No longer we th' oppressor's cattle,
We rise as men, ten million strong!
We rise as men, ten million strong!
Shall cowards kill and burn our mothers,
Make bastard-orphans of the young,
And then with threats bestill our tongue,
While life is in our bodies, brothers?

REFRAIN:

Up, up, ye men of bronze!
Breathe now a freeman's breath!
And claim your liberty in life
Or freedom in your death!

With wealth and power the tyrants fight us,
With laws and mobs and bolts and bars,
But, up, let not these things affright us,
We fight with God and with the stars!
We fight with God and with the stars!
Our pathway may be long and gory—
Precious is freedom, high the price,
Bought ever at a sacrifice—
But at the end we gain the glory!

With ignorance they shall not bind us,
We claim the freedom of the school;
With sophistries they shall not blind us,
We will be men and no man's tool!
We will be men and no man's tool!
We ask not pity, O oppressor,
Justice alone is our demand,
The right to use our brain and hand,
The right to be our soul's possessor!

We fight the fight of all the ages
And walk the path of all the just;
We hear the voice of all the sages:
We will be free if die we must!
We will be free if die we must!

THE NATIONAL NEGRO BUSINESS LEAGUE ADVERTISES

THE Associated Press states that the National Negro Business League, which was founded by Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee, Ala., has inaugurated a nation-wide movement to advertise Negro enterprises.

NEGROES START STRIKE ON THE PANAMA CANAL

AT LAST the Negro has developed initiative. Colored workers on the Panama canal have started a strike which is spreading. Five hundred street employes went out, completely tying up the road. And now the bakers threaten to walk out.

MOTION PICTURES FOR GOLD COAST NATIVES

THE London correspondent for the Morning Telegraph of New York City states that a commissioner of the West African government has left London for Kumasi, with a full equipment for the projection of motion pictures on a screen. The expert will take pictures of industrious natives. And the West African government believes that the motion pictures will have a civilizing effect upon the Gold Coast native and make him dissatisfied with his present mode of living.

BOND ISSUE ENDORSED BY NEW ORLEANS NEGROES

THE Colored Educational Alliance of New Orleans, La., of which Rev. H. H. Dunn is president, on October 29 endorsed a resolution offered by Mr. W. T. Cohen, which approved of the passage of the amendment to issue nine million dollars of bonds, to fund the city's indebtedness to levy a special tax for educational and other civic purposes.

DAVID MANNES ON "THE FUTURE OF NEGRO MUSIC"

MR. DAVID MANNES, a white teacher in the Music Shool Settlement of New York City on October 21 said some encouraging things about Negro music in an interview with the editor of the Evening Post.

"Ragtime," said Mr. Mannes, "is not essentially vulgar, though its text and harmonic sequence may be. The Negro himself is most sorrowful that he is thought the producer of vulgar ragtime. To my knowledge, no Negro has ever written to his music words to which anyone could take exception. Where vulgarity occurs in songs attributed to colored men, it is invariably some white man who has superimposed it. Furthermore, you must acknowledge the Negro's sense of poetry.

"To be sure, he is not now developed, but I would set no limit to his future growth. Recognizing his human qualities, who would deny him divine right? If you deny these human qualities, then, of course, you deny the divine attributes. I combat most earnestly the theory that the Negro's capacity for development is limited."

CHICAGO HOLDS WASHINGTON MEMORIAL

THE colored citizens of Chicago, under the auspices of the Young People's Lyceum, held a memorial for Booker T. Washington at Grace Presbyterian Church, Sunday, Nov. 12. The chairman was Bertha Moseley and the director of publicity was Cary B. Lewis. The memorial address was delivered by Adelbert P. Roberts, a Chicago attorney, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Washington. Telegrams from Dr. Moton, Emmett J. Scott and Mrs. Washington were read by Miss Moseley.

Many memorials were held throughout the country on that day, the anniversary of the great leader's death.

NEGRO POET IN CHICAGO ANTHOLOGY

FENTON JOHNSON, editor of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* and author of three volumes of verse, is included among the poets in "The Chicago Anthology," published by the Roadside Press, and edited by Charles G. Blanden and Minna Mathison, with an introduction by Llewellyn Jones. "The Chicago Anthology" is a volume designed to represent the best work of the Chicago poets, who are considered leaders among the bards of contemporary America. The selection representing Mr. Johnson is entitled "De Witch 'Ooman" and is taken from his latest collection, "Songs of the Soil."

CONFERENCE ON EDUCATION AT DURHAM, N. C.

DR. JAMES E. SHEPARD, president of the National Training School, Durham, has invited the presidents of universities, colleges and secondary schools to meet in a conference on Education at the above mentioned school from Tuesday, November 21 to 24.

Hon. J. Y. Joyner, state superintendent of instruction in North Carolina; Dr. W. P. Trew, president of Trinity College, Dur- Forest College, Wake Forest, N. C.; President J. B. Rendall, Lincoln University; Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, vice-president of Gammon

Theological Seminary; Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University; President W. S. Scarborough, Wilberforce University; Dr. I. Garland Penn, secretary of the Freedman's Aid Society; President Harry Andrews King, of Clark University; President Phillip M. Watters, Gammon Theological Seminary, and Prof. J. E. Spingarn, are among the noted educators who will participate in the conference.

SEGREGATION IN OKLAHOMA COURT HOUSE

THE segregation idea is now taking a new twist and turn and assuming a ludicrous phase and aspect. The press dispatch from Oklahoma City, Okla., on November 8th stated: "Jim Crow" seats may be now obtained in the city court room, according to signs placed there a few days ago.

JULIUS ROSENWALD PROMISES ANOTHER $25,000

JULIUS ROSENWALD, the Chicago philanthropist, has pledged $25,000 toward the Pittsburgh Young Men's Christian Association, on condition that it raise an additional $75,000 for the purpose of erecting a $100,000 building for the association's Negro branch.

DUNBAR HIGH SCHOOL DEDICATED

THE new Paul Lawrence Dunbar School of Baltimore, Md., was formally dedicated Friday afternoon, November 10. Acting Mayor Hubert represented Mayor Preston, who was in New Orleans. Prof. Charles T. Koch, Superintendent of Schools, Mr. James W. Chapman, president of the school board, Attorney Worter T. McGuinn, Rev. P. C. Neal and Rev. A. T. Gaines officiated in the exercises.

A handsome memorial tablet bearing the name of Paul Lawrence Dunbar will be unveiled the latter part of the month. The citizens of Baltimore are to be congratulated for perpetuating the name of the most popular poet of the Negro race.

NEGROES UNLOADING CARGO OF DEUTSCHLAND

THE Germans appreciate the Negro as a laborer. Negro stevedores unloaded the first cargo of Deutschland, the German undersea merchantman in Baltimore, Md. Recently the Deutschland made her second trip to America, landing in New London, Conn. And the captain of the submarine sent to Baltimore, Md., and brought eighty Negro stevedores to take out the cargo and store it in the warehouses of the Eastern Forwarding Company on the State Pier.

NEW BRANCH OFFICE OF URBAN LEAGUE

MISS VIVIENNE A. WARD who, for many years was an assistant in the industrial department of the Urban league of New York City, has been selected to take charge of the branch office at 202 West Sixty-third street.

The office will be operated in co-operation with the work of the Lincoln House.

The Urban League is endeavoring to raise $3,400 in order to complete the year's work without a deficit.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., BARS DIXON PHOTOPLAY

MASSACHUSETTS still rings true on the question of the rights of a struggling race. J. Thomas Harrison, editor of the Cambridge (Mass.) Advocate, sent out a press dispatch, stating that a delegation of colored citizens led by Mr. F. S. Horten appeared before Mayor Rockwood at the city hall and protested against "The Birth of a Nation" being played in one of the Cambridge theaters. And the patriotic mayor refused to let the promoters stage the play in Cambridge.

LINCOLN LEAGUE SUCCESSFUL

THE American Negro came into his own again in politics in Memphis and West Tennessee on Tuesday, November 7.

The special to the press from Memphis, Tenn., November 10, states that the Lincoln Republican League, R. R. Church, Jr., founder and president, not only annihilated the "lily white" Republicans in an open contest at the ballot box, but also shattered the local option combination composed of white Republicans, Democrats and "Know Nothings."

The Lincoln League, now 5,000 strong and still growing, has colored men into one of the most unique and one of the largest political organizations that ever lined up behind a colored leader.

From Wayman Wilkerson, candidate for Congress, straight down the line the Lincoln league ticket polled a vote larger than the so-called Republican organization. With

no protection at the polls and local combinations against them, the candidates came through with an approximate vote of 2,700, as counted by election judges. The league's vote at the polls now establishes it as the regular Republican party organization in that section of the state.

EPISCOPALIANS SETTLE NEGRO QUESTION

THE Episcopalians who, for a number of years, have been trying to untie the Gordian knot of a racial episcopate have at last decided to cut the Gordian knot. The increasing number of Negro communicants in southern dioceses and their request for a bishop of their own race offered a perplexing problem.

The session which recently adjourned in St. Louis, Mo., favored the consecration off a suffragan Negro bishop, to minister to Negroes and Negroes alone.

COLORED CLERGYMEN OF WASHINGTON, D. C., PROTEST AGAINST LIQUOR LICENSES IN COLORED SECTIONS

REALIZING that the planting of saloons in Negro sections is largely responsible for crime and immorality, which the critics of the race are constantly harping upon, a delegation of colored clergymen of the national capitol requested the excise board to refuse liquor licenses to establishments located in Negro sections. They protested against applications for wholesale places conducted in conjunction with grocery stores.

Among the clergymen who spoke were Rev. I. H. Randolph, Rev. W. W. Clair, Rev. F. J. A. Bennet, Rev. W. J. Howard, Rev. James T. Linn, Rev. W. H. Jeruagin and Dr. C. W. Childs of the board of education.

This is a step in the right direction. The increase in the morality of a people is in inverse ratio to the decrease of saloons is a mathematical proposition that is worth reflecting about.

NEGRO POPULATION INCREASING

THE United States census for 1910 estimated the Negro population in the United States as 10,000,000. But the New York Tribune on Oct. 29 stated, "The Negro population of the United States is approximately 12,000,000, the larger part (probably 10,000,000) being in the southern states."

COLORED LABORERS IN PITTSBURGH MILLS

THE Pittsburgh Dispatch to the Evening Mail of New York City stated that three hundred Negroes arrived in Pittsburgh by special train from Virginia, for the purpose of working in the mills in and around Pittsburgh. Several thousand colored laborers have been brought from the south into Pittsburgh during the past month or two.

RHODE ISLAND COLORED WOMEN'S CLUB HOLDS ANNUAL SESSION

THE Rhode Island Union of Colored Women's Clubs held its 13th annual conference at the Congdon Street Baptist church. The sessions were interesting and indicated progress along many lines of service. The Mary E. Dickerson Mothers' Club is working to purchase a "Home for Aged Colored Men." The Good Cheer Branch of the Sunshine Society has done much philanthropic work along the lines of that organization, and there were reports from many other clubs. Mrs. Rose Bradic gave a very comprehensive report of the activities of the Northeastern Federation of Colored Women's Clubs. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Henrietta Armstrong; vice-presidents, Mrs. Leon Jackson, Newport; Mrs. Jessie Robinson and Mrs. Lillian Williams, Pawtucket; secretary, Mrs. Inimtha Brown; treasurer, Mrs. Josephine Long; organizer, Mrs. Bertha G. Higgins; Juvenile department, Mrs. Florence W. Lopeze.

NEGRO SLAVES HOLD REUNION

ON October 22 some of the former Negro slaves began their two weeks' national session at the capitol. Some of the former bondsmen are more than 100 years old. The issuance of the Emancipation Proclamation and the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment will figure prominently in the celebration.

COLORED POET WINS EDITORIAL CONTEST

JAMES W. JOHNSON, the poet, in a prize editorial contest held by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, won third place. The subject was "Why Should Hughes Be Elected?" This is the first time such an honor has been accorded a member of the Negro race. Mr. Johnson is contributing editor of one of the New York weeklies.

COLUMBIA, S. C., STATE FAIR A SUCCESS

ON Oct. 30th, the Negro State Fair opened at the State fair grounds, Columbia, S. C. There were many farm displays. Agricultural Preparedness against the boll weevil was one of the topics, discussed through the medium of exhibits by the State College for Negroes and the farm demonstration service.

Dr. John H. Goodwin of Columbia is president of the association, F. A. Williams of Newberry is treasurer and Benjamin F. Hubert, director of agriculture at the A. & M. College at Orangeburg, is treasurer. Rev. Richard Carroll of Columbia, the founder of the asociation, delivered the principal address.

NEW NEGRO TOWN IN NORTH CAROLINA

DR. JOHN PATRICK TURNER, one of the prominent colored physicians of Philadelphia, is planning the development of a Negro town in the mountains of North Carolina. He contemplates erecting a university, which will embrace an industrial school, a college and a center for the development of Negro music.

TRAINING NEGRO LAYMEN

ONE of the recent movements, which is attracting attention, is the laymen's missionary movement for Negroes in the south. The first convention was held the latter part of September in Birmingham, Alabama. The second was held in Atlanta, Georgia, the first of November. Rev. Dr. D. Clay Tilly, the district secretary, was in charge. He was assisted by a number of colored and white speakers. These laymen's conventions are designed to equip leaders among the Negroes themselves.

WINSTON-SALEM SCHOOL ASKS NATIONAL AID

THE State of North Carolina has erected a new fifteen-thousand-dollar dormitory for the girls of the Slater Industrial and State Normal School of Winston-Salem, N. C., and has offered in addition $12,000 to the school, provided the trustees raise the same amount.

Mr. William A. Blair, vice-president of the People's National Bank of Winston-Salem, who is treasurer of the school, spoke in high terms of its work. He said: "The educating and uplifting of the colored people is not a local matter, but a national one. It is positively the only solution of the race problem. The influence of this school has ended all race friction here. The institution is not an experiment, but a splendid reality. The lands, buildings, appliances, etc., are valued at more than $70,000. The General Educational Board, the Phelps Stokes Fund and the State Legislature contribute to the school. If we succeed in meeting the offer of the State, we can increase the plant greatly, as the colored people will do much of the manual labor without pay."

COLORED WOMEN IN SESSION

THE twenty-fifth annual session of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Pennsylvania Baptist State convention met in the Union Baptist Church of Philadelphia on Oct. 20th. Mrs. A. E. West of Pittsburgh, Pa., the president, in her annual address laid special stress upon the need of colored women taking more interest in public affairs. She urged a crusade against the liquor traffic and vice segregation.

THE WELCOME HOME OF THE EIGHTH ILLINOIS NATIONAL GUARD

THE Eighth Regiment of the Illinois National Guard was welcomed home Saturday morning, October 28th, with a joy and gladness that more than made up for the hardships encountered during the stay in Mexico.

A few relatives assembled at the Illinois Central depot on Saturday to witness the return of the popular Eighth Regiment. They marched proudly through the loop up Michigan boulevard to Jackson boulevard, cheered by thousands. At Jackson they waited for the reception committee, composed of Mayor Thompson, Judge Thomas Scully, representing Governor Dunne, Alderman Oscar DePriest and others.

The monotony of the waiting was relieved by the cheers of the crowds and by the Eighth Regiment Band, striking up "From San Antonio to Austin, Texas." After a few minutes' wait, the reception committee arrived on the scene and with the Eighth Regiment Band and the Knights of Pythias

Band playing "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here" and "Home Sweet Home," the soldiers marched to the armory on Forest avenue.

When the parade turned into Thirty-fifth street, toward the armory, pandemonium reigned. The applause and glad cries of welcome almost drowned the music. Mayor Thompson was cheered with the same tumultuous enthusiasm. The brave, mentally alert, and broad-shouldered mayor stood calmly in his automobile, now with head erect, now bowing to the right and left, conscious that he was in a section of the city where he was recognized for what he really is, a brilliant, fearless and honest mayor, a man who is mayor of all of the people.

Col. Dennison looked the hero that he is. The colored boys, some of them weather-beaten, showing the effect of trial and hardships, marched proudly, their faces showed the dogged determination of seasoned veterans.

The people then surged into the armory to hear the speakers. Finally the speaking was over and the crowds surged out into the streets again. Now the scenes of joy, gladness and rejoicing could be witnessed. Fathers and mothers embraced their sons, wives, their husbands, girls, their sweethearts and the little children climbed up into their father's arms. How proudly the young soldiers conducted themselves up the streets of Chicago once more! How eagerly the waitresses rushed to serve them in the restaurants! Why this tumultuous acclaim, why this glad rejoicing? It was because the colored boys had answered the call of the president, had enrolled under the Stars and Stripes, had defended the border of Texas. While they had not faced Mexican bullets, they had stood up under a blazing Mexican sun in the heat of summer, risked Mexican fevers and manfully faced the hardships of camp life in a strange country, far away from family and friends, and they stood ready if necessity called, to fight and die, as did the brave black heroes of Carrizal.

An Appeal from Liberia

AN APPEAL has come to this country from those in Liberia interested in charity, pleading in behalf of an institution that is apparently doing a large amount of good for the people of West Africa. The appeal is as follows:

"This is to certify to all to whom this shall come that Mrs. Maria H. Williams of the City of Monrovia in the Republic of Liberia, West Coast of Africa, has, for over twenty-five years, been engaged in the service of the Master as self-appointed and independent worker in the interest of the poor and homeless of our community, as well as of all from elsewhere who have found themselves destitute and in need of a friend and a home. Through her labors and initiative, she has, with the assistance of friends, been the instrument in God's hand in building a house for the housing of the homeless poor of our community. This home she named Charity Hall, and in it the poor have for more than twenty-five years found a home as well as been provided with such food and raiment as the limited means she could command would allow. This service and labor of love on her part has met with the approval of our government and people, who have rendered her such financial assistance as they were able. Our government before the great war made her appropriations, and our people contributed to this noble cause, but the severe restrictions placed upon the commerce of our country has reduced its source of revenue to such an extent, and made money so scarce that the appropriation from the former cannot be met, while the people have not the means to help; hence, this good cause is suffering greatly.

"Charity Hall, where the poor and homeless were cared for, has, in the course of its operations, given shelter to more than one hundred inmates; among this number have been sixty-nine immigrants from the United

States of America. It has given shelter to persons from other parts of the country. Indeed, so great was the service which Charity Hall rendered to the well, poor and homeless, that the poor sick sought refuge thither, and it was soon decided by Sister Williams that another building was necessary where the poor sick could be cared for, and her energies were then directed to provide a house to be used as a sort of a hospital. Of course this building was small, being only 32x15, and while it was not a real hospital, provided with the appliances necessary to entitle it to the name of a hospital, still it enabled the proprietress to provide a separate place for the sick, and to these she also rendered such help as she was able.

"The funds at Sister William's command were at no time sufficient to enable her to erect a substantial building, and at the same time provide for the needs of these dependents; hence she was never able to build other than frame buildings, and as these deteriorate very fast in this climate where the heavy rains are so destructive, she has always had to repair, until finally, both buildings had to be taken down. She is now rebuilding the hospital. The building, 32x15, is up, but means for its completion are, for the reasons already stated, impossible to obtain, while, on the other hand, the war conditions have increased the number of those seeking shelter and aid; hence, this general appeal, made by her to any and all who may be moved to "consider the poor," remembering that "he that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will He pay him again," is endorsed by us whose names as hereto affixed, to the effect that we bear witness to the great work Sister Williams has done, as well as to testify that whatever is given her for this cause will be by her used for the benefit of those for whom it is intended."

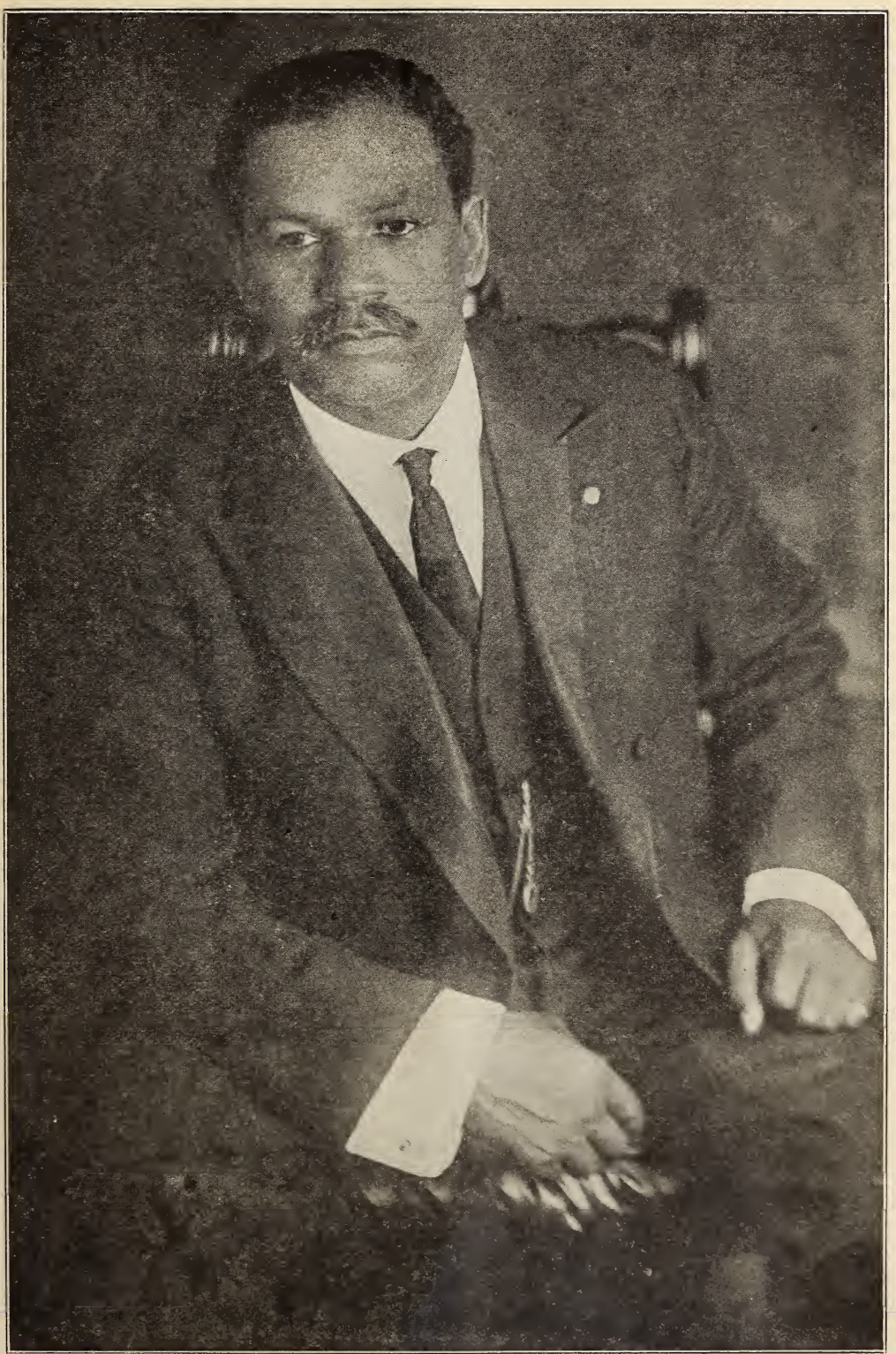
Black Troops Marching For France

Photo by Paul Thompson.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

Wounded White Trooper in the Great War Aided by Black Trooper

Photo by Paul Thompson.



DR. ELAM WHITE

Recently Elected President of Walden University

The Return of the Eighth Illinois National Guard

Chicago's Welcome to the Eighth Illinois National Guard

THE OBSERVER

THE Critic came into the Observer's study on Thanksgiving morning and found him calmly sitting before the fireplace, in which the logs cracked merrily and cheerfully.

"My!" exclaimed the Critic. "How cosy and warm it is in here! But what are you doing, sitting there meditating? Why so sad and pensive? This is Thanksgiving Day. You ought to go out to see the football game or take a ride in a car and enjoy this bracing November air."

"Oh," replied the Observer, in a casual manner, "I was merely gathering my thoughts together for my Christmas article upon 'Can Civilization Be Perpetuated Without Reconciliation?'"

"Can civilization be perpetuated without reconciliation?" gasped the Critic. "What do you mean?"

"We will be soon entering upon the Christmas holidays," replied the Observer. "We will be setting up Christmas trees, lighting them with candles and loading them with presents. We will tell the children about Santa Claus. We will invite friends to our Christmas dinners and receptions. And, if there is snow upon the ground, you will hear the ringing of sleigh bells. The festivities and gaieties surrounding Christmas have put into the background the story of how the Three Wise Men saw the Star in the East and followed it until it led them to the manger in Bethlehem where the Christ child lay. And the story of how the Hosts of the Angels sang in the Heavens, while shepherds kept their flocks by night, does not appeal to us as it did to our mothers and fathers. I am endeavoring to show in my article that the spirit of Reconciliation which Jesus of Nazareth brought into the world is needed to save modern civilization from going to pieces on the rocks and shoals of selfishness."

"I see what you are driving at now," said the Critic. "You mean the Sunday School teachings of how the angels, telling the good news of glad, glad tidings and great joy and of a child being born in Bethlehem of Judea, who was to bring Peace on Earth and Good Will among men. That's a pleasant story to tell to Sunday School children. But we have outgrown that now. We are now living in the age of scientific achievements and the piling up of colossal fortunes. We are now living in the age of the Almighty Dollar. Money is the thermometer that now registers a man's or a nation's success. You are fifty years behind the times, my good friend."

"Yes, that is all true," said the Observer. "But just look at the present state of world affairs. Haiti was so counseled with civil wars that the United States was forced to assume a protectorate over it. Mexico is so torn with internal strife and there is so much chaos and killing going on down there that we are forced to protect our border. In Paducah, Ky., two colored men were recently lynched, one for being charged with committing a crime, and the other for talking too much. Last September, a strike which involved 400,000 railroad men and which threatened to paralyze industry and business was narrowly averted. And in Europe what do we see? Europe has been practically divided into two armed camps, tearing and rending each other like wild beasts in their slime. Nearly all of the European nations have been drawn into the maelstrom of war and are ranging behind either England or Germany. During the past two years there has been fighting in the western part of Europe, fighting in Asia and fighting in Africa. Naval battles have been fought in the Mediterranean and near the Baltic Seas. Submarines have been in wait like serpents in the grass to prey upon merchant ships, near the coasts of Ireland and England, and off of the Isle

of Nantucket. What is the cause of this strife and confusion which permeates nearly the entire world? It is because men have not seriously considered the question, 'Am I My Brother's Keeper?' Modern civilization has temporarily administered an opiate and a narcotic to the spirit of Christ."

"Your argument is unanswerable," replies the Critic. "But, what are you going to reconcile and whom are you going to reconcile?"

"Now, we are coming to the crux of the matter," replied the Observer. "The spirit of Peace on Earth and Good Will Among Men which Christmas commemorates will reconcile men with each other. It will reconcile the Allies and the Central Powers of Europe. It will reconcile Labor and Capital. It will reconcile the white and the black man in the South. When the Lamb and the Lion lie down together and a little child leads them, then you have Reconciliation. To reconcile means to bring together.

"Civilization cannot be perpetuated unless men are reconciled, unless men are brought together. This present state of affairs of men living like Ishmaelites, every man's hand against each other and nations clutching each other by the throat, could not go on without plunging the world into barbarism. Again, if the spirit which Christmas commemorates reigned supreme upon the earth, there would be no need of spending millions of dollars yearly and taxing the poor people to support and maintain large armies and navies. In order to perpetuate civilization, we must bring men together and reconcile them with each other. That is the meaning of the Noble Peace Prize and of The Hague Tribunal."

WHITER THAN SNOW

By Margaret Brewster

I met an angel at the Gate of Sleep,
And asked of him in whispering wonder deep,
"Whose souls are these, so luminous and white,
That haunt the recesses of the dusky night?"

The angel smiled, and, in exultant voice,
Cried, "These are they in whom the Saints rejoice,
See how bright Valor hath arrayed them all,
These are the men who died at Carrizal."

On the Bayou Bridge

By Alice M. Dunbar Nelson

THE BAYOU ST. JOHN winds its languid way to the lake. In its dark bosom many secrets lie buried. It is like some beautiful serpent, languorous, sinister. It ripples in the sunshine, sparkles in the moonlight, glooms in the dusk, broods in the dark. But unceasingly it thinks, and below its brightest sparkle you feel the presence of an uncomprehended soul. Not once does it betray the secrets it knows. Looking upon it for the first time, you shudder because of the unknown beneath the sombre waters.

A man and a woman walked by its silent stream in the gathering dusk of a Sunday evening. Hand in hand, they pressed the brown earth with lingering steps, their eyes fixed on the distant sky whence long red streaks glanced over the stream, striking the farewell note of a semi-tropical sunset.

The man and the woman had left behind them Esplanade street with its crowd of gay Sunday idlers and struck out on the road leading to the Spanish Fort. They had passed the retreat of the gray-coated veterans, and the houses grew scattered. Reeds swaying in the wind and showing glistening spots between told that the marsh land was stretching its hands towards them. The two walked silently, their eyes fixed on the distant sky.

The man spoke first. "Do you think we are wise to go any farther? You will be fatigued, and we can reach no cars to take us home."

She clasped her hands on his arm and implored him piteously.

"Just a little while more; it is for the last time."

He shrugged his shoulders, and slowed his pace imperceptibly. Her hand stole around his neck.

"Is it for the last time? You do not say no? Tell me?"

Again he shrugged his shoulders.

"Answer me!" Her tones challenged. He looked down at her with indifference.

"It may be. Can I tell?"

They paused, and faced the stream; the long red streaks in the water faded and deepened, like streams of blood on the surface.

"Can you tell? Of course. Do you not know what is in your mind? Do you not know whether you will give me up or her. You said to me! that this would be our last time before you go away tomorrow. Go? Where? You have not said, but I know, I know. You are false to me, as false as the thin false reeds."

He plunged his hands into his pockets, withdrawing them as he did so rather roughly from her grasp.

"Listen to reason, Natalie."

"Reason? When was a woman who loves reasonable? You love me and I love you. You are mine, mine, don't you know that you are? There is nothing else to say, is there? But you wish to leave now and to go to someone else. And why? Because you are afraid."

She threw unutterable scorn into the last words, and watched to see the effect upon him. But he shook his shoulders indifferently, as one who hears an old argument which he feels it futile to answer. They had turned unconsciously, and were slowly stepping back into the cold gray of the east. Silence a moment, and then he spoke slowly.

"I am not afraid, Natalie, to stay here, or to marry you. It is not fear that makes me go, makes me give you up; it's duty, that's all."

"Duty!" she sneered. "Ah, well, when duty comes in, Pouf!—with love. How can you coldly talk of duty when your heart cries love? It will break my heart, Edward, don't go—oh! don't go——" She threw her arms about him passionately, and strained close to him with mad caresses. "It will kill

me; I must love you and have your love."

He stroked her hair with gentle coldness, and put her arms away from his neck. His quiet self-control awakened a fury in her.

"What right have you to go away from here and leave me now? Am I not yours? Are you not mine? Are you not bound to me by ties which you must not, cannot, break? Ah, Edward, no one will understand you as I do. No one can; it is impossible. You will never be loved again as I have loved you. She cannot. I can be all to you that she can be and more; oh! much more. You will laugh when you think sometimes that you almost lost me—you will love me so, even if you do not already—" The fury of this soul-baring died into the love-coo of the French woman as she nestled close to him.

He put his arm about her shoulder and stroked it gently. But he quickened his steps into the eastern gray.

"It is impossible," he breathed softly.

Her lithe figure drooped for an instant; then it stiffened into a rigidity that meant purpose or despair. He was relieved, and sighed as if a tension had been lifted.

They had reached the bridge at the end of Esplanade street. The street lamps were not yet lighted, and darkness hovered in the east, threatening the Bayou.

"Shall we wait here for a car?" he asked in a commonplace tone, and she assented briefly.

He leaned against the open railing of the bridge and gazed into the brooding waters below. On the distant banks a hoarse cry like that of a waiting death croaked from the reedy home of an alligator.

She began to speak, slowly at first, then choking with rapid utterance.

"Listen to me. You came here to this city two or three months ago; no matter when, I have forgotten; it is an eternity of love, a moment of happiness. When I first saw you in the dreary boarding house, sick, pitiful and forlorn, I nursed you and cared for you, even though the little world about us misjudged me, and laughed at my pains. But I loved you as soon as I saw you, and the more forlorn and ill you were, the more my heart ached for you. By the time you were well and strong and able to do your mission here, my heart was enwrapped about you, a part of my life is forever in yours. You see, I had no one to love in the world, except the little sister I told you about; and it has been a long while since I have seen her. I have worked and denied myself that she might study and reach the goal which she has set. But when you came into my life and smiled at me, it was like wine through my starved veins. I almost forgot my little sister, she whom I had loved better than God almost. I would give my heart's blood for her, but you made her almost shadowy to me. Then that night came when you put your arms about me and kissed me, and I knew heaven from that hour. Since then, I have prayed to you instead of to God; since then I follow you with my soul night and day; since then I have no life but what comes from you. Oh!—"

She pressed close to him, clinging, appealing. He pushed his form backward, close to the railing, breathing heavily.

"And now you will give me up, leave this place without me, and go to this nameless woman and forget me. But you will miss me; no one can love you as I love you. You are mine, do you understand?"

An open car dashed past them on the bridge; a furious whirl of brilliant lights, gay dresses; a rushing mingle of chatter and song and clanging gong. They had forgotten to signal it, and he was disagreeably conscious that there would not be another for a half hour.

"Edward, Edward! Say you love me?"

She shook him gently, both hands on his shoulders.

"No—I—do not love you."

He spoke slowly through set teeth as if with a grim purpose.

"Ah—" a wild animal feeling pain for the first time cries as she did then.

"I have never loved you."

She covered her face with her hands and he could feel her shudder in the settling gloom.

"You were kind to me when I was ill and weak, and I respected you, and admired you and am grateful to you, but I have never loved you."

"But you kissed me—you told me so that night—"

"No, Natalie, my dear, you are mistaken." He took her hands in his own; they trembled piteously, cold in his firm grasp. "That night in the moonlight I leaned toward you accidentally, and you threw your arms about my neck and kissed me, telling me of your love."

"Oh!" she wrenched her hands from his, and choked in rage. "Do—you tell—me that!"

"Natalie, Natalie, think, think, remember. I have not said once, 'Natalie, I love you,' or 'Natalie, marry me.' I have been true to that other woman, whom I know little of, who is almost a dream in my life, but who has all my love; she who shall be nameless between us."

"You made me believe—"

"If you will have it so, say that I flirted with you; but I have not lied to you nor been untrue to that other."

"It is as bad as if you had lied to me," she flamed; "it is worse. You ruin my life, you scar and wither my soul, yet you save your own poor honor." She laughed shortly.

"I have not betrayed her nor you; you have led yourself into a delusion, Natalie."

"You shall never go back to her." The tense quietness of the words startled him an instant, then he laughed easily.

"Let us not be melodramatic, Natalie," he said lightly.

For answer, she flung her lithe body at him with the concentrated force and passion of a springing wild-cat. Her long fingers wound themselves around his neck like steel cords. He gasped and was silent.

In the struggle between them the thin crust of civilization was torn off with a wrench of the hand. Life became elemental, primordial. Man fought for life, and life alone; woman fought for that which she claimed in a passion of maternity. When he saw that the struggle tended towards his death, he would have forced her into the stream, and thus saved himself; but the long steel fingers clasped around his throat had weakened his power and purpose.

There was a rushing darkness of form stumbling, being forced through the bars of the wide railing, a gurgle, a sullen splash, a whisper. The waters of the Bayou parted an instant, the ripple of an ever-widening circle swayed the reeds once on the opposite shore, then the sombre water flowed languidly, silently on to the lake.

She looked down upon it. "Ah!" her voice breathed triumphantly. A sudden impulse of fear sped her blindly up the sombre deserted street. Her long black hair, loosened in the struggle, streamed behind her. When a lock escaped down her forehead, and lay across her cheek, she shuddered as at an arresting hand.

At the end of the deserted street there was a circle of light, where stood a chattering Sunday crowd. The sight restored her to her senses, and she paused in the darkness to bind up her hair and smooth her dress.

"He is mine, she whispered triumphantly. "Let her wait for him."

Then she walked swiftly, proudly, out into the circle of light. The car was coming; the one which they would have taken together. It crossed the bridge and whizzed towards her. She turned and faced the chattering merry-makers. They were friends, who welcomed her with shouts of delight. "Natalie, where have you been?" they cried, but she was silent.

One girl with brilliant restless eyes leaned forward and queried:

"So your friend, Edward, has gone, has he? He left yesterday, so I hear."

She nodded assent, still silent. The crowd laughed shrilly, gleefully. "She doesn't know, she doesn't know. We do! We have found out!"

She grew cold with a grisly fear, and strained to listen to the girl with the brilliant, restless eyes.

"Did he ever tell you the name of his fianceé?" She shook her head, and the cold fear was shot athwart with anger that so many should have known there was a fianceé.

"It isn't the same as yours, for, of course, she is only your step-sister."

"My little sister?" Her voice was hoarse, like the cry of the alligator with death in its tones.

And the crowd chattered, "Yes, yes, yes, he didn't know, and you didn't know, but here is his friend, who has just come, and he has told us all."

The Bayou St. John winds its languid way to the lake. In its dark bosom many secrets lie buried.

Under the Leadership of James Reese Europe

By Scrip

"Scrip," said the dramatic editor of one of the New York weeklies. "You have written much concerning the theatricals of our race, but so far as I can remember you have not said anything about the orchestra. I suggest that you make that the feature of your next magazine article."

So here we are at the desk in our little room in a Harlem apartment, trying to review the work of the colored theatrical orchestra during recent years. By theatrical orchestra we mean those who sit out in front, play everything from Wagner to Irving Berlin and try to look pleasant after hearing the same jokes many thousand times.

Having just seen James Reese Europe walking up Seventh avenue in company with one or two newspaper men and a prominent musician, our mind naturally diverts to him. For James Reese Europe is the leader of all the Colored professional musicians. He is that composite of artist and business man that so easily forges to the front and brings with him his less fortunate brethren.

The Vernon Castle vogue is directly responsible for Mr. Europe's success. Vernon Castle, master of ballroom dancing, conceived the idea of staging his dances to the strains of Negro music. Recognizing Mr. Europe's musical talent, he secured him to organize such an orchestra as would exalt the Negro musician over that imported from Hungary. We have said that Europe was a business man. Good business men are good organizers. Soon Europe's Society Orchestra was creating a furore along the Great White Way. Broadway had discovered the black musician and would have no other.

But for Europe there would have been no Clef Club. And when that famous organization failed to satisfy the great leader's idea of raising the standard of the professional musician he organized the Tempo Club and helped to finance it. The Tempo Club is the social center of the colored professional musician. There one can play billiards, read books and magazines of interest to the profession and engage in other wholesome recreations.

Once or twice a year the Tempo Club gives a vaudeville and dance at

James Reese Europe and the Tempo Club

one of the Harlem casinoes. The Castles attend and present exhibitions of their dancing. The Europe aggregation, with their leader as conductor, render programs replete with the music of the day or the Negro compositions of all time. No musical organization in the New York of today surpasses the Tempo Club.

Do you know that the Lafayette Theater orchestra, conducted by Marie Lucas, daughter of the late comedian, is an outgrowth of one of Mr. Europe's ideas? Originally the young ladies in Miss Lucas' organization appeared as Europe's Female Orchestra, a vaudeville act. Miss Lucas is a capable conductor and has fixed herself more permanently in the hearts of the Harlem folk than any of her predecessors for a long, long time. We know that during the reign of terror at that house, when suggestive vaudeville was the chief diet on the bill of fare, we preferred Miss Lucas' overtures to what followed.

Europe, master of musicians! Marie Lucas, unique because she is conductor of a female orchestra! Then how shall we classify Dave Peyton's orchestra at the Grand Theatre in Chicago?

When this organization takes its place in the pit and strikes up a medley or plays a ragtime tune you can hear those in the gallery patting their feet and those in the boxes and on the main floor humming low in appreciation of the Peyton music. Dave himself is a pianist, and what he does not know about the piano is not to be written. He is a composer and an arranger of music. Each week his orchestra plays with remarkable effect one of his overtures.

Mr. Peyton was originally a pianist in the orchestra Wilbur Sweatman, the clarinetist, had at the Little Grand. When the New Grand was opened Duke Brennan, the manager, appointed Peyton conductor. His power is now greater than that of any other Chicago musician.

We suppose that you have heard of Billie Burke's farewell? The prolific writer of melodramas has packed up his manuscripts and left the wilds of the Lincoln Theatre for parts unknown. He is succeeded by Jack Dempsey.

Mr. Burke was, as we have intimated before, a great organizer. His only achievement, but that was a masterly accomplishment, was the launching of the Lincoln Stock Company. From that the dramatic vogue, now queen in the East, leapt into existence. His passing is to be regretted.

His successor is a man whom we feel will manage the Lincoln somewhat as Eugene Elmore would have managed it. Dempsey may not write "drammer"; he may not play the philanthropist, but he will go on in his prosaic way, striving to make the Lincoln influential among colored theatres.

THE COMING OF THE NIGHT

By Will Herbert Hendrickson

One far, pale star, skirmisher of night,
Creeps out upon the trail of parting day,
And watches till the last red streak of light
Turns magically into silver gray.

A cryptic summoning, straightway
Less daring skirmishers appear, and soon
There comes to take the vacant throne of day,
That pale, worn monarch of the night, the moon.

Dorothy H. Green, Colored Philanthropist

By Annelu Burns

EVEN an embryo special feature writer for one of the larger newspapers has the good fortune to discover many unusual and out-of-the-way spots and enterprises. But along educational lines one rarely meets with a more interesting experience than was accorded by a recent visit to the Mrs. W. D. Smith Neighborhood House in Birmingham.

Kindergartens for the white children of the South, whether they embrace the teachings of the Contessa di Montessori or merely the less methodical disciplinings of some private home instructor, are of course widely known and generously patronized. But to find a real, live, up-to-date kindergarten for the colored children is a mere novelty indeed.

The Mrs. W. D. Smith Neighborhood House, located on Avenue C, between 23rd and 24th Streets, is with the possible exception of the Negro neighborhood house in Louisville the only school of its kind in the Southern States. And Dorothy H. Green, its organizer and teacher, is a most worthy example of the highest type of the Negro race. Purposeful, intelligent and respectfully grateful, she works in harmony with a board of white patronesses headed by Mrs. W. D. Smith, for whom the kindergarten has just been christened.

Dorothy Green's Kindergarten

The accompanying photograph was taken while the children were enjoying out-of-door exercises, for few of Birmingham's winter days are severe enough to forbid an occasional breath of the open air. Besides, Dorothy is a

great advocate of fresh air and cleanliness as attributes of godliness.

She says: "I first saw the light in South Alabama, at Forest Home, near Greenville, thirty-five years ago. I was reared on my father's farm and went to such schools as were in the neighborhood until I was able to enter the higher schools, whereupon I went to Tuskegee Institute for one year. My father then sent me to Selma University, Selma, Ala., where I was graduated.

"After completing their required course of study, I was given charge of the primary school connected with the university. Although most of my teaching had been along graded lines, I liked far better the labor among the little children. The smaller the child, the more I felt the appeal of the work.

"One day I read an article by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell of Washington, D. C., on 'The Kindergarten and the Child,' the burden of which was a plea for the colored women of the South to study and prepare to take up primary work among the children of their race. Becoming still more interested in the subject, I read everything I could find on kindergarten questions.

"I wanted to know all about it both from the viewpoint of the instructor and of the child; so for six months I studied under Miss Susan Pollock of Washington, taking a thorough correspondence course. But I soon found that was not the wisest way; I should have to be near the teacher.

"So, in 1907, I went to Howard University in Washington, D. C., and began in earnest to prepare for my chosen calling. After two years of steady application, I was graduated and came back to my native state, to Birmingham. Here, in 1909, I opened my first kindergarten, in the Graymont School building.

"But shortly, the Board of Education had need of this room and the kindergarten had to vacate. Some other location had to be found at once, so, assisted by a few interested white friends, I rented a cottage in a beautiful place, among the better class of Negroes. Under pleasant conditions the work there prospered greatly. There were in the school about thirty little ones, the children of parents able to pay a regular fee for their instruction. But, after all, was I accomplishing the desired good?

"When the call had first come to me, it seemed a 'still small voice' leading me forth into the wilderness where I might seek stray little ones and bring them out into a world of understanding. I talked over my dilemma with Mrs. C. P. Orr and Mrs. Smith, prominent ladies of Birmingham, whose interest had been deeply aroused in this work among my people, and we decided it best to move into a more needy neighborhood.

"The present location is in the most neglected district of the entire city. Here is found all forms of vice, from which the children are the chief sufferers. With the hearty co-operation of the board of white patronesses, I am striving to build up here a permanent institution that will meet these children's needs. Parents here, workers or loafers as the case may be, are of the poorest class. And to keep their little children in safety through the day, to feed and clothe the neglected little bodies and to nurture their awakening souls and minds seems the very work upon which a loving Father would set the seal of His approving smile."

A Pleasant (?) Pullman Car Ride

By William Pickens

I had done two weeks of the hardest work of my life, in that time making more than twenty addresses and being up each night beyond midnight. I had attended the Annual Meeting of N. A. A. C. P. I had then to rush back to work at Wiley University, Marshall, Tex.—a trip of two days and three nights, or two nights and three days.

I considered the extreme prejudices

of the South (we often consider it) to the extent of choosing as northerly a route as possible, via Pennsylvania, through Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Indianapolis and St. Louis. On Sunday morning, February 21st, I took reservation from New York to St. Louis, where I arrived Monday afternoon. From here I was to take a night train and arrive at Marshall next afternoon, the night part of the trip being spent between St. Louis, Mo., and Little Rock, Ark.

Having several hours in St. Louis, I went out into the city and returned with one of those "white-black" persons, who are destined to be of increasing embarrassment to American color prejudice as time goes on. While I was getting my bags out of the check room, of course, this white Negro found it convenient to purchase my Pullman ticket.

When on the train, the man who was to occupy the other berth in my section went into the smoker with a crowd of other fellows and met the Pullman conductor. When the conductor reached my berth he took my ticket and said in a loud, advertising voice: "The laws of Arkansas don't allow—," and I interrupted him: "I bought this interstate ticket in Missouri; the laws of Arkansas have nothing to do with it." He immediately changed his method of attack: "I was going to say that you'll get shot if you stay in here. You better get out while you can."

To this I was silent.

He then walked away with my ticket to the smoking room council again, and returned with the reassuring announcement: "You are going to get your head shot off. These Arkansas fellows are going to shoot your head off. I'm just telling you for your own good."

Still I intended to make no reply, but when he kept staring at me I said, simply: "I am sorry." I then indicated that he had forgotten to give me my check for my berth, and he asked in seeming astonishment: "Are you going to take your chances?"

"I shall stay right here," said I, "and attend to my own business."

He handed me my check, remarking again and angrily: "You're going to get your head shot off," always in a loud voice so that the "fellows" might hear and take note.

To this I replied by asking the porter to make down my berth, and he proceeded to do so. This porter, whose name and address I have, proved to be an exceptionally manly fellow.

Fortunately, and like a good Texan, I was well prepared for war.

I took the conductor at his word, and decided fully that I would die. I knew that I could be killed without evil consequences to the killers, except such as I might myself inflict, and as I retired I took the conductor at his word. I slept, always waking when the train stopped. I remembered, too, that this was the second time in my life when I had fully made up my mind to die in Arkansas. When I was a boy of seventeen I had remonstrated with a white officer for using vile oaths on the streets of Little Rock in the hearing of my sister, and he had drawn his gun from his pocket and advanced towards me; and, like a foolish boy, I bade him, "shoot!" And it has been a mystery to me ever since that he did not shoot. Perhaps he thought me a fool.

So peace reigned all night on this Pullman. Perhaps it was due to the uncomplaining and disinterested way in which I greeted the pleasant announcement of my early doom. Next morning, however, when we were within ten or twelve miles of Little Rock, the train conductor made dramatic threats to have me arrested. I did not see the sheriff at first, but I informed the train conductor, who seemed to be a real "Arkansas fellow," that my personal preference was not to be arrested in Arkansas, for I knew the methods of Arkansas, but that he might use his own mind about having me arrested. About ten minutes before reaching Little Rock I asked the porter to take my bags up front to the jim-crow car. I found this sheriff RIDING WITH THE COLORED PEOPLE, and with insolence in his voice he offered to "arrest him and turn him over to the officers in Little

Rock." He looked hard at me, but spoke only to the conductor; I looked straight at him for a minute and continued writing letters on the back of my suitcase.

Now, if an inexperienced stranger had suddenly stepped into that car and seen that conductor and the sheriff chafing and "strutting and cussing," that stranger would have thought: Well, surely, this Negro has been doing something awful. As a matter of fact, I had done nothing in the world; had not accosted any one except the porter; had not addressed a single passenger; had uttered less than a hundred words to the train officials, and those only in reply to the beneficent offers to have me shot or put into jail. When we reached Little Rock, the six-foot sheriff, apparently dissatisfied by my persistent silence, stood on the car platform and looked steadily at me for several minutes, got out, passed by my window, looked hard at me again, and went on. For the rest of our journey together this train conductor, apparently now in a state of normality, studied me, but without results.

It is worth remarking, as is seen in this case, that the persons in places of responsibility, like the train officers and officers of the law, are really more aggressively active against the simple rights of a colored man than the mob dares to be.

March 1, 1915.

A Forgotten Story

By Eloise Davis Carey

SAMUEL was brown; but there was nothing like a berry about him—nothing dry or parched or brittle. His skin was peculiarly satiny to the touch and no lash had ever striped it. He was lithe and sinewy and his strong young back bent and sprung erect as would any sapling for the first time tasting Spring. You would call him a Negro boy; but the term covers a multitude of sins and hides a world of ignorance. To know Samuel is to know more about him than that he was a young brown thing in the heart of Florida who had not yet fulfilled the destiny of the beast of burden. His finer human traits were still sensitively a-quiver—still unblunted by endless toil and unnumbed by the hopelessness of perpetual injustice.

Something about Samuel I learned from the boy himself and something from his mother, Hagar. But there are more distant things far that are reasons for the being of Samuel; and some of these I learned from the old grandmother, Teeya. Teeya was a very old woman when I knew her—a hundred years or more—but her memory was clear and as enduring as the tenacious strength of her body. The edge of old passions, old loves and old hurts was still keen in her breast which to the rest of the world was long since dulled with ready forgetfulness. She was the daughter of Tshaka; and Tshaka was a Kafir chieftain.

It must have been about the time that Bonaparte was carving the face of Europe into grim features of terror that Tshaka with his strong arm and mighty will indelibly engraved in the countenance of Africa deep character lines of history. He was wanderer, inventor, ruler and warrior chief. He stood so wondrous high that they called him Monomotapa, which means Lord of the Mountain. And he led his people to such unfailing conquest that they were known as the Ba Taung—the People of the Lion.

Tshaka ruled with an austere face and iron hand. The law of his tribe was the word of the mighty Mlimo himself. The thief must not escape the punishment of death. And he who would not give his hand to the tilling of the soil must go unfed. Tshaka

knew best when to dig for the yellow gold; and in times of peace he taught the Ba Taung to beat it thin and twist it into weird fantastic shapes that pleased the eye of Mlimo.

But Tshaka was not always among the huts of the Ba Taung. He loved to wander over the face of the earth. He had followed the course of the Crimson Limpopo and seen Zambesi swell with the floods. He had climbed the snow-capped crags and looked into the gorges of Basutoland where Mlimo dwelt, naked and unseen. And then, he had traveled far to the brink of the purple ocean, where he stopped with wonder and resentment and with awe. Here he found a strangely pale and war-like people—sent by Tilo the treacherous sky as she sent the thunder storm at mid-day.

In silence Tshaka watched. Then, drawing himself up to his full magnificence of height strode out to demand the meaning of their presence there. But they answered in an unknown guttural tongue. For days Tshaka dwelt among them, noting well their manner and their weapons. And then one night he prayed fiercely to the spirit of the woods and to the spirit of the streams that he might in haste return unto his people. And in the dark he slipped away and never stopped until he reached again the village of the Ba Taung.

And so the mighty chieftain sounded loud the melancholy call of the tom-tom to the Pitso; there was to be a great council of war.

The wish of Tshaka was the will of his people. The long and cumbrous spear poles were gathered in and burnt as grain in sacrifice to Mlimo, most high god of all gods. The village rang with the clang of stone against metal. Tshaka had fashioned a new instrument of war, a spear that was short, with iron edge in place of stone—a spear broad-bladed and sharp. And he formed his men as the hosts of Tilo formed men, solid and trained. And he called them regiments. Then he started out for the conquest of Africa. Before him he swept the neighboring foes of the Ba Taung, the mighty Tembros and the fierce Pondos. Even the proud unconquered Swazis fled before him to the hills, where they starved or lived to suffer the torture of the abhorred taste of human flesh.

But Tshaka did not rest with this. He pushed determinedly on to the coast to meet the pale and treacherous hosts of Tilo.

It was a terrible battle, Teeya told me. The short spear and the regiment were a surprise to the pale warriors and for awhile it seemed as if Mlimo had heard the prayers of Tshaka. But Tilo, spiteful goddess that she was, sent a thunder storm of horses to her army and they rooted up the Ba Taung as the elephant does the scraggy mimosas that steals up from the baked earth and lifts its short arms to beg pity of the sun.

Indeed, said Teeya, Tshaka was never conquered. Through six long and bloody wars he led the Ba Taung against the hosts of Tilo. And when he fell he called the courageous Popilo to him and made him swear to Mlimo that he would still fight on. Nine wars, said Teeya, nine wars and as many famines, only beat down and lay low in the dust the men of the Ba Taung. It was not the hosts of Tilo, but the spirit of the forests that gave soft wood for spear poles; and the spirit of the hills that put great rocks before them to make them stumble and fall; and the spirit of the streams that brought the ocean up before them—these but not the hosts of the treacherous Tilo had beaten the people of Tshaka.

The daughter of the mighty Tshaka had no other loves, no other fierce desires save death when she saw broken and vanquished the proud people of her chieftain. Day after day she went out to the brown and dusty plain and bared her bosom to the blazing sun; and challenged the terrible sky to send her mightiest thunderstorm to complete her vengeance on the people of Tshaka. But Tilo's vengeance was deeper far than death. Teeya roamed unharmed in the heat of the brilliant sun and the winds of the keen air. In the chill of the early morning she arose slowly out of the dust and stretched out her arms to the mountains and watched the dim hills grow in outline delicate

from faintest silver to deep rose against the rising sun. At noon, she sat upon the soft scorching sand stones flaming red and saw the gray granites mantled rich in lichens scarlet and yellow. And at night, she felt the charm of the pure dry air and the solace of the violet shadows and the mystery of a universe in which the people of Tshaka had come to be so weak. Far in the distance, at the edge of the wood, a cluster of deserted huts, half hidden among the fissured rocks of the gray granite hills, told the story of a people who had fought and lost. And Teeya sat alone, grave and silent, in the midst of the deep primeval solitude.

How she came to America was a story that the old woman hated with all the strength of her primeval passion. It was a long story of indignity and slavery; and Teeya's eyes flamed and her heart and lips shut fast. But that is another tale of the conquering of the people of Tshaka; and tales of the conquering of the Kafirs are familiar tales to the hosts of Tilo.

Teeya was already under the shadow of a forgotten past. But Hager was in the midst of a new and stranger war to uphold the honor and the dignity of the people of Tshaka. There was nothing very different in Hager from the rest of the women of her class. She was a dark brown, big-boned, gaunt woman with high cheek bones and features of a Semitic cast which hinted a long and still more ancient story in the life tale of the Kafirs. And Hagar had come to be a part of what they call the "Black Belt" in a metropolis of the state of Florida.

The "Black Belt" is a district ill-drained, swarming with mosquitos and reptiles and infested with malaria. That this and no other part of the city should be the "Black Belt" was in the nature of an ethical resolve. It was a duty to the great state of Florida that it should be so. Through the Blacks alone could her rich swamp lands be reclaimed. None but the weaklings among them fall prey to the dread malaria; and it is best for all concerned that the weaklings of a so prolific race be weeded out.

In one of the rotting shanties of the "Black Belt" lived Hagar, who spent the day out in the sun over her wooden wash tub and iron kettle; and Teeya, her aged mother, who leaned all day on a knotty cedar stick and dreamed into her corn cob pipe the happenings of a century ago; and Samuel, her young son, who roamed at will, blithe and happy and free.

In the thoughts of Hagar, Samuel was ever present. She guarded him with the jealous zeal of a tigress who feels that her young are hunted. It was all I could do to sometimes tease the boy away from her and out of the stagnation of the "Black Belt."

Florida is still ripe with the spirit of daring romance that spurred on Ponce de Leon. Her air and her odors and her beauty still challenge to the perpetual search for the fountain of youth. It was early afternoon. The city was humidly hot and still in its midday sleep. From out of her heart a single tapering, finger-like road, shimmering white with freshly crushed shells from the fisheries, pointed out toward the cool shadows of the fern-fringed swamp. It was in July. The fern were fullest then; great trailing beauties that rested the eyes and cooled the fingers.

"Suppose we go, Helena," I said to the child who leaned against me, listless and flushed with heat.

"Suppose we go, Samuel," I called to the brown boy who stood at the end of the yard, his elbows resting on the fence and his chin buried in his hands, gazing at me thoughtfully.

"Run in, Helena, and tell your mother we're going to the swamp for fern."

At that moment my brother's wife herself appeared in the doorway.

"It's not a safe venture, Jeannie," she said. "Beside the dangers of the bog, there's been a murderous band of nomads on the outskirts of the town."

"But," I argued, "we're going no deeper than the edge of the road. The fern is thick there; and as to those Gypsy tales—I think they're fairy stories."

"Please, mother," begged Helena.

"Please, mam," enjoined Samuel.

"Do be careful, Jeannie," called

Eleanor after me with a note of trouble in her voice, as we started off.

"Yes, and if Hagar asks, tell her Samuel is with me," I answered.

Helena was trembling and chattering with delight as she tugged impatiently at my hand; and Samuel, his throat swelling in exalted anticipation of an excursion into the thrills of a Florida swamp, ran ahead to fill the buggy with spades and to see that the horse was well hitched. For the swamp was a sort of Blue Beard's closet to the children of the neighborhood—a reservoir for the Floridas' crimes.

The shell road stretched before us, a gleaming, endless streak in a land of deepening gloom into which we rode at an easy trot. We reached the place of The Fern at about 4 o'clock, but in the swamp it was already dark. The last slow clatter of the horse's hoofs as I drew rein sounded hollow and dismal. Samuel's eyes gleamed and his body was aquiver. Helena crouched back against the cushions and shamefacedly covered her eyes with her curls. And I felt my vast store of self-confidence slipping quickly away.

When you pick your way through the golden maze of a field of daisies, you feel the gentle beauty of nature and her wonderfully kind generosity. When you stand, a mere insignificant thing, in the heart of a great forest, you understand her awful strength, her mighty grandeur; and for both of these you love her. But surprise her in her own rendezvous where she hides herself from man, forgets her charming hospitality, throws off her queenly majesty and revels in her moods. Slip into her most sacred chamber and watch her there. Visit her in a Florida swamp. There is no quiet daisy or towering monarch of the wood; but one unbroken fastness of the wildest, weirdest sort. The ragged masses of fern growth keep you prisoner in their midst, surrounding you on all sides, entangling your feet and making a close canopy over your head. The light of heaven is forbidden and stranger sounds never enter there. The birds and insects make melancholy music as if lamenting their confinement and slimy reptiles' glowing eyes strike terror into your heart. She is treacherous and you feel that you were safer away.

Slowly I let myself down to the soft and springy fastness underneath. Nervously I loosened the nearest plants and filled my arms with the richly trailing green.

"Samuel," I called.

"Yas'm," came the answer, and it startled me with its faintness.

"Samuel—Helena—they're beauties, beauties, I say."

I called again reassuringly, "Helena! Samuel! I'm coming up now." And then again, "Helena! Samuel!"

This time there was no answer. Again I called, waited, heard no sound, and then struggled upward to the road. And as I did the uninterrupted whiteness of the crushed shells gleamed mockingly at me. There was no horse, no buggy. Helena and Samuel were both gone.

For a moment I stood petrified; then, I must have come up at a different point, I thought. Out into the middle of the road I ran and, dropping my load of fern, shaded my eyes to peer through the dark down the length of broad white road. No horse, no buggy, no children were in sight. Then I put my hands to my mouth trumpet-wise and called shrilly, "Helena, Helena—Samuel." But the swamp mocked my call with a weird echo and the native sounds of the cricket, the humming bird and rattler. In numbed fear, I ran from side to side of the road, tearing through the brush and peering in and calling. Then, gathering my skirts about me, I started to run—to run as fast as I could in the direction of the town.

How long I ran I cannot tell, nor what the secret of my endurance. But I did reach home and burst wildly in upon John and Eleanor.

Eleanor was pacing the floor with the same troubled expression in her eyes that I had left there. As she looked at me she blanched. John noisily dropped his evening paper and stared at me with his mouth open. I looked from Eleanor to John and again

from Eleanor to John; then weakly gasped:

"Has Helena come home?"

John jumped from his chair, caught me roughly by the shoulders and glared into my face.

"What's this? What do you mean?" he demanded.

"Helena must have come! She must be here!" I cried.

And then Eleanor wedged herself in between John and me and held out her hands and looked at me with awful things in her eyes.

"Jeannie, Jeannie," she pleaded, "you haven't lost my baby, have you?"

And I dropped limply into a chair while John rushed out for the police.

Sore as I was, I could not sit there and watch the torturing of Eleanor. I knew the thousand tales of horrible kidnapings that were passing in panorama before her mind's eye. Suddenly I remembered Samuel, and went out in search of Hagar.

As I left the doorstep a voice called to me out of the dark, "Miss Jeannie, Miss Jeannie! Come quick!"

I gave one backward glance into the room where Eleanor stood at the open window gazing tensely in the direction of the swamp. Then, I went out to find the voice. It was Samuel; and he stood before me trembling and gray with terror.

"It's the gypsies, Miss Jeannie, they got her."

"Where!" I demanded, gripping the boy by the shoulders.

"In de swamp—goin' out—goin' tonight—come!"

I turned to go in search of John and the police, but Samuel caught my hand. "There ain't no time fer that. They'll scare 'em. You come, Miss Jeannie! Quick!"

Trembling, stumbling, my hand lagging in the boy's, I made that race back into the swamp. But Samuel kept steadily, fleetly ahead, his face gray and set with a single strong purpose—to get back to Helena. Back to the place of the fern he led me—down again into the thick entanglement; deeper and deeper into the swamp; cautiously lest at every step we be drawn into the fateful sinking bog.

Suddenly before us there flared up a fire in the midst of a gray burnt clearing that shone leper silver on the background of gloom. Samuel stopped and caught my hand and I knew that he, too, feared that the gypsies had already broken camp and fled. But the familiar neigh of a horse brought us both to a tense attitude of alertness; and as our eyes became accustomed to the sudden flare of light we saw far across the gray patch a cluster of bridled horses. Near the fire an old woman lay sleeping—in a stolen doze; and beside her lay the huddled form of a child whose tangled brown curls made her known to me as Helena.

Like a serpent, the boy Samuel darted silently into the blackness of the swamp. Now and again I caught a glimpse of his half-clad satiny body gliding back and forth among the trees, circling round about the fire, creeping on hands and knees closer and closer to the sleeping child. Then he caught her in his arms, slid backward out of the light, circled in and out and came toward me, bringing Helena.

With the furtiveness of terror I opened the way before him to the road; and then held out my arms for my brother's child. But Samuel was loath to part with his burden. I gripped his arm. "Give her to me!" I hissed in his face.

The boy looked at me in whimsical wonder. Then his lips parted and his white teeth shone in a broad grin as he held Helena out to me.

"You're mighty glad to get her back, ain't you, Miss Jeannie?" he said.

We were too worn out to run, but trudged slowly, fearfully, painfully on. We had already covered a distance that already seemed twice that from the swamp to the town when Samuel suddenly ran ahead and peered far down the length of a cross road.

"There's somethin' comin', Miss Jeannie," he said.

I was too weary to answer.

"I shore do b'lieve it's the dead wagon a-comin', spoke Samuel, again.

"Hail it!" I whispered. "Don't let it pass!"

Samuel put his fingers to his lips and

gave a long shrill whistle; then we waited breathless. The answering halloo came faintly, mournfully to us out of the distance. And I sank down on the road exhausted with John's child safe in my arms, to wait for the "dead wagon" coming from the paupers' graveyard that would carry us back into town.

* * * * * * *

Eleanor sat with Helena's head pillowed close against her bosom; and I sat, numbed and exhausted, my chin hanging down upon my chest. We were both waiting for John to come in with the police. A long shadow fell across the floor; but Eleanor was too intently regarding her child and I had no will to stir.

"Miss Jeannie!"

If a soul ever shriveled at the sound of a voice, that voice had sounded my eternal doom. The sheer woman power of her lifted my eyes to Hagar's haunted, angry face.

"Miss Jeannie, whar's Sam'l?"

It was the face of a woman who is her all—her law unto herself, her own defense. There were eyes rich with woman's passions, but eyes that knew too well the uselessness of tears—the eyes of a woman without a people, without a country; robbed of the strong arm of her mate, left with a great emptiness of heart to fight her battle singlehanded and alone.

I trembled before the look of Hagar.

"Samuel—Samuel," I stammered. He's at home. Go home; he's at home."

Hagar shook her head slowly. "No, Miss Jeannie, Sam'l aint come home. Whar's Sam'l," she repeated. And I stood and stared speechless into the suffering face of the woman Hagar.

Samuel had not followed, then, to a seat on the hearse. Where had he gone? What had become of him?

Somewhere out of the murky darkness a child's weary cry came faintly trembling into the room.

Hagar was gone. When I came up to them, I found the boy clinging to the rope bridle of our horse while his mother bandaged his torn feet with strips of her calico dress. Hagar caught him up in her strong arms and glared at me in jealous fury.

"He ain't never goin' to do it again!" she cried, "he ain't never goin' to do it again, Miss Jeannie!"

And I stood and watched her as she carried her son back into the "Black Belt." Growing fainter and fainter, I heard the mother's voice, scolding, crooning; and the weary, whimpering cry of the child Samuel as it died slowly away in the distance.

I have often wondered since if Samuel still lives; I wonder if the spirit of the boy has grown into the man, uncrushed, unpampered by his duty to the state of Florida. And Helena has wondered, too.

The Literary Mirror

By Wm. H. Ferris

Matthew Henson "A Negro Explorer at the North Pole." Published by Frederic A. Stokes & Co., New York City

ONE of the most romantic episodes in the history of this country is the story of exploration. And black men figured in that story. Negroes were with Cortez when he conquered Mexico. They were with Balboa when he discovered the Pacific, and with DeSoto when he discovered the Mississippi. And little Stephen, another black, discovered and opened up New Mexico. But this was but the prelude to the dramatic discovery which was heralded around the world and which was participated in by a man of color. For years, daring adventurers looked forward to the discovery of the North Pole as a dream to realize, which would entitle a man to undying fame. Many a brave discoverer lost his life in an attempt to find the long-sought spot. Finally Commodore Robert E. Peary realized the dream. And when, on April

6, 1909, he nailed the Stars and Stripes to the Pole and it floated in the breeze, but five other human beings stood by his side, four Esquimos and Matt Henson, a Negro.

The fact that a man who sprang from a race that for centuries had lived in the tropics could be able, in the striking words of Commodore Peary, to stand "the fiercest stress of frigid climate and exposure" startled the world. Consequently his story of his experiences in reaching the point farthest north is an interesting document.

"A Negro Explorer at the North Pole," by Matthew A. Henson, is a book of 200 pages, published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. It has a foreword by Commodore Robert E. Peary and an introduction by Dr. Booker T. Washington.

The first chapter of the book tells of the author's early years, of his life as a schoolboy, cabin boy, seaman and Lieutenant Peary's body servant and of the first expedition. He was born in Charles county, Maryland, August 18, 1866; first met Lieutenant Peary in Washington, D. C., and in 1891 accompanied him on his second expedition to the Arctic regions. And from that time until the final dash in 1909, he served the discoverer as assistant.

Chapter two tells of the start for the final expedition on July 6, 1908. Then for 163 pages we are rapidly taken by the author through his interesting adventures and experiences, until his return to New York City on October 2, 1909. In these 163 pages are crowded interesting descriptions of the dogs of the Arctic regions of the Esquimos, of sledging, of the magnificent desolation of the Arctic and of the hardships, dangers, adventures and experiences involved in the dash and return from the Pole.

The book contains seven illustrations from photographs, including that of Commodore Peary, Matt Henson, the four North Pole Eskimos, Camp Morris K. Jesup at the North Pole and the "Roosevelt" in winter quarters at Cape Sheridan. There is also an appendix, with notes on the Esquimos and the list of Smith Sound Esquimos.

On the whole, the book is a breezy account of life as lived in the Arctic regions. The style is simple and conversational. Some of the descriptions like that of "Magnificent Desolation of the Arctic" are brilliant. While the book does not abound with the gorgeous descriptions and is not characterized by the smoothness and elegance of style of some of the famous books of travels, it is a bright, breezy and readable book and grips the reader with a human interest.

"THE NEGRO IN THE NEW DEMOCRACY"

AMONG the signal honors that Geo. W. Ellis has received, the most important, in my opinion, is his being selected as contributing editor of *The Journal of Race Development,* published by Clarke University, Worcester, Mass. In the July number of the Journal he contributed an article upon "The Negro in the New Democracy," which has since been published in a pamphlet. It is now before us.

In the introduction Mr. Ellis refers to the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation. Then he devotes four pages to showing that Chicago incarnates the spirit and influence of liberty. Then follows a few pages on the Negro's Place in History, the Example of Noted Negroes, the Negro in Art and Literature and Fifty Years of Negro's Progress. And the writer closes his remarkable pamphlet with an outburst of eloquence in which he pictures the Negro climbing the mountains of human achievement. He there says:

"And as he scales the fortified and tangled peaks of race prejudice and discrimination, as he looks out upon bespangled plains and verdant meads, where summer's sun sifts through interlacing boughs, where soft and sombre zephyrs sigh and music throated birds enchant the listening air, I fancy I can hear him exclaim:

"When foes upon me press, let me not quail
Nor think to turn me into coward flight,
I only ask to make my arms prevail,
Strength for the fight."

None of the many pamphlets and articles, which have come from the facile and ready pen of Mr. Ellis, has surpassed this for a comprehensive grasp of political philosophy and for a succint massing and marshalling of the achievements of the Negro race.

Regarding the Negro's place in history, Mr. Ellis truly says: "And we now know that what is called the Aryan or white man's civilization in its first principles was worked out by black men in the Negroland and

Kingdom of Meroe in Africa in the valley of the Nile and transmitted to Ethiopia, thence to Egypt and from Egypt to Greece and from Greece to Rome."

But probably the most valuable part of the article is its characterization of Chicago, as the seat of Democracy. Of this democracy Mr. Ellis says:

"The same spirit which enabled the Barons of England at Runnymede to wring from King John the first great bulwark of modern liberty; the same spirit which sustained the peasants in the tumultuous tumult of the French Revolution, which stained the sunny hills of France with royal blood that the nation might be free; the same spirit which inspired Kossuth of Hungary, Cavour of Italy, Cobden and Bright of later England, and which sustained Washington from the Boston massacre to Yorktown and consoled Lincoln from Harper's Ferry to Appomattox; by the same spirit of liberty the citizens of Chicago have resolved to keep Chicago free, not merely free for white men, but free for black men and all mankind."

And as an illustration of this freedom, Mr. Ellis shows that New York, with 92,000 colored people, has only one colored patrolman, while Chicago, with 44,000, has something like 125, some ranking as high as lieutenant. Mr. Ellis shows that while colored representatives have disappeared from the Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Ohio legislatures, the colored people of Chicago still have two colored representatives at Springfield, Ill. He shows that Chicago has a colored member on the county board, the highest political body in Cook county, a colored assistant corporation counsel, colored assistant state's attorneys and assistants in the city law department, there being now three lawyers and one chief investigator, a member of the City Council, probation officers and countless clerks in the other branches of the local and federal service.

While the brief passage on the dawning of the new democracy has not the perfervid eloquence of other passages in the brilliant article, it is in that passage that Mr. Ellis has struck off some wonderful generalizations for he says in that passage: "Any group of men excluded from participation in their government are soon given an inferior status in the community and ultimately abandoned to the dependent classes, unable to protect their rights, their property or their homes and are the constant prey of the more favored and ruling members."

Yes, Mr. Ellis is right. In a democracy, to be and not to be a citizen is the same thing as not to be.

McCLELLAN'S "PATH OF DREAMS"

PROFESSOR GEORGE MARION McCLELLAN, a teacher in Louisville, Ky., has recently published a book of poems entitled "The Path of Dreams." Professor Reuben Post Halleck, Dora A. Scribner of Fisk University, Joseph S. Cotter, *The New York Independent, The Louisville Courier-Journal* and the *Springfield Republican* have spoken in the highest terms of this slender book of verse. Dora A. Scribner says of it: "The Path of Dreams," by George Marion McClellan, is a book to read just now, for it is full of the spirit of God's out-of-doors which is making its appeal now to every lover of nature."

The first poem in "The Path of Dreams" is exquisite and aerial and is characterized by the delicate grace of a Gray or Keats. These few verses from the poem will give the reader an idea of its spirit:

Sweet scented winds move inward from the shore,
Blythe is the air of June with silken gleams,
My roving fancy treads at will once more
The golden path of dreams.

Along the sloping uplands yellow wheat
Is bending to the honeyed breath of June,
While all the lowlands slumber at my feet
This glorious afternoon.

To balmy gusts from blue girt breezy hills
The clover blossoms nod with graceful art
And all the mystery of living thrills
The ever-pulsing heart.

A boon to lovers still the sweet wild rose
Adds perfume to the languor in the air
And whispering zepher scatters as she goes
Sweet attars everywhere.

The wild birds restlessly, from tree to tree,
Flit ceaselessly beneath the sunlit skies,
And give a sumptuous afternoon to me,
In song and gladsome cries.

Blue gauze the empty distance enfold,
The stream fed glens lie bare in loveliness,
And waves of light along the paths of gold,
The glens and hills caress."

Christmas Bells

By Richard T. Greener

Ring loud! Ring long!
Exultant Christmas Bells!
No note peals e'er too high for Him
Whose natal morn,
Angelic choir and tuneful seraphim,
The waning year still tells,
To burdened souls forlorn,
Ring loud! Ring long!
Ye merry Christmas Bells,
Ring loud! Ring long!

Ring low! Pray strong!
Low-lying, mourning hearts,
God's well-loved poor! By day, by night,
Mute lips, give praise.
He knows thy direst need; know thou His might.
From Bounty's lavish hand,
In Plenty's garnered maize,
Pray low! Pray strong!
Christ's longing patient ones,
Pray low! Pray strong!

Moan now, moan now,
No more! On wasting couch
Gaunt specters, tossing to and fro,
"Eleison!" cry.
Christ the Consoler comes to smooth thy brow,
To light thy darkened sky,
To calm all earthly woe.
Moan now, moan now
No more! Christ stills both heart
And moan, and moan.

Ring loud! Ring long!
O strong-toned Christmas bells!
For all, the rich, the wise, the poor,
Your welcome swells—
Ring long for Charity's wide open door!
Ring loud, a stainless name!
Ring long for Truth's bright score!
Ring loud! Ring long!
Life's hopeful Christmas bells,
Ring loud! Ring long!

"Leone of the Guards"

A Story of the Great War

By Beresford Gale

PART ONE

I MET her first in New York. In fact, it was a few moments after her miraculous escape from the very jaws of a horrible death, that she opened her eyes and smiled her thankfulness into my anxious gaze.

I had been standing at the lower corner of the Great White Way and Thirty-third street, waiting for the signal that would start the great secret movement of mobilization with which the Minister of Foreign Affairs had commissioned my chief.

War was brewing. In truth, from the secret dispatches, and closely worded cablegrams that came hourly to Monsieur Legaud, I was not sure that it had not already been formally declared.

For three weeks we had been waiting anxiously for the dreaded cipher that would hurl us into the world war, with which the air was full. The French Empire had seriously determined to throw in her lot with England, and Count Bradsky had brought word from the winter palace that the Czar of all the Russians was ready to seal the compact with blood.

With the assassination of the Arch Duke had come the first warning, to stand by, and on this particular evening every item was in perfect readiness for the final dash.

Legaud was in perfect harmony with his government. He had been selected as the one man that could adequately perform his country's secret workings on this side of the Atlantic, and with his keen foresight, he had gathered around him the staunchest characters of shrewd, close-mouthed, silent men. I had met Legaud in Paris. We had been thrown together often in secret service work. I admired his method, and he liked mine. Thus it was that when France hailed him as her chosen spy, he singled me out as one of those who would serve him in his work.

The task of gathering together the fighting units of "Le Garde Noir"—that invincible body of warring blacks, of which France was so justly proud—was indeed no easy matter. Born of fighting blood, these stalwart men, after accomplishing three full years of steady and arduous training, had wandered away over the face of the globe in search of a living, always holding themselves in perfect readiness to return at a moment's notice to the land of their adoption or birth to fight and die as their country found it requisite. Unlettered in a great degree, they worked and watched, and longed for the call.

The officer's shrill whistle had sounded for the uptown traffic to start on its rushing way when the figure of a woman that had hurried itself along the pavement, darted into the street in the vain hope of eluding the confusing lights and deafening sounds. As well as I could see, a passing automobile closely screened, on which her eyes seemed centered, seemed to be the sole object of her attention. Disregarding the several shouts and imprecations with which the drivers showered her, she sped on her way in the middle of the street. The car on which her eyes rested paused for a moment as if gathering new force to itself, and as her hands reached out and grasped the dashboard preparatory to placing her feet on it, the machine darted away leaving her sprawling in the center of the track. In a moment I had seen her danger and darted to her side, and when a powerful limousine whizzed by within an inch of the place to which I had hurriedly snatched her, I heaved a sigh and dodged with her limp form to the curbing. It had been a narrow

escape. In another second she would have been crushed to death beneath the powerful wheels of the speeding vehicle; as it was, I had saved her life, and I was thankful.

The cab in which I placed her turned sharply round the Thirty-seventh street corner as my lady of the adventure sighed heavily and opened her eyes. From the card that I found in the little chatelaine bag suspended to her wrist, bearing the name of Leone D'Arcy, the Victoria Apartments, New York, I gathered that the first was her name with the address, and directed the driver there accordingly.

From the moment that this girl of foreign birth, as I discovered that she was, opened those beautiful eyes and wearily smiled her gratefulness to me, I found myself slowly, but surely, drifting into that state of mind from which Legaud had time and again warned me, namely, sympathy. "It is not for the detective to sympathize, Monsieur," he had told me. "It is the grand mistake of the profession, for in the very sympathies we evince there is more than likely to be the foil to the objects we seek." At the time his sound philosophy had impressed me strikingly as of the greatest truth, and I had, heretofore strictly adhered thereto, but one glance into the ravishing sweetness of that perfect face had for the moment annihilated every lesson in philosophy and heart hardening that I had ever learned.

"You feel better, miss," I ventured as she sat upright in the swiftly moving carriage and looked around. "But, yes, Monsieur," she flashed back sweetly in that piquant foreign accent which determined her then and there in my mind as a pure French woman of color.

"How can I ever thank Monsieur for this most wonderful kindness that he has shown towards such a stranger?"

"By saying nothing about it Mademoiselle," I managed to blunder out as I drank in the beauty of her dainty face.

"Monsieur will add another kindness to his superb gallantry if he will see me to my home," she partly questioned and partly asserted, as she extracted and handed me the card to which I have already referred.

"With the greatest pleasure, Mademoiselle," I readily replied as a passing vision of Legaud searching anxiously for me at the appointed meeting place flashed vividly through my mind.

As she settled back in the confines of the silken cushions, and closed her eyes in perfect confidence, and sheer exhaustion, I was able, by the light of the hurrying lamp posts, to study her closely.

She was a young woman of about twenty-one or two. Her skin was of that soft, velvety olive complexion for which the Creole women of Martinique and New Orleans are famous. She possessed a mass of raven black glossy hair that was coiled artistically around the small, shapely head. Her eyes were large and soft, eloquent with hidhen fire, yet soft and lustrous in their passive state. Her face was of a perfect oval, with a beautiful mouth that arched itself to the semblance of cupid's bow. Her form was slight and willowy, and from the choice material from which her dress was made, as also the pure glitter of the stones that blinked at me from her hands and ears, judged her to be the daughter of some wealthy family, either at home or abroad who were desirous of their daughter finishing her education by seeing the world and America most of all.

As we ascended the elevator to the apartments on the third floor, I noticed that a worried look began stealing over her face, and when the little sombre maid ushered us into the dimly lighted sitting room of soft velvet and rich mahogany, Mademoiselle D'Arcy flung herself dejectedly into a chair and buried her face in her hands.

The whole evening's procedure had been a source of great interest to me, and though I knew Legaud might be hunting everywhere for me at that very moment, still I determined to get to the bottom of the strange case of this girl sobbing so helplessly there before my eyes. For a few moments she sobbed on, and then as if remem-

bering that she was not alone, the girl raised herself and gazed unfalteringly at me, while she said in a somewhat broken voice, "Monsieur will pardon one whose very soul is rent and torn by merciless defeat at the very moment of triumph."

I hardly knew what answer to make, and so I mumbled something while she rambled on. "I have worked, Monsieur, worked hard for my country and for her men. For weeks I have searched and hunted, and trailed and watched, and now, now when it is time, aye, the very moment when I should accomplish that for which I have toiled, I miss my quarry and stalk a ghost."

Again she buried her face and clenched her small hands. I was becoming mystified. Curiosity and interest was getting the better of me, and I asked "If Mademoiselle would tell me the nature of her defeat, there is a possibility that I could be of some assistance."

"Is Monsieur a servant of France, and does he not know that Le Gard Noir has disappeared altogether, and that the Fraulein Kuebling, the German secret agent, has put them beyond the reach of France?"

It might have been the startled expression that she saw depicted on my face, or it might have been the discovery she had made that I was an agent of the country on which her mind was centered that caused her to smile with those beautiful wet eyes at me, but whichever it was, I must admit that I felt startled and amazed at the turn that affairs had taken as far as Mademoiselle D'Arcy "LE GARDE NOIR" and myself were concerned. "Your name Mademoiselle?" I asked, disregarding the strip of paste board that I held in my hand.

"Leone of the Guards, Daughter of France, and trusted spy," she flashed forth as she threw back her coat and revealed the miniature shield. Here indeed was adventure, romance or any other name by which it may be called.

For had not Legaud employed every means at his command to get in touch with this very girl who held the most important knowledge regarding the various movements of the sparring nations at her finger's end, and without success.

"Your story, Mademoiselle," I made bold to ask, "and how did you know my business?"

The girl looked at me for a moment, and then smiled as she answered, "You keep your badge well hidden Monsieur, but you have forgotten to change your studs."

For a moment I felt foolish at being so easily detected by this small parcel of womanhood, but on reflecting that she herself was an agent of the government, and, therefore, well versed in all the secrets of the profession, I realized that there was no other alternative than that she should discover my secret as the curiously-shaped button I wore was the only recognizing mark that would identify me with the others of my profession and country.

"Monsieur will do himself and his country a great kindness if he and his colleagues will desist entirely from any further efforts to bring together "Le Garde Noir," for every move that Monsieur and his friends make is most closely watched, and every effort that may be made to muster them, will only tend to drive them further away from France." She sat and looked at me, a troubled expression the while creeping over her beautiful countenance.

"But Mademoiselle, we must find the Guards; we are many in number, and besides, the soldiers are expecting a call at any time," I remonstrated.

"*Tres Bien* Monsieur," she shrugged her shoulders, "which means that you will never find them in time for transportation, and what is more, oh, Monsieur, is this, that Legaud and his men will undo all that I have already done."

I was anxious to find out just how much had been done by this shrewd female sleuth of the government, who from all appearance had been working on inside information received directly from headquarters, while we were left to grope unwittingly in the dark, and so I asked in the most unconcerned manner, "What then have you done, Mademoiselle?"

"I have found and trailed to earth the one great brain, Monsieur, which holds

the secret of France in its power. Another move without misfortune shall land us safe and clear, but Monsieur must promise, aye swear here and now that Legaud will not move to muster *'Le Garde Noir'* till Leone gives him leave."

This was becoming indeed interesting. Here was I, a sworn servant of my country, commissioned to perform a certain service of great importance that was probably even now waiting while I sat in a woman's apartments, preparing to swear my very vows away.

"But Mademoiselle Leone," I protested, "France has not commissioned us to work together; in fact, my chief had no word from his government that you were here in America working in secret for *Le Garde Noir,* and it was only by chance that he heard of you through the consular service; how then is it possible for us to desist from this all important movement merely because of your suggestion?"

The girl sat quietly for a moment as if lost in deep thought, and when she replied, her voice had a certain determined ring of decision in it that was lost on me for the time. I had cause to remember it after very clearly.

"Monsieur knows well that France employs many servants; the one works while the other watches, and vice versa. I came here three months ago. My work was to locate and report the condition of Le Garde. I found them in groups as per my directions scattered all over the country. I located them all, then trouble started at home. There were demands made by the German Empire that were unsatisfactory to France. The world knew little of this, but I knew. One day I went to a town in Ohio, where a hundred men were employed, who bore the secret ensign of **Le Garde Noir**—they were gone. Then I visited other towns, they were gone also. I knew then that war was coming, Monsieur. In six weeks every group had changed location, nor could they be found. Large sums of gold were used, and much ingenuity employed. I worked, Monsieur, worked night and day to bring to bay the hand that has worked this evil. I have told no one my secret, and everything was ready for the final coup when I fell and lost my clue."

She stopped short, and stamped her foot in wrath.

"You were in quest of the person in the automobile?" I asked.

"But yes, Monsieur. There rode the brain that will mar *Le Patrie,* unless Leone stays its hand."

"Then you should have our help and co-operation, Mademoiselle Leone," I said, thinking to gain a point.

"Ah, but men can match men Monsieur, but it is only women that can match women."

"Then the Fraulein Kuebling is the brain that you spoke of?" I asked.

"Yes, and one false move of France will deprive her forever of the soldier she holds most dear.

"Which means"—

"That Monsieur Legaud must disregard all orders from the foreign minister, and wait the word of Leone."

I could hardly refrain from smiling at the importance she attached to the last sentence, and secretly I made up my mind to take myself off to Legaud and communicate to him the important facts that I had discovered.

While the above conversation was in progress, the girl had shifted her position two or three times, and now she was sitting on a low stool a few feet from me, looking up into my face in the most bewitching manner.

I am not given much to the softer passions, neither am I a mad lover of romance, but I must confess that the sight of that beautiful upturned face, and the deep coloring of those matchless eyes, to say nothing of the superb form that nestled so closely by me, were all matters to cause me to forget for the time being France and her troubles, *"Le Garde Noir,"* my chief, and all else, but Leone.

(To be continued.)

Two Negro Poems

By Fenton Johnson

PLEA

Oh, de win' he say to willer tree,
"Honey, how ah love you all de tahm!"
An' de willer tree she ben' so low
Fu' to show de win' she had a cha'm,
But w'en Wintah come f'om out de No'th
Win' taih down de branch an' blow away—
An' de willer's weepin' by de brook,
Weepin,' honey, all de livelong day.

Now, it's jes' de same wid you, mah chile,
Aleck, sma't ez sin, will whispah wo'ds
Fu' to win yo' hea't, an' w'en it's won
He will fly away jes' lak de bu'ds.
Stay widin yo' cabin fu' awhile—
Love is cruel lak de summah win';
Stay among magnoly blooms wid me,
Free fo'm trubble an' f'om monstus sin.

SWING AJAR THE GATES

(A Negro Spiritual)

Peter, swing ajar the Gates of Heaven!
Swing ajar those mighty Gates of Heaven!
In the morning I shall reign with Jesus
On a throne of ophyr, gold and jaspar;
In the morning, I shall pluck the lilies,
In the Garden by the River Jordan.
Swing with all thy might, O Master Peter!
Swing until the morning star is shining!

Men have scourged me 'till my back is bleeding,
I have drunk the wine of persecution;
Great the price that I have paid for Heaven,
Paid to rest upon the couch of Heaven;
Let me kiss the robe of Christ my Saviour
In the Land of Glorious Returning,
Let me hear the voice of Gabriel singing
Praise to God our King and Man our brother.

A Christmas Meditation

By Wm. H. Ferris

"KNOW thyself." This was the Greek motto that was inscribed over the door of the Greek Temple of Delphi. And the tragedy in the lives of many men and women resides in the fact that they have not known themselves and have not fully realized the possibilities and potentialities of their personalities.

When we study man through and through and recognize that he belongs to the genus Vir as well as to the genus Homo; when we recognize that he is a psycho-physical organism; when we recognize that he has a Psyche or soul as well as a body, we have found the key to the meaning of the Universe.

Consider the story of the rise of man. He began life naked, or wearing the skins of animals, and dwelling in caves. He was weak and frail in body, compared to the animals that surrounded him; but he possessed a brain that could think, reason and plan, and dexterous hands that could execute. He first ate raw meat, and his first rude weapons were a club and a heavy stone attached to a sling. He discovered the use of fire and began to cook his food and fashion bronze and iron and steel implements and weapons. With the sword, the battle-ax, spear and bow and arrows, he was more than a match for the animals.

Man's first conquest was the conquest of the animal world. First he slaughtered the animals for food and killed them in self-defense. Then he domesticated the horse, the cow, the goat, the sheep, the dog, the cat, and various kinds of the feathered tribe, making them work for him, bear him on his journeys and supply him with food.

But while he is making his conquest of the animal kingdom, he is making his conquest over Nature. First he puts on clothing of skin or hair, and erects a rude tent or shelter to protect him from the tempests and the blasts of winter. Then he begins to find pasturage for his sheep, and medicine and balm from the roots and herbs. Then he begins to cultivate the earth and to wrest a living from the soil. Then he harnesses the wind, the waterfall, steam and electricity to do his work and carry him over land and sea and light up his streets and cities. He even uses the ether of space to transmit his messages across the sea. He reclaims the wilderness and the forest, transforming them into prosperous cities. He makes quiet, peaceful valleys hum with his mills and factories. He erects his skyscrapers, builds palatial steamers, which are really floating palaces, bridges chasms and tunnels and mountains, counts the stars, measures their distance and magnitudes, and computes the rapidity of the movements of the whirling suns and their planetary bodies.

But while man has been doing this, he has been fighting and conquering his land, learning to dwell in peace and harmony with his fellows in the city, and has submitted himself to orderly civilized life, subject to law and government, resting upon the family, which has been sanctioned by the institution of marriage.

But as soon as he planted his feet firmly upon the earth, he begins to look up to the skies and build the ideal world around his real world. First, we have the world of mythology, which reaches its noblest expression in the Greek, Roman and Norse mythology; then we find men building altars to unknown and strange gods. Finally, the Hebrew race grasped the monotheistic conception, and the idea of the one and only God took possession of mankind. And while he was doing that, he was building up his art world, constructing beautiful homes, composing sublime music, carving clay and chiseling marble into the likeness of the human form, making the canvass to speak with life and erecting the Grecian temples and Gothic cathedrals. And while man was soaring into the ideal realms of religion, he was building up the structure of his mathematics and science and enlarging the boundaries of his mathematical and scientific knowledge, reading the history of the world in the rocks and crags and reaching out to a knowledge of the starry heavens above.

But the Hindoo seers, the Hebrew prophets, the Greek philosophers and sages of

different lands were beginning to ask profound questions regarding the meaning and mystery of human life. They began to inquire about the why, the whence and the whither, and to ask, "Whence came I? Why am I here? Whither am I going? What can I know? What must I do? What may I hope?" Man asked these questions because he was a metaphysical being, who longed to get at the bottom of things, as well as a toiling, struggling, fighting being, who evolved a social and political life, expressed his yearnings in art and religion and his craving for a unitary conception of the universe in mathematics and science. Finally, comprehensive and cosmos embracing intellects like Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Hegel, Lotze, Royce and Ladd came along, who sought to unify and to reach a conception of the universe, which would explain the world of politics and government, the world of science and mathematics, and the world of art and religion, and embrace all in that supreme fact of the universe, which faith calls God and philosophy the absolute.

So we see that philosophy, psychology, sociology, political economy, history and literature, but study the deeds and achievements and yearnings and strivings of that being, who is not satisfied when he has reared a roof over his head and has fed and clothed himself and his family, but who seeks to reconstruct the real world after the ideals of the human mind and to give expression in philosophy, religion, art and literature to the deathless hopes and immortal yearnings of the human soul, and who does not fulfill the end of his being until he has realized "the mighty hopes which make us men."

Thus we see that history is something more than the memorizing of dates and the recounting of the rise and fall of kings and dynasties. It is the interpretation of the drama of existence, the interpretation of the pageant of life. This is what the giant intellects and lofty spirits, who have striven to rationally explain and account for the universe, its mysteries and miracles, who have endeavored to know it through and through and understand the riddle of existence, have found in history.

Considered merely as a phenomena in history, considered merely as a natural event in the world's evolution, without any regard to the legends and poetry that surrounds his nativity like a halo, the birth of Christ ushered in a new epoch in the world's evolution and marked the turning point in human history. That birth meant that a new idea of vast importance was launched into the Graeco-Roman civilization, which had its center in Rome. It was his insight which discerned the ultimate purpose and meaning of man's earthly career. It was his genius which clothed these divine insights in words of inimitable beauty of power. And it was his radiant personality which incarnated those divine truths and riveted the attention of the whole world upon himself.

What, then, was this truth brought by Christ to the world which changed the course of human history? It was the idea of the sacred worth and value of human personality. It was the message that no matter how poor a man was, no matter how black a man was, no matter how illiterate he was or how humble his station and sphere in life, he still had an immortal soul, which was precious in the sight of the Almighty. And twentieth century Democracy and philosophy, with their emphasis upon the worth and importance of human individuality, but champion the ideas of the lowly Nazarene, who nearly nineteen centuries ago, under the Syrian sky, by the sea of Galilee and in the hills of Palestine, proclaimed the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

Typical Negro Churches

IF AN inhabitant of the planet Mars were to visit the earth, he would be astonished by many things. He would admire the skyscrapers, the suspension bridges and the running of cars overhead and under the ground, even under river beds. He would be dazzled by seeing hydroaeroplanes rise from the water and fly in the air like a bird and by seeing a submarine dive under the water like a fish, remain under the water a long time and then rise again. He would be amazed at hearing a phonograph reproduce a human voice and see moving pictures cast upon a screen. The self-propelling horseless carriages would interest him. He would be surprised to see a man put his mouth to a telephone and be told that that man was talking to another man three thousand miles away. He would marvel most to go up into a wireless telegraph station, hear the clicking of an instrument, see the ball oscillator send out an electric spark and be informed that that electric spark was flashing out a message, which would be received and recorded by ships hundreds of miles out at sea.

But it would arouse his curiosity most to see people, ceasing from their daily toil, one day out of seven and going to various large buildings in various sections of a city, some of them magnificent in size and crowded with steeples. He would be told that those buildings were churches and that the people were going to church to worship a being, whom no one had ever seen with the naked eye or heard speak with His voice. He would ask many questions. He would finally come to the conclusion that what is called religion meant something to the life of man. It means so much that Dr. George Trumbull Ladd, formerly of Yale University, calls it "The Psychic Uplift of the Human Race." He means by that, that religion is an impulse towards intellectual and moral growth and development, that it has been the real inspiration to human progress and that character, buttressed up by religion, is the sustaining force, which holds up civilization, just as the arch-shaped cables holds the famous Brooklyn suspension bridge in its place.

That is because there is something in men that rises above the needs and demands of the bodily organism, because he has a psyche or soul, as well as a physical organism, because there is something in him which makes him look up to the skies and feel his kinship with the divine. If this be true, it can be easily recognized, why the Negro church has played such an important part in the uplift of the Negro.

In slavery days there was a Negro world within the Southern plantation. The master ruled the body, but the Negro parson had some control of the soul. Dunbar's "Ante Bellum Sermon" gives a faint idea of the kind of preaching that was given in those days. While the slave, seemingly acquiesced in his status as a slave, in his heart he longed, hoped, and prayed for the day when some Moses should come and set the "culled" children free.

DR. FRANCIS J. GRIMKE

Pastor Fifteenth St. Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C.

ON THE 19th, 20th and 21st of this month the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., will celebrate the 75th anniversary of the founding of the church. It was organized November 21, 1841. The first pastor was the Rev. John F. Cook. The church has had nine pastors and five stated supplies. Dr. F. J. Grimke has had charge since 1878, with the exception of three years, which he spent at Jacksonville, Fla. He has served the church longer than all of the other pastors put together.

The church is unique in that its founder and its present pastor have had remarkable careers. Rev. John F. Cook not only established a church, which became famous because of the wealth, culture and character of its members, not only because of its prominence in the anti-slavery movement, but laid the economic foundation by wisely investing in real estate, for the wealth of his family. One of his sons, Hon. John F. Cook, died in Washington in the winter of 1910, rated as the wealthiest man of color in the District of Colum-

bia. His other son, Geo. C. Cook, for many years served as superintendent of the Colored Schools of Washington, D. C., and the late Prof. C. C. Cook of Howard University, noted as a literateur and philosopher, was a grandson of the same Rev. J. F. Cook.

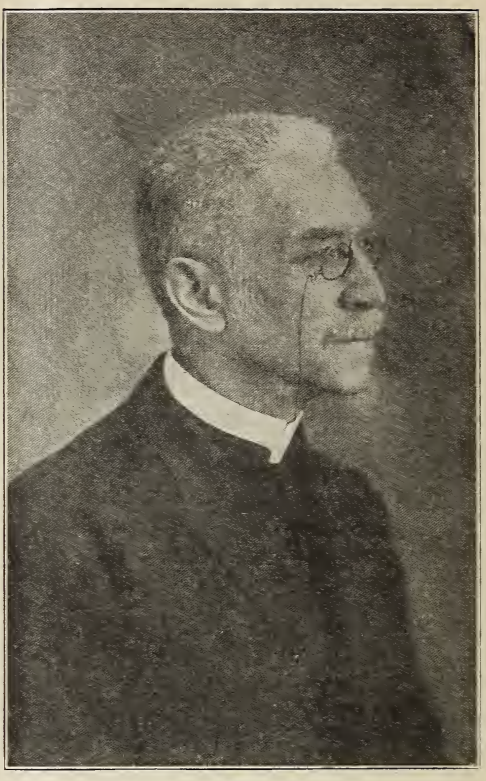
The fame of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church has gone abroad over the land for many years. If a visitor in the National Capital were to pass by and linger around the church at the close of the morning service, he would be surprised at seeing a few carriages and two or three automobiles roll up to take some of the worshippers home, and upon inquiry, he would find that men and women living on their incomes, men and women, who represent the old families in Washington, professors in Howard University, teachers in High Schools, principles of public schools, and men and women whose names stood high in Washington were members of this church. But it is by no means a society church, where social butterflies congregate. The moral tone and moral atmosphere of the church has made itself felt throughout the city of Washington.

Dr. Frank J. Grimke's career has been remarkable in that he has lived up to the early expectations that grew out of a dramatic episode of his youth. He and his brother, Archibald H. Grimke, were born as slaves in Charleston, S. C. Their father was their owner and was the representative of a distinguished Huguenot family. Both of the gifted brothers struggled to secure an education and graduated with honors from Lincoln University.

It was then that the attention of Miss Sarah and Miss Angelina Grimke, sisters of their father, and noted writers and anti-slavery speakers, was called to their brilliant colored nephews. The two famous ladies recognized the Grimke brothers as their real nephews. And the two colored brothers became famous in a day. And they both rose rapidly and sustained their fame.

Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, graduated from the Harvard Law School, wrote the lives of William Lloyd Garrison and Charles Sumner and became U. S. Consul to Santo Domingo.

Dr. Frank I. Grimke, who was born November 4, 1850, graduated from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1878, where



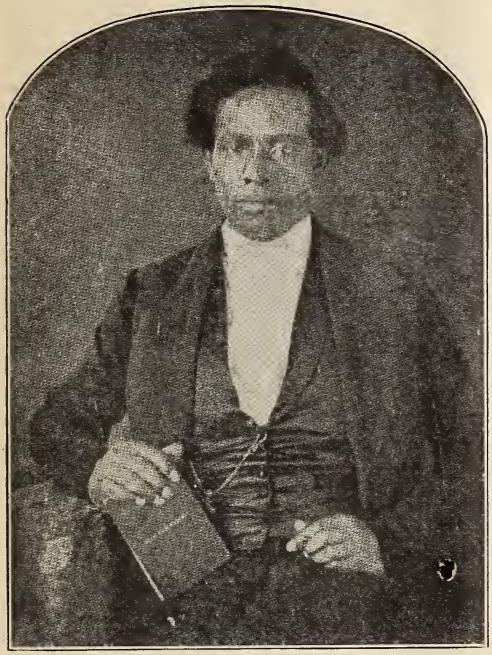
Dr. Francis J. Grimke

he attracted the attention of the celebrated Scotch philosopher, Dr. James McCosh, president of Princeton University. He married Miss Charlotte L. Forten, the poetess, who was the granddaughter of James Forten, the wealthy sail-maker of Philadelphia.

In 1878, soon after his graduation from Princeton, Dr. Grimke was called as pastor of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church of Washington, where he has since served. By his profound scholarship, his philosophical and logical reasoning, his tremendous earnestness, his impressive voice and his dignified personality, Dr. Grimke early attracted attention as a preacher and gradually drew around him the colored men and women, who stood for the highest things in the life of the colored people of Washington. He was a priest, who led their devotions, a prophet, who spoke and wrote with telling effect on moral and racial themes and a pastor whose private life was above suspicion and who ministered to the lowly, as well as to the high. Like Bishop Daniel Payne of the A. M. E. Church, Dr. Grimke will live in the history of the Ne-

gro church because in his personality was fused and blended great intellectual and moral strength.

While he was yet a young man, President James McCasle of Princeton Univer-



Rev. John F. Cook

sity said of Dr. Grimke: "I have heard him preach and I feel as if I could listen to such preaching with profit, from Sabbath to Sabbath."

REV. A. A. BINGA, D. D.

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Va.

REV. A. BINGA, JR., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., who has a successful career as a clergyman and educator, was born in Amherstburg, Canada. He attended King's Institute and taught his first school in the Albany Enterprise Academy for two years and in South Richmond, Va., for sixteen years.

He has labored in the Christian ministry for forty-two years and six months and has baptized 2,400 people. He has served as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Va., for several years. He drew the plans of the church, supervised its construction and paid for it. No division or split has marred the life of the church during the many years that he has ministered to it.

Dr. Binga's work has been recognized by the honors that he has received in Virginia. He was secretary of the Virginia Baptist Convention for twenty-five years and of the Sunday School Convention for twenty-six years. He has served as president of the Foreign Mission Board of the Lott Cary Convention and was sent once as a delegate to Europe in the interest of its work. For many years he was vice-president of the Board of Trustees of Virginia Union University. At present he is treasurer of the Lott Cary Foreign Mission Convention.

Despite his activity in these various lines, Dr. Binga has been a prolific writer. He has written eight books and pamphlets, which he has sold. One of his books, entitled "Binga's Sermons," contains 324 pages.

In recognition of his varied services to humanity, Shaw University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. And Dr. Binga bears the proud honor of being the first colored preacher of Virginia who received the degree of D. D. from any institution.

A life characterized by useful and varied activity—such is the career of Dr. Binga.

THE CHICAGO CHURCHES

CHICAGO has a score of strong and influential churches. Lack of space prevents us mentioning all of them. But there are seven of the Chicago churches which have something of a national reputation in the sense that their fame extends beyond the borders of Illinois. They are Quinn Chapel, Bethel A. M. E., Institutional Church, Olivet Baptist Church, Bethesda Baptist, Ebenezer Baptist and the Presbyterian Church.

Quinn Chapel is the oldest church in Chicago and some of the most famous preachers of the Negro race have filled its pulpit. It is probably Chicago's most famous church. Its present beautiful residence was built by Rev. Dr. J. T. Jenifer, the historiographer of the A. M. E. Church. Its present pastor, Rev. J. C. Anderson, is a scholarly and dignified Christian gentleman, whose eloquent sermons and pure

life measures up to the traditions of the celebrated church.

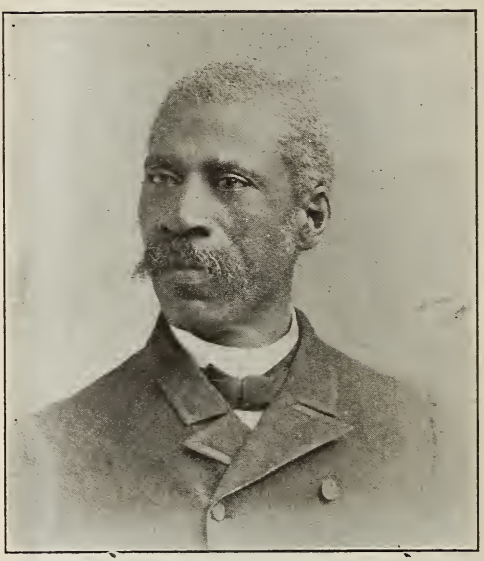
Bethel A. M. E. Church, of which Rev. Wm. D. Cook is pastor, has a larger membership than any other Methodist Church in the Middle West. Its morning attendance is so large that it usually has an overflow congregation in the lecture room. During the past conference year the church raised, in toto, $11,009.29. Its present pastor, Rev. Dr. Wm. D. Cook, has been in the Christian ministry thirty-eight years, during which period he has served as presiding elder and held the pastorate of some of the largest A. M. E. churches in the East and West. He is brilliant, resourceful, eloquent, magnetic, capable and efficient, and has brought renewed financial and spiritual strength to every church that he has pastored.

The Institutional Church, of which Rev. A. J. Carey is pastor, leaped into fame in a day, because the A. M. E. connection paid $35,000 cash for it and because Rev. R. C. Ransom made it a force in Chicago. It has the largest and the most commodious edifice of any Negro church in the West. Its present pastor, Rev. A. J. Carey, has made a record as a financial genius. He made the church in Athens, Ga., what it is, and considerably reduced the mortgage indebtedness of the A. M. E. church in Jacksonville and Quinn Chapel and Bethel in Chicago. His fame as an orator and pulpiteer ranks high.

The Olivet Baptist Church of Chicago, of which Rev. L. K. Williams is pastor, has a larger membership than any other Baptist church in the Middle West. Its present pastor, Rev. L. K. Williams, has only been in Chicago a few months, but came with a big reputation. He built and practically paid for a $90,000 church in Fort Worth, Tex., and near trebled its membership and attendance in seven years. And he has had unique honor of preaching in every white Baptist church in Fort Worth. Dr. Williams is both an exegetical and spiritual preacher. He logically develops and unfolds the meaning of the text, and has the unction which warms the hearts of his hearers. He is calm and self-possessed as a speaker and impresses one of having tremendous reserve force.

The Bethesda Baptist Church is Chicago's aristocratic Baptist church. Some of the wealthiest and most influential colored citizens of Chicago are members of the church. Its present pastor, Rev. E. T. Martin, is a dignified and level-headed Christian gentleman, wise in counsel and an impressive preacher.

The Ebenezer Baptist Church, of which



Rev. A. A. Binga, Jr.

Rev. J. F. Thomas is pastor, is a church that is full of life and force, and has a splendid Literary? Its pastor, Dr. J. F. Thomas, is the nestor of the colored preachers of Chicago and is a sage who is a splendid representative of the old school. He is training up a school of preachers, and nearly every afternoon a group of younger preachers gather around his study to hear him discourse on things human and divine.

The Presbyterian denomination has sent out many cultured clergymen who have developed churches which have moral tone. But Rev. R. Moses Jackson, who has been pastor of the Grace Presbyterian Church of Chicago for nearly thirty years, has accomplished two remarkable feats. He has built up the church and membership from the very foundation and has made it a self-supporting church. To the culture, dignity and character, characteristic of the Presbyterian ministry, he has added efficiency.

But this by no means exhausts the list of eminent Chicago clergymen. Rev. F. G. Snelson, a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London; Presiding Elder

J. McCracken, for over a quarter of a century a member of the important boards of the A. M. E. church; Rev. Dr. C. Lee Jefferson, the builder and fashioner of three Presbyterian churches; Rev. W. A. Blackwell, of the Walters A. M. E. Church, the most profound and philosophical preacher in the Zion denomination; Dr. Forrest A. McCoo, the president of the State Baptist Convention, Presiding Elder R. E. Wilson, Rev. Dr. Timothy Reeves, the theologian of the A. M. E. denomination, and other clergymen are doing effective work in Chicago.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

THE most momentous editorial concerning the Negro during the past month was published by the Chicago *Tribune*. It was a demand for the elimination of the Negro vote in establishing representation in Congress and the electoral college. The *Tribune* says:

"Isn't it about time for the north to consider more definitely and practically the problem presented by the 'solid south?'

"In every presidential election 132 electoral votes, or nearly half the number to elect, are predetermined. No matter who the candidate, no matter what the issue, this block will be delivered to the Democratic ticket. The great region of twelve states to which these votes are assigned is impervious to all appeals, all issues. It is not debatable ground. Outside of it the tide of opinion is free. Great issues are presented to the electorate, debated, and finally judged. Here, east, north, and west there is the process of free government, government by public opinion. In the solid south there is no opinion. In 1865 the election of 1916 was determined, as far as the south is concerned, and so will be the election of 1920 and every election until conditions have been radically changed.

"We are not concerned to blame the southerners for this automatic partisanism. They have reasons which seem conclusive to them for it. But it is clear that if the policies and government of the United States are to be directed by fair discussion and free judgment, if, in short, the United States is to be a republic in reality and not a republic in the Mexican sense, we must consider what it means to have a perfectly dead weight of 132 electoral votes cast unto the scale of decision at every national election.

"We ought to consider also that this block is out of all proportion to its voting strength. These 132 votes do not represent free judgment on the issues of the campaign, but, what is more, they do not represent the same ratio to votes cast at the same election as an equivalent number from the north.

"For example, Alabama casts 12 votes in the electoral college. Her population in 1915 was 2,301,277. In the election of 1912 her total vote was 117,879.

"Minnesota casts the same number of votes in the electoral college as Alabama. Her population in 1915 was 2,246,761. In the election of 1912 her total vote was 334,219.

"The Alabama population of 2,300,000 contained, according to the census of 1910, over 900,000 Negroes. That is the chief reason why the popular vote of Alabama is one-third that of Minnesota.

"The situation in short is this: The Negro does not vote in the solid south, but his strength is voted regularly for the Democratic candidate in the electoral college.

"Thus we have in the south not only a voter whose judgment is foreclosed, but also a voter who carries something like three times as much weight in the electoral college as the voter in the north, whose judgment is not predetermined.

"This preposterous wrong against government by free opinion ought not to be tolerated. We are not arguing the justice or expediency of giving the colored man the vote, or the wisdom of permitting a provision of the national constitution to be neither repealed nor respected.

"But we do contend that if the Negro vote

is not cast at the polls it should not be cast by the southern whites in the electoral college.

"Representation in both the electoral college and in the national congress should represent free judgment and be in fair ratio to the voting population. The southern representation is a vicious anomaly which has no place in a real democracy."

JAMES KEELEY, southern-born, who was for several years managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune,* and who is now editor of the Chicago *Herald,* is injecting his southern ideas into the editorial policy of the *Herald.* Recently he published an editorial entitled "The South's All Right" that shows he believes in transferring "Deutschland Über Alles" to Dixie. We hope that Mr. Keeley will not repeat the policies he used regarding the Negro when he was on the Chicago *Tribune.*

"The Democratic victory has evoked the customary expressions of indignation at the South for the supposed crime of going Democratic from a few unreconciled citizens and from a grouchy newspaper organ here and there.

"Isn't it getting about time for that sort of thing to stop? The South's all right. If she wants to go Democratic, why, bless her, let her keep it up as long as she feels like it. That's her business, and the overwhelming majority of people around here and everywhere else in the North are perfectly willing to let her attend to it. They have business enough of their own to keep them fairly occupied.

"What is more, if the South keeps on furnishing a quality of public men for committee chairmanships and legislators superior to those the northern Democrats seem to be able to find, there's no sound objection to that either. The South has sense enough to keep her leading public men in office until they acquire prestige and experience. There are other parts of the country that might learn a useful lesson from it in that regard.

"Economic conditions in the South are changing and those conditions are sure to result in a growing division of political opinion. It's sugar that makes Louisiana look more kindly to the Republican doctrine of protection and not attacks on sectional grounds. And it's factories and a growing diversification of industry that will lay the foundation for a newer point of view on the part of great numbers of southerners. While this process goes inevitably forward, northern and eastern and western citizens are going to keep on liking the South just as much as ever.

"And they do like her—well, you might say love her without making it too strong. 'When we know each other better we will love each other more' has certainly worked out in the relations of the northern and southern sections of this country. Nobody is going to make a hit either in public or private by attacking the South these days. It happens to be a notorious fact that about one of the best ways to make a hit in public is to praise her or to strike up "Dixie" or something that calls her to mind.

"Southern newspapers needn't get unduly excited over the occasional outbursts of spleen in a newspaper here and there. Those things mean just as little as the occasional outbursts against the North down South. There are always some newspapers looking for a popular way to be unpleasant and failing to find it. But nobody pays a great deal of attention to them up here, and we trust they pay as little attention to the type across the Mason and Dixon line.

AFTER all there is some good in the Negro hegira if we are to believe the Troy *Times:*

"Recent experience of northern employers with Negro laborers brought from the South does not indicate that the experiment was wholly successful. When the war produced a shortage of laboring men, both by halting immigration and by drawing back to the old world thousands who went to serve in the various armies, one or two of the large railroad companies and some industrial concerns sought to make good the loss by securing Negroes, who were offered the inducements of steady work and high wages. Large numbers came north in response to such offers, and for a time it looked as though the South would be put to serious disadvantage through the loss of so much labor. Whatever may be the varied aspects of the 'race question,' it cannot be denied that the Negro is indispensable in carrying on many of the distinctively southern industries, and especially in agriculture. Consequently, there were some loud outcries from the south, which feared that its interests would be seriously jeopardized, and which seeks to increase rather than diminish its supply of available labor.

"According to latest developments the southern apprehensions were unfounded. It is announced that hosts of Negroes who came

north to work are returning to the south. The movement is especially active now, for the Negroes wish to get back to a milder climate before winter sets in. They dread the cold and snow of the higher latitudes and wish to bask in the sunshine of their old homes. So it is likely that within a few weeks most of the colored men who were brought north will be back in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi or some other state where frost is rarely seen and outdoor life is one glad, sweet song, as interpreted by the native. It appears also that, in addition to their objections to the climate, the Negroes find life in the north too strenuous, even with compensation much higher than is received in the South. They get a good deal more money up here, but they do not enjoy themselves to the same extent. So the dream of replacing the vanished European laborers with Negroes is seemingly at an end, and an economic venture has come to naught.

"It may be said that this result is not surprising to many who have watched the operations of the Negro-employing concerns. In fact, the outcome is confirmatory of previously expressed beliefs. From time to time there have been suggestions for solving the 'Negro problem,' including propositions to remove the Negroes from the South en masse and to colonize them in regions where they would be free to work out their own destinies. But against this has been set the opinion that the Negro on the whole was better off in the South than he could be anywhere else. The Liberia scheme, which embodied something of the colonizing idea, was never so successful as to encourage imitation, and very little has actually come of the plans for a general exodus of the colored population.

"The hegira of the imported Negro laborers is not at all surprising. And it is practically certain that the South will be as glad to see the Negroes return as they are to get home. Perhaps one effect may be a better understanding all around. The self-respecting, self-supporting Negro is a member of the community to be held in esteem. When the two races in that locality recognize their interdependence and govern themselves accordingly there are likely to be more cordial relations and a kindlier spirit on both sides."

THE *Presbyterian Advocate* speaks thus of the tendency toward economic independence that the American Negro is beginning to demonstrate:

"One of the interesting and cheering signs of the times is to be found in the many modern movements which tend to the development of the self-dependence of the Negro race. A misfortune for the Negro is in the fact that during generations the habit was strengthened of depending almost altogether upon the white man for the supply of his needs and the direction of his life, and another misfortune lies in the fact that for generations the tendency of the white man was to keep the Negro dependent.

"The difference that we have in mind is that between training the weak to depend upon the strong and, on the other hand, training the weak to use, and thereby develop, their own faculties and their own initiative. It is good and Christian to do for another that which he cannot do for himself, but it is equally Christian and far wiser to teach that other to do for himself just as much as lies within his own power. The fact is that men never get as much good out of what is done for them as they do out of what they do for themselves, and there are many things which can never be successfully accomplished until individuals or groups undertake to accomplish them through their own effort.

With respect to the Negro many earnest and kindly efforts have been made during recent years to improve the sanitary and hygienic conditions under which he lives, but no very great success has crowned these efforts until recently, for the reason that the Negro himself did not appreciate the value of improved conditions and did little to co-operate with those who sought to promote his welfare. Of course, there were numerous exceptions to this statement, but it is true of the mass of the Negro race. More recently, however, the Negroes themselves, through the influence of some of their own wise leaders, have perfected organizations for the improvement of the conditions of living. Formerly, as a rule, the Negro was called upon to do what men of another race thought he ought to do for his own good; now, in increasing measure, the Negroes themselves are undertaking to do for themselves what will improve their conditions of living and increase the physical efficiency of the race.

"During August the seventh annual convention of the National Negro Business League was held in Kansas City. This is an organization of Negroes and its primary purpose was the promotion of efficiency and success in the business world. Leading Negroes soon

discovered, however, that the highest success in business endeavors could not be attained without the greater efficiency resulting from better living conditions; consequently, the Business League soon turned its attention to the betterment of health conditions. Race pride has been stimulated by these endeavors and the economic argument has been effectively used. Said a Negro speaker in Kansas City: 'Impure food, sleeping in ill-ventilated rooms and giving up the home to the ravages of flies and mosquitoes costs the Negro race $75,000,000 annually.' The Negro is beginning to see that for his own good, and not just because the white man on whom he has long depended tells him to do it, he must improve the conditions in the midst of which he lives; and now there is much more hope that filth and disease will not claim so many victims as heretofore from the homes of the brother in black.

THIS is the comment of *The Churchman* (N. Y.), on the Negro hegira:

"Owing to the falling off of European immigration there has been a decided movement northward of the southern Negro. Some uneasiness has already been caused in the South by the need of its lost labor units. Authorities differ as to the effects of residence in the North on Negroes. Some hold that the influence of better wages is to elevate the Negro laborer, as it does all other laborers. Others point to the hurtful influence on the Negro of northern industrial conditions. In northern communities the Negro has to live in the worst neighborhoods. He is exposed to bad sanitary conditions with which his outdoor life in the South has unfitted him to cope. According to the *Boston Transcript* the Negro goes down hill in our town slums, morally and physically, and the *Transcript* appeals to the advice given by Negro leaders to their own race by men like Booker T. Washington and Major Moton, who bid the Negro fight it out where he is. Such counsel, however, is hardly likely to stop the impulse of the Negro to come to a section of the country where he gets better wages. The call of the Negro will be apt to continue after the war, because it is likely that European countries will put an embargo on immigration. Every man will be needed at home to take part in the work of reconstruction. American Negroes, it is said, have gone already in considerable numbers to England to take the place of laborers there who have joined the army. If the South wishes to keep the Negro at home something must be done to ameliorate his condition on his own soil.

THE *Nation* (N. Y.) says of the National Negro Business League and the Tuskegee system of race development:

"Announcement that the National Negro Business League has started a nation-wide campaign to advertise Negro business enterprises, with a view to their better support by colored people, comes at a time when Negroes are awaking to a consciousness of increasing economic importance. Since the days of emancipation, the bulk of the race has remained in the South under economic and social conditions which have changed but slowly. The accepted basis of society has kept in the hands of the white man storekeeping and the professions, confining the Negro to tenant farming and unskilled labor. Gradually, such schools as Tuskegee, Calhoun, and a host of others have built up an ever-increasing body of men and women skilled in trades and trained to the use of initiative and independent thinking. Fully twenty years ago this force began breaking through the caste system in isolated cases, the process being stimulated by the League founded by the late Booker T. Washington some fifteen years ago. The policy has been twofold, encouraging the individual pioneers by organization and educating the race out of the tradition that only the white man was qualified to engage in trade."

WILLIAM A. BYRD writes thus to the Rochester *Union:* "It is an investment against not only Rochester, but the American people in general for neglect of the unfortunate women and girls of the Negro race:

"The city of Rochester read with mingled feelings the publication of the dance given by colored people to aid an unfortunate girl. The outcome of the affair resulted in wholesale arrests. The city should not expect anything else. For nearly six years we have begged the social forces of the city to care for the morals and social life of colored people. We have at every turn been met by the 'few colored people here do not warrant it.'

"We have never felt that this was the real reason, for a careful survey of conditions here among the colored people will reveal a population greater than dreamed of and a moral condition Rochester should blush for. Too often those who have insisted upon meet-

ing the social needs of the colored people have been made to feel that persons felt they were seeking something for their personal gain. We trust the city does not take the position that it will wait till greater numbers come and then it will try to cope with conditions. In no other affairs of the city does such a policy prevail. Is it not wisdom to take hold of the malady in its incipiency so that it can be more easily eradicated? Colored people, like all others, have social and moral natures. The satisfaction of these social instincts will be met in a proper or improper way. Environments must be made so as to develop the social instincts in the right direction. The city should know that colored people of this city have no places to go to satisfy their social life, but the saloon, the dance hall or the ordinary questionable pool room. To these places the good and bad must go indiscriminately. The good must be forced to mingle with the bad or have no recreations. Other fortunate races have their private clubs, private social conveniences, besides free access to all Y. M. C. A. accommodations of the city. The colored boy and girl have not. They are not able to maintain their private clubs and other things, hence they must take what the commercial world in social affairs offers them. The dances are not what they should be, but they satisfy the legitimate wishes of the people, with exception of the rowdyism. They would prefer a place where colored girls could go without restraint and criticism among their own people. They would like to have the privileges and social recreations that other people have and they further feel that the same generous people who furnish the money to care for all races here will furnish the money to aid the colored people if the leaders in charity work ask them. Men of color do not feel good at seeing the race held up to ridicule in the public press for their delinquencies when nothing is being done to uplift the race in a social way. We doubt if any race here would be as well behaved under the same conditions as the colored now suffer. We believe in colored people obeying the law and conducting themselves properly, but we also hope the courts will remember when these unfortunate people come up before them, that they have not the environments to improve, right here in Rochester, that it will be an act of mercy to chastise these people and turn them loose rather than lock them up because they are delinquent and no one strives to help their delinquency. It is due the colored people that the same persons who gave three-quarters of a million of dollars for uplift in Rochester in Y. M. C. A. activities, demand that they be cared for. If the number is small, care for that, for it is continually growing. Give the colored girl social environments that will prepare her to be a real mother with highest ideals. Give the colored race an opportunity to show that in it are different classes like all other races have. Also give the 'tough colored youth' an opportunity of rising by changing his associations, places of amusements and companions. The unheard wail in this city and the north generally by the colored people is, 'No man cares enough for my social nature to help me provide a place to protect it.'"

EUROPE is showing her appreciation of her black troops. This is apparent in the review of the work of the colonial armies made by *Tid Bits*, a British publication:

"The suggestion of Mr. Winston Churchill that we should raise a great army of black troops in Nigeria ready for the campaign of 1917, and the statement that the French are already employing nearly 100,000 men from Africa in the lines in France, calls attention to the use which has been made in the past of the fighting qualities of the Negro.

"The French have always recognized the splendid fighting qualities of the blacks. The number of Senegalese in the French army had risen to 22,000 as far back as 1911.

"It was in that year that the raising of 300,000 blacks was strongly advocated by French military authorities, who suggested that they should be used in the coming European struggle to redress the balance which the greater population of Germany gave to the Kaiser's army. Of course, says the *Star*, the Zouaves, Turcos and Saphis have all been employed in the French wars from the time of the Crimea, but these natives of Tunis and Algeria are not really blacks. They are Arabs, and are not open to the reproach of color to which the Negro is subject.

"During the American Civil war many Negro regiments were raised, and when the war was ended in 1865 there were still 123,000 Negro soldiers in the Federal armies, though after the war their numbers were greatly reduced. There are still several Negro cavalry regiments in the United States army.

"Lord Wolseley had a great opinion of the military value of the Negroes as soldiers. The black regiments in the Egyptian army, he once

said, were the best portion of it, and the West Indian regiments of the British army, when they were recruited from the newly liberated slaves, men fresh from the West African forests, were splendid fighting material."

CAPT J. D. DICKSON writes thus in the Birmingham (Ala.), *News,* the causes of the Negro hegira:

"I read in your newsy columns some time ago that the president of the city commission says: 'Street tax not causing exodus of Negroes.' Mr. Ward, in a measure, is right, but not altogether. I see and talk with more Negroes in one day than the president of the commission does in ten, and, furthermore, the Negroes will not talk as freely with him, or any of his agents, or to a real estate dealer, as they do to a collector of insurance premiums.

When a Negro is out of work and has no money with which to pay the odious street tax; when the unfortunate black fellow is working fourteen hours per day at starvation wages and has no money after paying house rent and grocery bills, to be ruthlessly arrested, sometimes clubbed, because of this, they believe, an illegal debt, it looks to them as a 'hold-up' game. The city commission is in such 'hard straits,' in such a 'bad row of stumps,' that their police are resorting to some very high-handed methods to get a little money. Dr. Carl O. Booth, a well-known colored physician on the south side, told me of the plain clothes men standing on the street corners in Negro sections, stopping every Negro man, be he walking, riding or driving a machine, and if the poor fellow didn't have the amount of the tax, arresting him and taking him to jail.

"Mr. E. R. Spiers, who runs a milk store at 600 South Fifteenth street, told me of three plain clothes sleuths who stood on his corner one Friday night and 'held up' every Negro man that came along, bluffing the poor devil into paying a nefarious street tax. 'They hurt my trade,' said Mr. Spiers, 'and I think it an outrage.' The Negroes complain that the white men are not arrested. They also complain of other mistreatment. Mr. B. P. Brown, a druggist out in North Birmingham, told me one Friday that the best skilled Negro laborers were leaving his section. That eight of the best Negroes in all of Birmingham district left that day. Mr. Harry Watkins, the hardware merchant of North Birmingham, told me that a hardware merchant friend of his in Ensley told him that of one hundred good Negro customers all had left except six. J. A. Watford, the real estate agent of North Birmingham told me one Monday that more Negroes were coming into North Birmingham than going out. He deplored the fact, however, that the Negro skilled laborer was leaving and his job being taken by unskilled, ignorant farm hands from the lowlands of Alabama. .

"'On Monday, September 18, Chief Eagan stood on the corner of First Avenue and Nineteenth street,' runs a report, vouched for by a reputable tax-paying white citizen, whose name can be had for the asking, 'and watched a Negro porter of a barber shop sweep the sidewalk. A piece of paper less than half the size of a man's hand went into the gutter. The chief then directed Captain Johnson to arrest him. The Negro porter was put under bond, later carried to court and fined three dollars.' For anything, it seems, the poor Negro is deprived of his liberty. Non-paying of taxes, a little infraction of the law—real or imaginary—suspicion, or what not, he suffers at the hands of Barber's police. (I say Barber's advisedly.) The police do not confine their operations to the Negroes. A Mr. Rothschild, merchant of Birmingham, told me of young white men being arrested for merely having stubs of postoffice receipts, and stubs of express orders, under the subterfuge of whiskey ordering; and confined, without trial, in prison. It is high time the southern-born, the United States of America-born man, was waking up to the nefarious stunts of this 'gang' called 'purity squad,' was pulling off nearly every day.

"The police seem to have no regard for the sanctity of human freedom. They do not know that the sanctity of freedom is the very foundation on which society rests. They are blind to that principle promulgated by Thomas Jefferson, and callous to that guaranteed to every human being by the constitution of the United States. Do they not know that the rights of property and liberty are not less a superlative divine right than that of life itself? Labor creates property, but the law of God and man gives liberty; and woe to that tribunal, to those consecrated priests of divine justice who, sworn to obey the constitution of the country to which they have pledged their allegiance, array themselves in the immaculate robes of high priests and profane the loftest prerogative with which civilized society can invest mankind, and sacrilegiously

deprive, in the name of justice, a man of his liberty for debt or suspicion. To the same astute and unchanging religious race whose relentless code of jurisprudence demanded an 'eye for an eye,' 'a tooth for a tooth,' 'a life for a life'—we owe the instructive picture of cautious inquiry of tender solicitude for the inviolability of human liberty. Because no church nor preacher, because no person of prominence has raised his or her hand in defense of the helpless, I have come to the conclusion that the public, both religious and secular, is so wantonly cruel that they gloat over these arrests as a Comanche does at the sight of the string of scalps dangling at his pony's neck."

In the Sun

A Monthly Review of Athletics

By Binga Dismond

ONE VERSE CLASSIC

(Apologies to Kipling's "If.")

If you can scrap and never get a licking,
Play ball and get a hit each time at bat,
Touch-down and never miss the goal you're kicking
And sprint the century below ten flat;
If on the "five" you never fail a basket;
Can smash a rib and think that it is fun,
Yours is the earth and all, if you but ask it,
And what is more, you'll be a BEAR, my son.

Gym Gems

I know a prize fighter who uses a powder-puff—like Kelly does.

* * *

The Champion's admirers are like his shadow—they can only be seen while he is IN THE SUN.

* * *

The next thing to learn after one has learned how to run is, when, whom, where, and what for.

* * *

A race is never absolutely won until the tape is broken—many a sprinter has been nosed out just before he crossed the line.

* * *

SOME RUNNERS HAVE A MANIA FOR SMASHING RECORDS—ON BIRD WAS SO ACCOMPLISHED. Victor people wanted to engage him to break old records.

* * *

The saddest words since sport began
The blurst these I also ran.

The mighty Pollard has humbled Harvard and Yale. He is without question the most brilliant figure in the athletic world, and will undoubtedly be chosen for Camp's "All-American."

THE PEERLESS POLLARD

Somewhere in France the forces of Great Britain are playing havoc with German trenches and the Teutonic theory, "Deutschland ueber alles," by using a gigantic, unstoppable, caterpillar-like machine termed the tank; somewhere in New England the eleven of Brown University is even more successfully routing the enemy, by utilizing a powerful, equally unstoppable engine termed Fritz Pollard. As yet human ingenuity has created no device for combating the uncanny "drives" of these terrible mechanisms. Of the two, experts agree the latter is the more formidable, in that it possesses a human brain, human musculature and human athletic perfection.

Fritz Pollard, the multiple-cylinder engine of the Brown football squad, was born in Rogers Park, Chicago, in the year 1895. His preadolescent history proves uneventful except for the usual children's diseases, mumps, chicken pox and measles. He finished grammar school in Rogers Park without any untoward symptoms. His pulse was normal, so his mother washed his face and sent him to Lane Tech. to learn foot-ball. Before Fritz went to high school he spent his spare hours reading about the superhuman feats of his brother Leslie at Dartmouth; but after he had made the prep eleven it was all he could do to find time to read about himself. This young Pollard seemed to have been born into the game. His speed was so great it was hard for the spectators to keep track of him, much less his opponents. His school appropriated championship honors the years he lent his assistance; and when his term had expired, college coaches the country over made a leap-year grab for the dusky phenom. On account of previous record, Fritz decided in favor of the East and turned his nose away from the stockyards.

On account of the ruling against freshmen performances, P o l l a r d's "coming-out party" was delayed until last year. From all accounts it was a brilliant affair; since at the same time he introduced Brown to the foot-ball world by upsetting Yale. This might have been the end of Yale had the spilling not occured in the "Bowl." (How's that one?)

The California folks were so impressed with the showing of Pollard and his team-mates that they invited the entire bunch across the continent to Pasadena that they might engage in battle against the formidable Washington state aggregation, on Christmas, New Years or my birthday, Dec. 27, I forget which. The climate, the trip, the rains, the mud or something furnished a sufficiently good alibi to permit the Washington birds to get away with the bacon; but even at that Fritz had a nice trip and all the fruit he could eat.

Pollard Gets to Going

As was confided in The Sun last month Pollard returned this season to his togs with blood in his eye. Just before leaving Chicago he had me over home for breakfast. While I was increasing my weight from 170 to 173 pounds, he told me what he was going to do to those eastern bugs. There is one thing I can always say about Fritz, "he tells the truth." Brown's record this year is the most one-sided affair imaginable. In the games they have staged this season, their pluralities have been simply huge (not Hughes). They carried Connecticut by storm, taking 26 electoral votes from Yale. The Associated Press literally burned up the wires with their glowing accounts of Pollard's work in the Yale Bowl. On one occasion embracing the pig-skin from a punt he raced fifty-five yards for a touch-down; on another he intercepted a forward pass upon his own three-yard line; on several his gains were more than 25 yards. With Pollard as a nucleus the Brown attack has been developed into a concentrated unity for which their opponents have found no solvent. To be beaten by Brown proved to be an epidemic affair. When a team scheduled Brown, the prognosis was bad from which none survived. Even the one ambition of the Provident school to beat Harvard was not denied. Before this year the Crimson had never tasted defeat at the hands of Brown, but Harvard this time was unable to discover any anti-Pollard serum to

immune themselves against Brown. The result was that Brown ended the season with a clean sheet and that Fritz ended his college foot-ball career in a whirlwind of glory. You may wonder where he gets it all—I don't; because ever since that breakfast at his house, I've known the kind of steaks they've been feeding him.

SOME RACE

November the seventh witnessed the finals of the greatest national championship event that has ever been pulled off in these parts. The feature of the day was the superb showing of the world-famous contestants in the presidential mile scratch event. The prelims and semi-finals has been run early in the summer. In these heats Hughes, the crack miler of the New York aggregation proved a phenom by running away from Roosevelt of the Bull Moose A. C., who already had two legs on the trophy, and by distancing the remaining birds who fought it out for third and fourth places. On the other hand Wilson, who was defending the title, was fortunate enough to draw an easy heat and had no trouble in qualifying. If the weather man had been bribed the fans could not have secured more propitious conditions for the staging of the great event. The track was fast and the wind quiet. A warm sun lured out enormous crowds. Although a few minor events proved sensational the stands breathlessly awaited the main event.

Before the race, coaches McCormick and Wilcox were loud in predictions that their respective proteges would get away with the goods and the confidence of each did much in equalizing the betting, but the track experts had never considered Wilson a sprinter of championship calibre. They held that he owed his previous victory to the fact that there was holding going on between Roosevelt and the heavy-held-weight miler Taft. The spectators thrilled as the whistle was sounded for the mile race. Wilson took his position at the pole. He was slight of build and seemed to be in perfect shape, but the great endurance and physical development of Hughes seemed to give him a slight edge, although this was his first championship event. Many a heart stopped as the cracks took their marks. Ear drums were almost able to register the suspense as the contestants "got set." On the crack of the pistol the men sprang away from the line as one. With a magnificent sprint Hughes made a bid for the pole and appropriated the lead. With every step the New York man increased the day-light between himself and his New Jersey rival. It looked for a moment like a walk-away. Many left the stands confident that Hughes would breast the tape and make his opponent "an also ran." Just before the end of the half, however, Wilson seemed to get his second wind and with a mighty effort cut down his opponent's lead perceptibly. The bleachers went wild with excitement, while from the pavillions and boxes not a sound could be heard. Hughes continued to weaken and it was not long before the long legs of the New Jersey man forged him ahead. At the end of the third quarter it was anybody's race. Neither the New York miler or the New Jersey wonder were able to hold the advantage. It was a "he-loves-me-he-loves-me-not" affair, which threatened to send most of the spectators to sanitariums for the rest cure. On the home stretch Hughes managed to get himself together, and with a superhuman spurt forced ahead by inches, only to feel his barreled chin rival draw up to his side. The contenders nipped and tucked until within a yard of the line, where the title holder stumbled and this hurled him face forward across the tape a fraction of a second ahead of the New York marvel. The Republicans A. C. immediately protested the event, registering the claim that Wilson had been allowed to cut the corner on the turns, which gave him considerable advantage in the race. In spite of the fact that the main event was lost it appears that the Republicans A. C. won the meet by several points.

HOWARD OUTCLASSES FISK

IT'S a long, long way to Tipperary and Nashville, but the Howard team traveled all the way to the latter berg, to hand Fisk University a clean-cut whitewashing. This was the first game which had materialized after ten years of dickering on the part of the two schools, with the result that wide interest was centered in the outcome of the intersectional affair. The Howard team outweighed the Tennesseans and in addition outclassed them. Experts agree that Fate or Destiny or something alone kept Howard from increasing the score of 16

to 0 to 100 to 0. The Fisk youths exhibited great fighting qualities and appeared well trained, but their efforts availed them naught against the cleverer senators. They may have better football weather in some places, but they must "come across" pretty heavily to the weather man. The day was ideal. Very little wind gave either of the contending teams the advantage. Howard may have a good football team, but we doff our little green hat to the angelic aggregation of rooters which sported the Fisk colors. You will have to take my word that they were beautiful, because I shall not attempt to describe them; that would be sacrilegious, and furthermore, the boss brought me down here to write football, not art.

As would be expected, the initial meeting of these great colored universities attracted the cream of the country. The alumnae of the two institutions were on hand, as well as those of Meharry, Walden and State Normal. Many old football men were among the fans present and references to "other days" were frequent and significant. Howard "Pullmaned" over with a bunch of about fifty loyal, true sons. Her squad, consisting of thirty-three huskies, was accompanied by competent and healthy lunged "noise producers." Their aggregation was swelled by sentimental Howardites, who flocked in from all parts of the South to bet on their Alma Mater. The Howard yells and songs of that crowd of not less than a thousand assisted much in making the Blue and White Eleven feel at home. Meharry, Walden and the State Normal allied themselves against their mutual rival, Fisk, and did much to augment the Howard band.

A Great Day for Fisk

The day proved to be a great homecoming for the jubilee graduates. Fiskites who had not performed any singing stunts for ten years walked over the hill for the first time in a decade. The jollification night, Thursday, was a monstrous success. Jubilee singing and yells stirred up enthusiasm, and the campus was a riot of Old Gold and Orange intermingled with White and Blue. They told me in Chicago the Fisk people could sing. That was putting it mildly. This is the place where they put "mellow" in melody. It would take Harry Burleigh to tell you about that music, so I'll go back to football.

Brilliant Array of Old-Timers on Hand

A brilliant array of football artists had charge of the officiating department of the game. Heinie Bullock, the former Dartmouth star and possessor of a country-wide reputation as being "some boy" in the football game, performed as referee. Sam Ransom, the old Hyde Park running mate of Walter Eckersal, who experts say was even better than Stagg's marvel, handled the umpiring. Anderson, a former Howard man, acted as head linesman, assisted by Howard Coach Marshall, the former Williams crack. Several Old Meharry stars adorned the sidelines, of which the following were the most famous: Dr. William Watkins, Montgomery, Ala. (quarterback); Bruce Ford, Springfield, Ill. (left end); Dr. J. A. Lattimore, Louisville (right halfback); L. E. Johnson, Mobile, Ala. (quarter); Dr. Alonzo Napier, Nashville (fullback); and Dr. Jasper Phillips.

Howard Strong on Interference

The strong asset of the Washington delegation was the brand of team-work interference which had been drilled into their brains by Coach Marshall. Fisk's strong points were speed and gameness, but they were unable to break up the machine-like interference of the Washington lads. The individual stars of the Fisk crowd were Brewer, Wesley, Sexton, Keene. In spite of a lame shoulder, Brewer, former Northwestern aspirant, performed the almost impossible by driving into the superhuman Howard interference and coming up clinging onto the leg of the "bug" with the ball. Wesley exhibited wonderful ability in the home town team's offensive work; and Sexton, the accomplished center, played a brilliant and consistent game. Eleven men starred for Howard, so none should feel slighted if not decorated for individual work. Grinnage, the Howard captain, watched the game from the sidelines, since a pending operation forbade him the privilege of leading his wonderful team. Fisk University lost its first intersectional clash to the wearers of the White and Blue, but the Howard lads lost their hearts to the Fisk girls—and don't forget yours truly once went to Howard.

The Game by Quarters—Fisk Kicks Off

Fisk won the privilege of the kickoff and scheduled Rock Brewer to do the honors. Brewer's toe failed him on the psy-

chological moment, with the result that Howard put the ball into play on the 60-yard line. Pinderhughes, believing no time beats the present, nipped off 25 yards on the jump around Fisk's left end. Howard attempts a line plunge, but is penalized 5 yards for an offside move. Stratton entrusts Coleman with the pigskin and delegates him around right for a long run, but Wesley of Fisk thought different and rudely downed him in his tracks. Howard negotiates the ball to the center of the field, where Stratton fails in attempt to drop kick from the 30-yard line. The ball is given to Fisk, who kicks to Stratton; he is downed in his tracks. Howard contents itself with straight football and makes first down. Stratton gets off for a beautiful end run, but is foiled by Brewer. Howard line-drives for another first down and registers the second vain attempt at a drop kick; at this stage of the game the spectators, enthusiastic to the point of desperation, deserted the stands and crowded in on the contestants. Their action so perturbed Heinie Bullock, the former Dartmouth phenom, that he delayed the game until the two Nashville representatives of the law had cleared the field. Fisk, feeling lonesome at having its rooters back in the bleachers, fumble to Howard on its own 20-yard line; Howard attempts forward pass, which is intercepted by Keene on his 1-yard line. Ford kicks to his 30-yard line; Stratton is downed in his tracks, but when Howard puts the ball into action he makes 3 yards through center. Howard here opens loose a double fake delayed pass for 15 yards and first down. Howard attempts a line plunge, but fumbles and recovers. The same fake play was attempted with 3 yards gained. Quarter ends with ball upon Fisk's one-yard line. Score: Fisk 0, Howard 0.

Upon the opening of the second quarter Howard seemed to like the change of goal, so delegated Pinderhughes to take the pigskin over. The Washington lad carried out his bidding by squirming the ball up to the goal line, where Heinie pronounced it a touchdown for Howard. Howard attempted to kick goal, but fizzled. Howard kicks to Fisk, but the receiver is downed in tracks. Wesley rips off 10 yards around Howard's left for first down, but is later held; she then kicks to Stratton, who is downed, but when ball is pulled into play makes 50 yards around Fisk's bewildered end. Brewer's shoulder then became too painful and Coleman makes 15-yard plunge and Coleman takes oval over for the second touchdown. Howard again fails the goal. Howard kicks to Ware, who is downed on his 40-yard line. A series of unsuccessful plays compels Fisk to kick. Stratton is thrown back 10 yards and is forced to kick. Keen is downed in tracks and Fisk is penalized 5 yards for offside play. Wesley is the nucleus of a fake play which fails. Fisk kicks to Howard, who fumbles but recovers. First half ends with the ball on Fisk's 50-yard line. Score: Howard 12, Fisk 0.

At this point your scribe is kidnaped into the grandstand and meets Miss So-and-So, Miss Who-Is-It and Mr. What-ya-Callum. Believing that nothing beats a trial but a failure, Stratton succeeds in drop kicking three more points to the visitors' credit. Quarter ends. Score Howard 16, Fisk 0.

Third Quarter—Game progressing as usual, but I'm in the grandstand and too charmed to notice. When I look about me I can see no reason visible to the naked eye to watch such murderous pastime.

Fourth Quarter—Howard makes one or two more line plunges just for good measure, but it has gotten too dark to write.

Lineup

Gilmore	L. E.	Kean	L. E.
MacCain	L. T.	Tarkington	L. T.
Marshall	L. G.	Walker	L. G.
Young	C.	Sexton	C.
Campet	R. G.	V. Smith	R. G.
Matthews	R. T.	Capt. Suggs	R. T.
Green	R. E.	Brewer (Ware)	R. E.
Weaton	L. H.	Wesley	L. H.
Coleman	F. B.	Thompson	F. B.
Penderhughes (Tulane)	R. H.	Ford	R. H.
Stratton	Q.	Zeigler(Brickley)	Q.

The officials were: Umpire, Bullock (Dartmouth); referee, Ransom (Beloit); head linesman, Anderson (Harvard).

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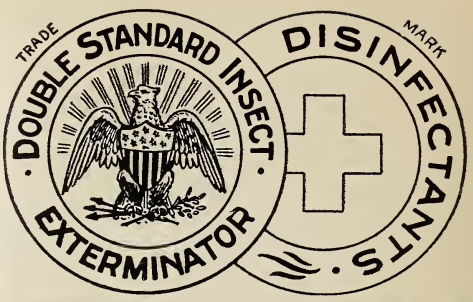

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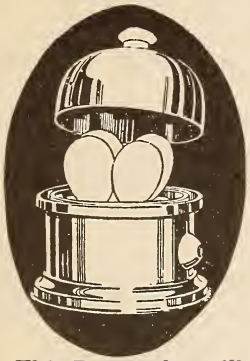

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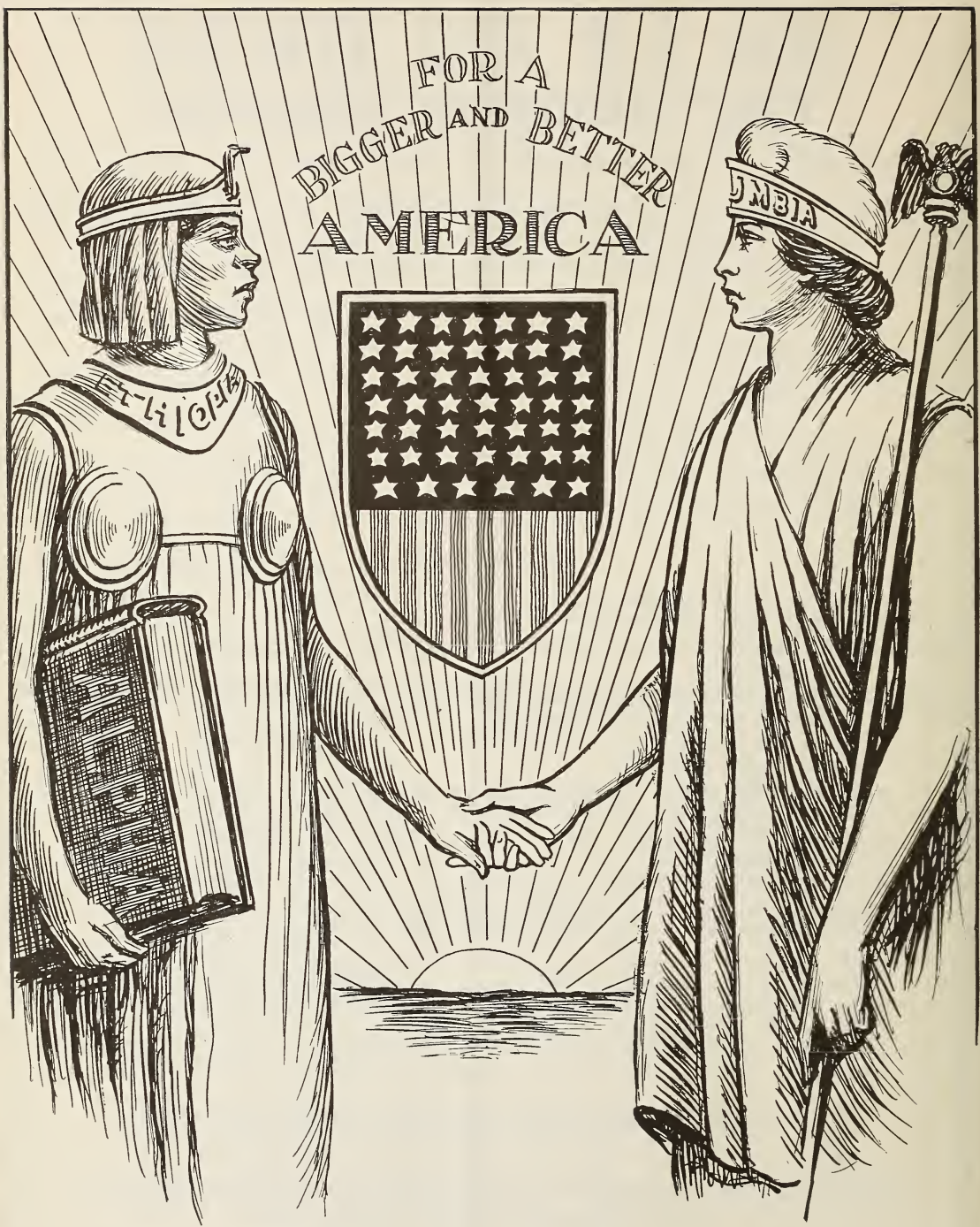


Cartoon by E. C. Shefton

"THE RECONCILIATION OF THE RACES"

The Champion Magazine

Vol. 1 January, 1917 No. 5

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

REVIEW OF 1916

THE closing year has been for the Negro a year rich with the fullness of events. The black man has gained remarkably in the respect of the world round him, largely through that lovable temperament that has been his weapon since the dawn of history.

The American Negro astonished his public by displaying at Carrizal the most remarkable heroism since the charge of the Light Brigade. The hearts of the North and the South melted toward those who laid down their lives in the interest of their fairer brother and an administration noted for its hostility to colored races. The martyrdom of Carrizal was the happiest stroke in the calendar of Negro achievement. The hour of racial reconciliation was brought nearer, the glory of man's brotherhood shone on that Mexican field as bright as the halo of a Christian saint.

Industrially, the Negro was granted a new leader in Robert Russa Moton, who was elected to succeed the late Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee Institute. The first six months of Dr. Moton's leadership has not been marked by anything startling; so far he has shown himself to be a very conservative man, perhaps more so than his illustrious predecessor. Dr. Moton finds himself face to face with a new problem, the Negro hegira, and is handling it in the true Washington fashion.

To 1916 is due the credit of this new Negro problem. The more radical publicists of the darker race attribute it to the abuses of race prejudice and yellow sheets, representing unbridled journalism hurl insults at the entire South and picture the North as a Mecca for the oppressed black man. The conservatives tell us to remain in the South; the radicals advise us to flee from the wrath that is at hand and bask in the sunshine of economic competition and high prices that we will find in the North. The cause of the hegira, as we have expressed hitherto, is due not to oppression, but to economic conditions rising out of the great war. It will not be abated for some time and is a benefit to both races.

In the world of achievement, 1916 can boast of the success of Charles Young in obtaining through sheer merit the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the regular United States army. Fred Pollard's brilliant defeat of Harvard University on the football gridiron gave the world another startling demonstration of the Negro's athletic superiority. In literature, the American Negro advanced no new star, though occasionally we heard something from the established writers. In commercial life the National Negro Business League showed that the black man is gaining ground. The number of banks has increased and there are fewer failures than there were ten years ago.

The most astonishing feature of the year is the social growth of the Negro. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has developed into the most useful agency for the repression of racial wrongs that America can boast. It is not a group of unscrupulous agitators but of earnest men and women striving to make their country a better and a greater America. Side by side with these soldiers of uplift are the members of the National Negro Urban League, who during this year have been sowing their seed in almost every hamlet in the Union. The social welfare of this race depends upon the support the world gives this great league in its endeavor to make better the lives of those who dwell on the other side.

Yes, the year Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen has been a year of inestimatble value to the Negro race in America.

SAVE THE DOUGLASS HOME

MARY B. TALBERT, President of the National Association of Colored Women, in this issue appeals to the race to aid her and her organization in saving the home of Frederick Douglass. We feel

that no cause is more worthy of loyal support than this. Both races owe a debt of gratitude to the greatest Negro America ever produced. No monument would be more fitting to his memory, or more pleasing to his successor, the late Booker T. Washington, than this home where he did so much for the political advancement of his people.

We ask the American people to contribute at least a dollar, February 15th, his centennial, to help save the home of Frederick Douglass.

INVESTIGATE THE SMALL NEGRO SCHOOLS

WOULD a government based upon the protection of life, liberty, property and the pursuit of happiness be interested in supervising the education of young men and women? This question is asked as a result of our demand in December that small Negro schools be placed under either Federal or State supervision.

J. L. McBrien of the United States Bureau of Education gives the best answer to this query in his statement that a quondam Secretary of Agriculture said:

"We demand educated educators. We call no uneducated quack or charlatan to perform surgery upon the bodies of our children lest they be deformed, crippled, and maimed physically all their lives. Let us take equal care that we entrust the development of the mental faculties to skilled instructors of magnanimous character, that the mentalities of our children may not be mutilated, deformed and crippled to halt and limp through all the centuries of their never-ending lives." This plea, Mr. McBrien adds, is the basis upon which one of the national educational conferences made its campaign for professionally trained teachers; Mr. McBrien infers, therefore, that the government would not tolerate the butchering of youthful minds.

We would rejoice if the United States Bureau of Education would investigate conditions in many of the small Negro schools. We might cite our experiences at a so-called university in the metropolis of Kentucky, where the religious revival was a more important part of the curriculum than the subjects of English, the modern languages and the sciences. The colored people of Louisville and of Kentucky in general would be in a better position, so far as the outside world is concerned, if the farce that this school has been perpetrating in the name of education could be stopped and the management of the institution placed in competent hands. Four years spent in the classrooms of such a school are four years wasted, even in religious development, for it is well known that religion cannot be mingled with secular affairs.

It is time that the United States became interested in the manner that some of the institutions purporting to help the Negro are conducted. Society demands the advancement of the Negro, but it cannot realize its desire until it supervises the advancement. No person can rise entirely through himself. No institution that exalts the hymn book president and an underpaid, half-educated faculty can lift the youth groping in darkness to the light of civilization. We have faith in the small Negro school, but not until the proper authorities have turned the light upon it, renovated it and made it efficient in every respect, will it justify our faith.

ROBERT R. CHURCH AND THE LINCOLN LEAGUE

THE weight of Robert R. Church's triumph at Memphis, Tenn., in the November election will not be realized in its large aspect for some time. In our opinion it was the most significant phase of the recent election. It was the initiative required to check the growth of the "lily white" movement in the border South.

The Lincoln League is in politics not for the elevation of any individual politician, nor for the establishment of Negro supremacy, but to regain the lost rights of a growing race. It is not revolutionary, it is not a color line organization, it is not a political Klu Klux Klan, but the outgrowth of that type of idealism that produced in recent years the Young Turk movement in the Ottoman empire and the Sons of Liberty during the days prior to the American Revolution.

We congratulate the Colored people of Tennessee upon the success of their Lincoln League and their Robert Church.

SUPPORT ATLANTA UNIVERSITY

THERE are few schools in the country, white or black, that deserves as hearty support as Atlanta University. It has been for about fifty years the arbiter of civilization so far as the million black men and women of Georgia are concerned. It has given us the Georgia type of leadership, aggressive and fearless, knights-errant against wrongs within or without the race.

Atlanta University should have a million-dollar endowment. We would rejoice if men like Rosenwald, Wanamaker and Rockefeller could place this school upon the basis of the great universities of the world.

THE PENROSE FORCE BILL

IT IS only fair that the provisions of the Constitution be enforced so far as the representation of the South in Congress and the electoral college is concerned. We do not say this upon the basis of race feeling, but because we desire to see a restraint brought to bear upon sectionalism. This country cannot exist half slave and half free any more than it could in the sixties.

Senator Penrose, you have discovered the New Freedom, that which Woodrow Wilson talked about but failed to practice.

THE DOUGLASS NUMBER

IN ORDER that we might do justice to the memory of Frederick Douglass, whose centennial anniversary is to be celebrated February 15, 1917, we will present as our February issue the Frederick Douglass Centennial number. It will be devoted entirely to appreciation of the achievements of the great Douglass. Many of Douglass' personal friends and admirers will contribute articles, among them Archibald Grimke, and a cartoon will be the tribute Shefton will pay him.

This necessitates the postponement of our Chicago number to March. We ask our Chicago contributors to mark their manuscripts Chicago number if they desire to submit them for that issue. There are two things we wish to impress upon our contributors. 1. Type all manuscripts. 2. All material must be in before the first of each month.

We are very much encouraged at the progress our editorial department is making. Co-operation is all that it needs; we are certain you will grant it.

THE LEDGER

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY RAISING A $500,000 ANNIVERSARY FUND

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY is planning to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 1917 by raising a $500,000 endowment fund. It has stood forth for forty-nine years as the champion of the higher aspirations of the colored race. It has aimed to fit and train the leaders of the race for a life of service and usefulness.

Its founder was Edmund Asa Ware. Its second president was Dr. Horace Bumstead, and its present president is Edward T. Ware, the son of the founder, who succeeded Dr. Bumstead nine years ago. The university has a campus of sixty acres and several brick buildings.

The graduates of the university have done such a splendid work in uplifting the life and ideals of the colored people of the South, that some of the most distinguished citizens in the country signed the statement, sent out by the university, with reference to its anniversary.

The following gentlemen attached their signatures to the statement:

Chas. W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University.
David C. Barrow, Chancellor of University of Georgia.
Nicholas M. Butler, President of Columbia University.
P. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education.
C. K. Nelson, Bishop of Atlanta.
William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts.
Anson P. Stokes, Secretary of Yale University.
Geo. A. Gordon, Pastor of Old South Church.
Clark Howell, Editor Atlanta Constitution.
Robert F. Maddox, President of Atlanta National Bank
H. M. Atkison, Georgia Railway & Power Co.
Talcott Williams, School of Journalism.
Clarence Kelsey, President of Guarantee Title and Trust Co., New York.
Paul Revere Frothingham, Pastor of Unitarian Church, Boston.
Samuel McChord Crothers, Pastor of First Parish Church, Cambridge.
Arthur Estabrook, Boston.
Moorfield Storey, Boston.
Alexander Mann, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston.
Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor of New York Evening Post.

RACE SEGREGATION SCORED

HON. MOORFIELD STOREY, of Boston, the former President of the American Bar Association and New England's most distinguished law-

yer hit race segregation square and hard, on the afternoon of Nov. 26th in the Columbus Avenue A. M. E. Zion Church, of Boston.

Mr. Storey said in the course of his address: "I believe that any segregation law in the United States is unconstitutional and I believe, furthermore, that the end of segregation has come.

I don't believe that anybody in any state should be cut off from general society and oppressed after the manner the Negro race is cut off and oppressed. It is wrong for the Southern States to take the attitude they do in regard to the welfare of the colored people."

LABOR TO ORGANIZE NEGROES

THE Negro Hegira has finally attracted the attention of the labor organizations.

Migration of Southern Negroes to Northern labor centers was brought to the attention of the convention of the American Federation of Labor, in Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 16th, when the committee, on organization reported favorably a resolution designed to eliminate what was characterized as a "menace to the workers in the Northern states."

The resolution, which subsequently was adopted by the convention, was framed by members of Ohio federations. It recited that the investigation of such migration and importation of Negroes in Ohio had demonstrated to the satisfaction of labor leaders that they were being brought North to fill the places of union men demanding better conditions, as in the case of freight handlers.

Believing that "the conditions that prevail in Ohio apply in all Northern states," the president and executive council of the federation were instructed to undertake a movement for the organization of the Negroes in the Southern states.

NEGRO PLAY STAGED

MISS MARY WHITE OVINGTON'S child story, entitled "Hazel," was dramatized and staged in the central Y. M. C. A. auditorium, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evenings of Dec. 6th and 7th, for the benefit of the Lincoln Settlement, at 105 Fleet place. Miss Ovington wrote both the book and the play. Jesse Shipp, the greatest Negro playwright, supervised the staging. And R. J. McPherson, composed the incidental music.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE
HOLDS ART EXHIBITION

TUSKEGEE held an Art Exhibition on Wednesday, Dec. 6th, among the works exhibited were drawings and sketches by Charles C. Dawson, William M. Farrell and Archibald J. Motley of the Chicago Art Institute.

SALE OF ISLANDS OPPOSED

THE former Governor General of the Danish West Indies, Helweg Larsen was examined recently by a parlimentary committee and opposed the sale of the islands. The present bad conditions, according to the retiring governor are due mainly to the labor question and the policy of the Danes in treating the Negroes in the same way as white people.

If the islands are sold to the United States, they would have the American tariff, according to the former governor, and that would virtually kill the trade of the free port of St. Thomas. He advocates the retention of Danish sovereignty on the general ground that the islands are very important for Danish commerce and shipping.

Chaplain Ejnar Olsen, of St. Croix, speaking before the committee, maintained that the Negroes would be much happier under American rule. He described the intellectual advance of the American Negroes as important, and thought those of the Danish West Indies would share the same conditions under American administration.

NEW YORK URBAN LEAGUE
TO ERECT MODEL TENEMENTS

THE Suburban Homes Company, of New York City, with the approval of the National League on Urban Conditions Among Negroes, will erect a six-story tenement to cover a site of eight lots for the housing of the colored people of Harlem. In this model tenement house there will be apartments of two, three and four rooms, baths not being counted as rooms. The average rental will be $1.50 per room weekly. This is the first development of a plan, that may later assume a more colossal scale.

WORK OF COLORED
SCULPTORS EXHIBITED

COLORED sculptors are exhibiting their works on Fifth avenue, New York, and winning laurels. The *Evening World* for Nov. 29th says:

"The present exhibition at the Modern Gallery, 500 Fifth avenue, is concerned with forty-four pieces of African Negro sculpture.

"Statuettes, fetishes and ceremonial masks from the Ivory coast, Guinea and Dahomey, look down from the gallery walls, or are attractively arranged upon fitting bases in cabinets or elsewhere, to charm the beholder.

"The Negro sculptors have done some excellent work with their effigies. They have had stories to tell, under the influence of Ammism and they have told them according to their lights and traditions."

URBAN LEAGUE TO OPEN UP
A BRANCH IN CHICAGO

T. A. HILL of the Urban League, of New York City, is in Chicago, for the purpose of opening a Chicago branch. This branch is planned to be as far-reaching in its effects as the New York branch.

FORMER SENATOR CHANDLER
REPROVES G. O. P.

FORMER Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, who was one of the Republican counsel in the Hayes-Tilden Electorial Commission contest, published an open letter to Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts in the *Evening Monitor* of Concord, N. H., on Nov. 27th, which has attracted considerable attention and evoked much discussion.

The former Senator asserts that Charles Evans Hughes would have won the election for the presidency, but for the failure of the Republican party since 1908 to put a Negro plank in its national platform.

RECREATIONAL CENTER PLANNED
FOR DETROIT COLORED PEOPLE

MR. FORRESTER B. WASHINGTON, director of the Detroit Urban League for the Study of Negro Conditions is laying plans for the organization of a recreation center for the colored people of Detroit, Mich., and the opening of a garment factory for the purpose of employing only Negro employes. Mr. Washington in his statement on December 5th said that the colored people in Detroit have catering to their patronage 40 saloons, 23 poolrooms and 40 gambling rooms in the black belt and that there are no educational or recreational features to keep them away from the debasing allurements.

THE OBSERVER

THE Critic came into the Observer's study on the morning before Christmas and found him busy packing his dress suit case and traveling bag. "Where are you going?" asked the Critic.

"I'm going to spend the Christmas holidays in Orangeburg, S. C., the guest of the A. & M. College," replied the observer. "And on January 1st I shall deliver the Emancipation address there. The students will be out in force, and the country people will gather from miles around. It will be a combination of a picnic and holiday. In fact, it will be a gala affair. It will give me a splendid opportunity to inspire the colored youth and the common people of that section of South Carolina."

"I grant," said the Critic in reply, "that it will be a splendid trip for you, because South Carolinians are noted for their hospitality. And down there the Christmas holidays have been gay, festive occasions ever since slavery days. But I don't see where the inspiration will come in or how you are going to inspire the folk south of the Mason and Dixon line."

"I don't quite understand you," answered the Observer.

"Oh, don't you?" said the Critic, "and I don't quite understand what you are going to wax eloquent about. The mass of the black people are disfranchised down there. They have been driven from political office. They have no representative in Congress. They are jim-crowed on railroad trains and trolley cars, and they are barred from the Pullman palace cars and sleepers. They are occasionally lynched. They have been decitizenized, in a word. And then, too, Woodrow Wilson has been re-elected president. And that means four more years of segregation of the government employes in Washington, D. C., four more years of barring the brother in black from representing his government in Hayti and Santo Domingo. Then when we consider that the segregation idea, which started in the National Capital, is spreading all over the country, and that race prejudice is growing in Chicago, in the West as well as the East, I don't see what you are going to enthuse about, unless you build air castles and paint in words another dream like More's Utopia. If you are going to deal with actualities and confine yourself to realities, your remarks will not be very inspiring or hopeful. I am sorry, old boy, that I can't quite share your youthful enthusiasm."

"Oh, I catch the drift of your meaning," said the Observer in reply, "but, my good friend, you look too much on the dark side of things. I, too, see a cloud rising in the horizon, but, in the eloquent words of Dr. Wm. A. Creditt of Philadelphia, 'As I look

again, I see that it is not a nimbus, but a cumulous cloud through which the sun shines.' And when I think of the wonderful progress that we have made since our emancipation from chattel slavery, when I reflect that we have accumulated over $1,000,000,000 in real and personal property, have 200,000 home owners and 220,000 owners of farms, when I reflect that we have 30,000 tecahers and 3,000;000 Negroes in the public schools, colleges and universities of the country and have reduced our illiteracy to 30 per cent, I see the sun of progress shining through the clouds of our oppression."

"That is all true," admitted the Critic, "but you are talking about yesterday, while I am talking about today. I am talking about the backward steps that we have taken during the past year."

"On the surface," replied the Observer, "your remarks seem to land a solar plexus blow to my argument. But when we look deeper, we see underlying tendencies which will ultimately break the crust of prejudice, just as the seed finally bursts in plants, trees and flowers, through the earth into the sunlight. The Negro is becoming more and more economically independent. And that will affect his civil and political status, sooner or later.

"And then again, there have occurred four instances of recognition of the Negro's achievement and endeavor in sections which are prejudiced. Yale University, one-third of whose students came from the South, has conferred scholarships, post graduate degrees, oratorical and debating prizes upon some of its colored graduates; but has not particularly encouraged Negroes in the athletic contests. And yet the press reports of November 11th stated that when Pollard, the brilliant Brown University halfback, caught a ball from apunt and raced sixty yards through almost the entire eleven for a touchdown, he was cheered not only by the Brown enthusiasts but by practically all of the spectators on the Yale field.

"Evanston, Ill., is an aristocratic city, where colored people find it somewhat difficult to rent houses in desirable residential sections. And yet the White Ministers' Union of that town co-operated with a colored delegation, headed by Prof. W. W. Fisher, on November 15 in protesting against the staging of the 'Birth of a Nation.' The result was that the mayor refused to grant the permit. Last month a public school in Baltimore, Md., which has endeavored to segregate colored people and prevent their buying property in certain sections, was dedicated in honor of Paul Lawrence Dunbar. The city superintendent of education and the representative of the mayor, who was called away on business, participated in the exercises. A few days ago an educational convention was held under the auspices of the Religious Training School of Durham, N. C. Not only the State Superintendent of Education but such eminent presidents of white institutions, like the presidents of Trinity and Wake Forest Colleges, participated in the congress.

"This indicates that even in prejudiced sections of the country, white men will applaud a colored man's brilliant deeds and co-operate with his efforts to uplift himself. Do not these instances show that there is a silver lining to the dark cloud? Do they not indicate the path by which we can escape from the jungles of prejudice? It is a long, circuitous path, I will admit; but often the longest way around is the shortest way home. If we sit down, fold our hands and grieve over our condition, we will always remain in the dark and dismal valley of humiliation. But if we heroically strive to climb the mount of human achievement, handicapped as we are, while we may not reach the sun-kissed summits, we will at least get out of the valley. This is the gospel that I will preach at the Emancipation celebration in South Carolina."

The Critic was apparently won over by this impassioned outburst of the Observer, for he said after a few moments' silence, "Almost thou persuadest me to share your glorious optimism."

Eliminate Waste: A Business Editorial

THE United States Census of 1910 called attention to the economic progress of the Negro race. It was discovered that the Negro had accumulated $1,000,000,000 worth of personal and real property, that there were 200,000 colored persons who owned their own homes, 200,000 colored farmers who owned their own farms and as many in business for themselves.

But while the Negro has succeeded as a farmer and as a business man on a small scale, he has not been so successful in corporate business, viz.: in doing business on a large scale. During the past decade, two realty companies north of the Mason and Dixon line, which had been heralded far and wide, three other realty companies in the North and the three most advertised banks south of the Mason and Dixon line, did not realize the dreams of their promoters.

Why is it that the Negro has succeeded better in small individual business than in large corporate business? The answer is, lack of commercial experience.

Some shrewd Negro, who is a fluent talker, persuades a few friends, who have succeeded in their small individual business, to form a realty company or start a bank. What happens? The same thing befalls them that befalls a rash youth, who has been accustomed to manipulating a sail boat in a protected harbor and who ventures far out into the ocean. They enter a new field and face new problems. A storm or heavy wind comes up and their frail financial craft capsizes.

The experienced navigator will not venture far into the ocean with his sail boat, unless the sky is clear and the sea calm. He is quick to notice the first sign of gathering storm or change of wind and knows whether to take in his sails or turn back to the shore.

So, too, the experienced business man knows that it is unwise to venture too far out in the sea of financial speculation. He knows that the time will come when money will stop coming in and when he must begin to pay out, so he aims to cut down extravagant expenses and to accumulate a surplus reserve fund. Then when a panic comes on, or busines drops off, he is prepared to meet the new and and unexpected emergency.

Now, oftimes, colored bankers and real estate promoters act on the assumption that the rent will take care of water, taxes, repairs and interest, and will cut down the principal. The result is that they hold a great deal of property that they only partly own. They are extravagant in their living and office expenses. They exhaust their surplus reserve fund. Then, when a panic comes on and they find it impossible to borrow money, when their creditors demand payment, when their rents do not yield the expected income, or when other unexpected things happen, they are lost in the financial storm. What is the remedy? Eliminate waste and unwise speculation. Cut out extravagant office and living expenses and store up a surplus reserve fund.

Status of the Negro in Commerce

By W. D. Allimono

ONE must know the history of the development of earning a livelihood in order to understand the science of business. Therefore, before we can appreciate the Negro in that field, whose momentum in the evolution of society is increasing, we must have a thorough knowledge of the white man's methods in achieving his supreme standard in this great world of commerce. Such knowledge would place him in an attitude to avoid the blunders of hos fore-runners and deirve all advantages, viz.: Educational, economical, political, industrial, etc. This method may seem to be remote, but it is the only path by which one can reach an intelligent understanding of the present achievements in any particular vocation in life.

The method of production and distribution of

wealth which we perceive today, received its impetus when the agricultural family, with the advanced method of farming, produced more than was necessary for its own use. Then it began to purchase weapons, tools and articles of luxury which it could not produce itself. Through this exchange, products became commodities, hence developed the present economic conditions, where we find the majority of the people sinking deeper in poverty and misery, and a small group of capitalist and landlords taking as their own, all the tremendous advantages, which have been wrung from nature, especially by the natural sciences and their practical application.

The evolving conditions enumerate the demands which the people make of present day society. And the theories of our economists, which are hopelessly reactionary, are developing an intolerable condition likely eventually to make, the demands of the people effective. We find that production on a small scale is based on the ownership of the means of productions by the laborer, i. e., his tools. The economic development of capitalist society led necessarily to the overthrow of this form of production, because it became obsolete, due to the genius of our inventors in the mechanical world and the new discoveries, which men made in the sciences, especially chemistry, thereby separating the worker from his tools and changing him into a propertyless laborer. The means of production became more and more the monopoly of a comparatively small number of capitalists and landholders. Along with this monopolizing of the means of production went the crowding out and scattering of small production, the development of the tool into the machine and a marvelous increase in the productivity of labor; but all the advantages of this transformation are monopolized by a few. For the workers, the small business men and farmers, we can see that it means misery, oppression, servitude, degradation and exploitation and yea, for the capitalist, who is also a victim, it means a mental disorder—all in the name of "business." The method of the small production and its development as cited in the preceding, is the foundation of Adam Smith's and Ricardo's theories of political economy and the basis of Rousseau's proclamation in behalf of the business men of France, in his vindication of Quesney's theory of "Natural Rights."

The Basic Principles of Economics

A commodity is a product designed for exchange. The grain, the farmer produces for his own consumption is not a commodity, but the grain he produces to sell is a commodity. Selling is nothing more or less than trading one commodity for another which is acceptable to all—gold for example.

Now the craftsman working independently is a producer of commodities from the beginning; he does not sell merely his surplus products; production for sale is his main purpose. Exchange of commodities implies two conditions; first, a division of social labor; second, private ownership of the things exchanged. The more this division was developed and the more private property increased in extent and importance, the more general became production for exchange, which led to the new trade known today as business. Business is buying and selling. Those engaged in it gain their livelihood by buying and selling at a profit. We find two classes of buyers; one who buys for consumption, such as the farmer or craftsman, commonly known as consumers, the other who buys purposely to sell such as the wholesaler or retailer, commonly known as merchants. The money which is used for this latter purpose is capital. The term capital is justly applied only to a sum of money or commodity, which is being utilized for the purpose of trading. The merchandise, which a merchant buys to sell represents capital; that which he buys for his own use, does not.

There are two classes of capital; that which is represented in merchandise or merchants' capital and that which is represented by money or interest-bearing capital.

The Negro in Business

The Negro who has made a success in business has just begun to acquire merchant's capital and will not make a complete success as the possessor of merchants' capital, until he evolves out of the stage of individualism into that of co-operation. I cannot conceive how any person possessing the sterling qualities of intelligence, which makes us broad and unbiased, would consider a man to be thoroughly successful in business, until he has developed a business that can be classed as a self-supporting institution, benefiting the families of many, instead of one, only. Such an institution would immortalize its founder's name and mark the dawn of a new era in Negro industry.

The present day Negro has the advantage of the best methods in organizing, systematizing and administrating, established by the Romans, who were preceded by the Egyptians and the Egyptians by the Babylonians. Babylon was the first organized government in the world and the chief commercial center in the East as far back as 4500 B. C.

With the academic course of education, the Negro could organize his business, and thereby relieve the present situation of his enterprises from a state of chaos. But in order to accomplish that end, it is necessary for him to avail himself of the greatest medium of education—books—and the use of libraries in research work, studying the history of his particular vocation, learning the fundamental

principles of its scientific theories and applying them in his daily practices. If the financial condition of his business is such that it enables him to devote a part of his time in that respect, it behooves him to obtain the services of some one who is qualified to serve his purpose.

I often hear the remark made that it is impossible to find men, especially of the race, who are technically qualified. Such a remark is false and is purely a habit of expression acquired by the majority of business men of the race in their endeavor to establish an alibi in defense of their poorly organized and systematized business. It must be admitted, however, that proficient help in the clerical field is not as plentiful as special fruit or vegetable during the appropriate season, but some can be obtained, providing the contract and consideration is fair. First, with a reasonable consideration not determined by the amount of food which is absolutely necessary to merely exist (and in many cases insufficient), the employe would be able to develop and maintain a standard of self respect, morality, efficiency and interest in the business.

With a conscientious appeal to the employer's sense of reasoning, these conditions could be established, just by the employer satisfying himself with a smaller percentage of profit temporarily, stopping the leakage and utilizing the waste, which would ultimately develop into greater profits. The question may arise in his mind as to which is the best method of stopping leaks and utilizing the waste We find the answer in the most neglected department of his establishment, namely, the accounting department. It will not be questioned by anyone familiar with conditions that there is a pressing need for better and more accounting in Negro business. I will not enter into a long discussion of the science of bookkeeping because time and space will not permit, but the writer will be pleased to expound some facts in the science and history of accounts in some future article.

The conduct of a business establishment when not guided by the information which can be derived only from correct accounts, is necessarily guided by guessing, prejudice and superstition. The science of accounting is to any business administration, what the science of navigation is to ocean travel. It must be depended upon, to guide action to the desired objective point. "A correct observation of an untrue compass, or an unintelligent observation of a true compass, must inevitably cause an error in direction."

Business Suggestions

Every person who has had any reasonable amount of experience in business probably has had the following: At some stage of his business career a condition developed which demands more capital. It is a condition which usually develops from several causes, some of which are: 1. Necessity of increasing the stock of certain commodities, on account of an increase in sales on said commodity. 2. An incessant demand of commodities which are not being carried in stock. 3. The burning ambition for a bigger business. In order to accommodate the demand of your customers in both the commodities that are being carried in stock and the new ones that are constantly being called for, it requires more capital. And as a rule, the majority of the Negroes who go in business, start without any capital, depending upon the profit they expect to realize on the first lot of merchandise they invested in, to start their career as merchants.

If closely observed, it will be noticed that the margin of profit on the commodities which one sells most, hardly ever more than four or five in number, is so small that it is almost impossible to keep up the stock to the required demand, on account of the cost of doing business. The greatest portion of that cost is incurred by the slow selling and practically dead articles on his shelf. This is fundamentally the cause of the old familiar terms, "just out" or "ordered some today," eventually establishing a reputation of never having what the customers want, which is one of the branches leading into the main stream of failure. In order to overcome such a condition and to develop a bigger business, you must have money. If you have not money, you must borrow. The merchant who has been in business long enough to be considered for a loan, by his bank, will only be accommodated in proportion to his security. If he has no real estate, it will then be necessary to furnish the bank with an accurate statement, showing the true condition of his business, to assure the bank officials whether the business is solvent or not, and said statement can only come through scientific method of double entry bookkeeping.

In small production. the Negro has made progress. As a craftsman, he has proven his ability in skill; in trading, he has demonstrated capacity of becoming a shrewd, tactful and unassuming unit in the modern methods of business. Few have emerged above the horizon, although many have a commercial education, demanding recognition, creating opportunities, absorbing not the tender drops of dew like the morning sun, but the flint of prejudice, and establishing the avenue of a future hope for generations yet unborn in the modern field of commerce.

Colored Business Men I Have Known

By William H. Ferris

FROM time immemorial, mankind has honored and envied the man of great wealth. The phrase, "Rich as Croesus" has gone, singing down the ages. And Croesus, a contemporary of Julius Caesar, became powerful and famous because of his great wealth.

This is because the bread problem is the basic and fundamental problem of human life. And land hunger is one of man's hungers, that demands satisfaction. The desire to own the plot of land on which he lives is one of the dominant passions of man's life.

Men desire material goods for three reasons: first to provide for the necessities of life, secondly to secure the comforts of life, and thirdly to gain ascendancy among and secure power over men. And the craze for wealth, the lure of gold has affected human history. It was a desire to secure a new trade route to India that led to the discovery and settlement of America. It was the discovery of gold in California, which lured thousands of pioneers to California and the West in the early forties. And commercial rivalry, the desire for commercial supremacy is one of the causes of the present European war.

While in the past years, erudite scholars, profound thinkers, brilliant soldiers, statesmen, preachears, educators, orators and writers have shaped history, in the present age, the man, who can command his millions is the power behind the throne and this is especially true of America. While in this country, universities honor with the degree of doctors of law, doctors of letters and doctors of science, those who have won distinction in the intellectual world, mankind envies most the man, who can pile up his millions.

And there are three types of men, who have amassed considerable fortunes, one type is represented by Cecil Rhodes, who was a statesman as well as a money maker, who had dreams of empire and dreams of university extension and for whom wealth was the means of realizing vaster ideas. He was something more than a money maker. He was a man of broad intellectual capacity.

Then, there are men like the first John Jacob Astor and Jay Gould, men whose entire energies are absorbed in the pursuit of wealth and whose wealth is the result of carefully thought out schemes and plans. There are other men, who do not create the opportunity, that brings them colossal fortunes, but they have the quicknes of perception to seize the flying opportunity, as it passes by and the resourcefulness to take advantage of it, just as Lamar's famous run, which, at the last moment snatched victory out of the jaws of defeat for Princeton.

In the course of my life, I have met a score of remarkable colored business men, some of general intelligence, knew about and were enthused about things outside of business and were interesting men to talk to. The others were business men pure and simple, and knew, cared and talked about little outside of their realm. And I shall endeavor to give my personal impressions of a few of the former type of business men whom I have met.

George T. Downing

George T. Downing, of Newport, R. I., was at one time, next to Fred Douglass, the most talked of colored man in America. The fact that he was Charles Sumner's bosom friend, that Charles Sumner died holding his hand, the fact that he had charge of the House Restaurant in Washington, D. C., was one of Newport's leading caterers and owned a block on Bellevue avenue, in the business section of Newport, made him a national figure.

I well remember the first time that I met Mr. Downing. In September, 1896, Rev. A. Clayton Powell, of New Haven, Conn., was advertised to lecture in a Baptist Church in Newport, R. I., upon "The Stumbling Blocks of the Race." In company with Rv. Dr. Maylon Van Horn, later M. S. consul at St. Thomas, West Indies, I attended the lectures. At the close, a tall, slender, dark complexioned man, of stern and grave countenance, arose in the audience to express his appreciation of the address. His sentences were short, crisp and nervy; he clearly enunciated and he threw his whole soul, his entire personality, into what he said. Soon every one was feverishly and eagerly hanging upon his every word. I asked Dr. Van Horne who the gentleman was. Dr. Van Horne said, "that is Dr. Crummell." When Dr. Crummell sat down, a large man, with a prominent brow and a face upon which determination and a resolute will were stamped and written, arose, and spoke in calm and measured words. Dignity and pride were expressed in his attitude and manner of speaking. He had the head, face and physique of a Bismack. That was Geo. K. Downing. A recent graduate from college, I hurried forward at the close of the meeting to meet two men whom I had long regarded as heroes. The next day, I called and spent the day with Crummell

and Downing. Then, every pleasant morning for two weeks Crummell and I would go down to the beach together. And such delightful conversations we had, as we looked out of Downing's window upon Bellevue avenue, watching the gay equipages rolling by.

Crummell and Downing were then nearly eighty years old. They had acquaintance with prominent white and colored abolitionists, with many American and European statesmen, and had been eye witnesses and actors in some of the most stirring anti-slavery scenes. Their reminiscences of the famous men of both races, whom they had met, were very interesting. Dr. Crummell impressed me as admirably showing the results of English culture. But Mr. Downing was a man of extraordinary natural intellectual capacity, who only had a common school education; but who had learned in the school of experience and who had been ripened by contact.

Mr. Downing was born in New York about 1822. His father, Thos. B. Downing, was a famous oyster digger and gatherer seventy years ago, and shipped oysters occasionally to Queen Victoria and titled Englishmen. He was proprietor of a first class restaurant on Wall street, New York. He was a brave, brainy and brawny Negro, a born autocrat and was one of the founders and vestrymen of St. Phillips Church, New York. Mr. Downing received the rudiments of an education in Rev. Peter William's School in New York, and at an early age entered in the catering and restaurant business with his father.

George Downing soon after the war took charge of the House Restaurant in Washington, D. C. He was thrown in constant contact with Charles Sumner, who was engineering the passage of the famous Civil Rights Bill, and his physical strength and splendid courage, his gift for business and aristocratic. spirit attracted the attention of the noted abolitionist.

Such was Mr. Downing's power as a thinker and writer, that when he sent an article to one of the Washington papers, regarding the Civil and Political Rights of the Colored Race, few believed Mr. Downing really wrote it. Such was the cogency of the argument and the power of statement that most of the readers believed that it came from the hand of Charles Sumner, though Mr. Downing really wrote it. He retired from Washington, D. C., and set up a catering establishment in Newport, R. I., where he soon made a name and a fortune.

Geo. T. Downing even aspired to the position of collector of the port of Newport, R. I., the summer colony, first of the Boston aristocrats, and later of the New York millionaires. But it was objected that Mr. Downing's social status was not equal to the position, so he closed his catering business and was soon seen riding around with a carriage and coachman. But the tremendous sacrifice was in vain.

The value of Mr. Downing's property on Bellevue avenue may be inferred, when we are informed that the rent of his stores during the summer season alone, when Newport was in the heydey of its popularity brought him from three to four thousand a year. Such was the esteem in which Mr. Downing was held that in the fall of 1897, he was invited to read a paper before a Massachusetts Historical Society.

When we consider that Downing was a successful business man, the right hand man of Charles Sumner in his civil rights fight, a pioneer in having the theatres open to the Negroes in Washington, and a pioneer in Rhode Island in having mixed schools established and colored teachers in mixed schools, a pioneer in having colored men admitted to the State militia in Rhode Island and to the police force in Newport, R. I., we can see that Downing was a man of efficiency, and when we reflect that he was refined, dignified, polished and courteous in manner and of puritanic moral fibre, when we reflect that he was a proud autocrat and a born aristocrat, we readily see that he was a versatile and broad gauged self-made man and can understand why he impressed Charles Sumner as a remarkable man of color. His granddaughter, Miss Irene DeMortie, married Dr. Marcus B. Wheatland, the x-ray expert of Newport, R. I.

John F. Cooke

Next to Mr. Downing, John F. Cooke, who, when he died in January, 1910, was actually the richest colored man in the District of Columbia, was the most interesting colored business man, whom I have met. His father, Rev. John F. Cooke, was the founder of the Fifteeth Presbyterian Church of Washington, D. C., and bought real estate which rapidly increased in value. John F. Cooke wisely managed his father's investments. He owned a hotel and property in desirable residential neighborhoods. He did not have equity in the property, but actually owned it; and at the time of his death was worth nearly a half million dollars. He was honored by the community and respected by white and black alike. For twenty years he served as tax collector, was a member of the Board of Children's Guardians, a trustee of Howard University, and a member of the Board of Education for the District of Columbia. One of his sons, the late Prof. C. C. Cooke of Howard University won distinction as a literateur and philosopher.

Mr. Cooke was tall of statute and weighed considerably over two hundred pounds. He made a dignified and gracious host in his palatial residence on East Sixteenth street.

Joseph Lee, Caterer

The late Joseph Lee, the Boston caterer was another noted man. He was one of Boston's leading caterers and was proprietor of a hotel in Auburndale, Mass., which was patronized, wholly by white guests. He leaped into fame, when he had the honor of entertaining President Benjamin Harrison and wife in his exclusive hotel. In the latter years of his life, he operated a catering establishment in Boston and Squantum Inn at Squantum, Mass., during the summer. He also invented a bread making kneading machine.

It was related of Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish orator that if you were overtaken by a thunder storm and should seek shelter in a near by shed with him, you would be impressed by his conversation, that he was a great man. Such was Joseph Lee. Long before I had come to know him intimately, I was impressed by his personality. Tall, broad shouldered and erect, elastic of step, with a keen penetrating eye, a light brown complexion and a Van Dyke beard, he looked like a distinguished personage and could easily have passed for a Cuban. In conversation, he particularly impressed me. His well modulated, bass voice, had a sonorous roll. He was both bold and confidant in putting forth his own ideas and courteous in listening to others. He was quick in sizing up men, keen in his perceptions and observations and judicious in his conclusions. He inspired confidence, and it was his personality and general intelligence as well as his genius as a caterer that made him famous.

Other Noted Business Men

The late John Trower, Philadelphia's colored caterer, who was rated as worth a half million dollars, when he died, was a large, fine looking and energetic man. He did the catering for Cramp, the shipbuilder; and at Thanksgiving and Christmas times, not only catered for Philadelphia events, but sent his men and shipped his goods to different parts of Pennsylvania, Baltimore, Washington and Richmond. He was the financial back bone of the First African Baptist Church of Philadelphia and was one of the founders of the Downington School of which Dr. William A. Creditt was the first president.

Hon. Joseph Lee, formerly collector of internal revenue at Jacksonville, Fla., an orator, lawyer, political leader and student of literature, is an A. M. E. preacher at the same time. He is an adroit manipulator of men, keeps his counsels to himself, is a polished orator and can discourse eloquently on the beauties of Homer, Dante, Milton and Shakespeare.

Mr. Lee was born in Pennsylvania, graduated from the Institute for the Colored Youth in Philadelphia and from Howard University and came to Florida. soon after his graduation. For a score of years, he was the recognized leader of both the white and black Republicans of Florida. The esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens is indicated by the fact that he was the only Negro appointed on the civic committee, right after the Jacksonville fire.

J. H. Lewis, the Boston tailor and James H. Stewart, the New Haven caterer, held regal sway for a few years. Mr. Lewis came from North Carolina and started his tailoring business in Boston. His specialty was the spring bottom pants. They were the vogue for a decade and for a few years, he did a business of from $50,000 to $75,000 a year, and then the spring bottom pants no longer became the fashion and Mr. Lewis faced competition.

Mr. James H. Stewart who came to New Haven from Washington, D. C., was head man for Dibble's catering establishment. In 1889, he set up in business for himself and for a few years was Connecticut's leading caterer. He catered for the swell college functions at Yale, among them the celebrated Junior Promenade. Even when the fad for French and Italian caterers became the fashion, Mr. Stewart struggled on and has successfully operated smaller restaurants and hotels.

The late Thos. I. Moultrie, of Yonkers, N. Y., was born in Charleston, S. C., Aug. 22, 1842, and educated privately. He came to Yonkers in 1870 and so succeeded in the catering business that he became a serious competitor of the famous Maresi of New York. Next to his catering business, the thing nearest to Rev. Moultrie's heart was the A. M. E. Zion Church in Yonkers.

James T. Hitchins, of Baltimore, Md., built up a fortune in the transfer and storage business and sold out his business for $90,000 cash, before he was sixty years old. Mr. Hitchins was a public spirited citizen, who financed many local enterprises. He had a keen, bright mind, was witty and was a very interesting man to talk to.

Mr. John Merrick, of Durham, N. C., who started his career as a bricklayer, and then became the proprietor of a large barber shop, is now one of the richest Negroes in North Carolina and owns considerable property in North Carolina. In 1898 he founded the North Carolina Mutual and Provident Association, which has now developed into a powerful insurance company.

Mr. James Fitzgerald, of Durham, N. C., is a colored brickmaker, who owns two brickyards, a drug store, and property valued at $100,000 in various sections of the town. We have a few other colored men who are richer than Mr. Fitzgerald, but the grit, courage, nerve and bulldog tenacity of purpose that he manifested stamped him as a great man.

Once he was burned out, once an enemy destroyed his machinery, but his steadiness of purpose, his iron will, his cool judgment, his level headness never deserted him.

Thomas Walker, Philanthropist

I have met Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington and other self-made men of the race; but I believe that Thos. Walker, of Washington, is as fine a specimen of the self-made man as the Negro race has yet produced. He was born a slave in Alabama about 1850, and was reared on one of the aristocratic plantations of Alabama. He struggled to get an education and entered politics. He was elected to the state legislature when only twenty-one years of age and was elected a clerk of the Dallas County Circuit Court when he was only twenty-four. When only twenty-five, he started a grocery store. He taught school in Arkansas from 1871 to 1881, and came to Washington in 1882, when he was appointed to a government clerkship. In 1882 he began to devote himself to the practice of law and is now one of the richest and most successful colored lawyers in the colored race. He did a great deal of business in connection with the late Attorney J. W. Bundy, formerly member of the board of education. They have taught their clients the fundamental and basic principles of business and political economy. As a business man of rare judgment, uncommon good sense and integrity of character, Mr. Walker had so impressed the Washington bar that he with Lawyer J. H. Stewart were appointed receivers when the Capital Savings Bank failed in the fall and winter of 1902.

Had Mr. Walker done nothing else but rise from a humble to a commanding position in life, his career would have been remarkable. But what is unusual for a self-made man (for most self-made men dispise literature), he is a man of literary tastes and aspirations and is a lover of the fine arts. He admires Gray, Goldsmith, Macaulay and Dickens, and has mastered Buckle's "History of Civilization." I have often enjoyed hearing him discourse of the beauties of Gray, Goldsmith, Dickens and Thackeray, compare and contrast Macaulay with Carlyle and discuss Buckle's philosophy of history.

Attorney Walker has been quite a philanthropist. He has personally helped some of his poor clients and has wisely invested money for them. He has aided one Southern aristocrat, who befriended him in his youth. He has spent nearly $10,000 in educating six nephews and four nieces in Tuskegee, Talladega, Selma, Kowaliga and the graded and high schools of Washington, D. C. He gave his wife, formerly Miss Annia Anderson, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is an accomplished artist, a four years' course in the Woman's Art School, of Cooper Union, N. Y. The audience was enthusiastic when she received her certificate. She then studied art in Paris for fifteen months. She made a petite pastelle, called "The Little Parisian." It was exhibited in the Salon of Paris the same year as Tanner's "Lion Den" was exhibited, for which he received honorable mention. That was in 1896. A jury passed on the works before they were accepted. So we may sum up Mr. Walker's career by saying that he is a lover of all that goes to make up a noble and chivalric manhood.

Judge M. Hewlett

The account of Attorney Walker would be incomplete without mention of a friend, who has won the highest honors in the legal profession in Washington. I refer to the bold, intrepid, lion hearted E. Molyneaux Hewlett, who, with Robert H. Terrell, was appointed justice of the peace, at a salary of $2,500 a year, when ten justices of the peace were appointed to have jurisdiction, in their respective districts, of all civil cases of which did not involve over $300. Judge Hewlett's father was a man of herculean size and strength and for many years was the popular gymnastic and boxing instructor of Harvard University. Although, short of stature, Judge Hewlett is broad shouldered and powerfully built and possesses an ability that is remarkable.

He graduated from the Boston University Law School in the early eighties, came to Washington and hung out his shingle. Bold and fearless as a lion, tireless in energy as a Trojan, dignified in his manner of presenting his case, calm and deliberate in debate and fiery and impassioned in his appeals, Hewlett rapidly forged to the front as a lawyer, won his spurs, successfully carried several cases to the Supreme Court and soon became a respected and honored member of the Washington bar.

From Janitor to Artist

FAME is a fickle goddess. Frequently she eludes those who seek to grasp her and calls upon those who are indifferent to her charms. Oftimes she ignores a man when he is in the prime of life and smiles upon him in his old age, when he is too feeble to enjoy her caresses. Sometimes she permits a man to die, unknown and unhonored. And then, when he is cold in death, when his heart can no longer be warmed by her praises, she lauds him to the skies. Yes, Fame has played many pranks with the affairs of men.

There is something about a tragedy that appeals to men. A disaster like a railroad wreck, a shipwreck, a fire, a flood, an earthquake and a volcanic eruption, which leaves death and destruction in its wake, always draws bigger headlines and occupies more space in the daily press than a carnival. That accounts for the element of tragedy in the life of William A. Harper, the colored artist.

WILLIAM A. HARPER

He worked as janitor in order to study art in Chicago, went abroad for the same purpose and returned to tihs country and esupported himself as a night watchman while he was painting his pictures. He suffered in health when fame began to bestow her favors upon him and died before his genius had received ful lrecognition. It was his sudden passing away which called the country's attention to his skill in landscape painting. After his death, sixty of his paintings were exhibited in the Chicago Art Institute and many of them were sold. If they had been sold during his life he would have avoided the hardships which undermined his health and brought him, in his thirty-eighth year, to an early grave.

Such was the sad fate of William A. Harper, and it is a story worthy the pen of Carlyle. But while he suffered in life, his name will be linked in history with that of Chatterton and Rupert Brooke, whose deaths called the world's attention to their genius.

William A. Harper was born on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1873, on a farm near Cayaga, Canada. He lived there until the age of 12 years, when he removed with his father to Petersburg, in the State of Illinois. Here he attended and finished the ward schools. At about the age of 18 years he went to Jacksonville, Ill., and took a course in Brown's Business College, graduating from the above college at the age of 23 years. While he was attending the Business College, he made several sketches, which attracted attention locally, inspiring in him the longing to take up the study of art, as a profession.

His eyes were turned to the Chicago Art Institute; but he was without funds. His parents' financial condition was of such a nature that they could not help him, so he resolved to work his way through the institution. He was successful in securing work as a janitor at the institute; he began

REPRODUCTION OF A HARPER PAINTING

his course, and completed the same about the year 1900. Shortly after that time he was called to Dallas, Texas, as Supervisor of Drawing and Writing in the City Schools, which position he filled with credit for two years. He desired the finishing touch of the European masters. He went abroad and spent two years in Paris under the American artist, William Wendt (1903-1905) He then returned to America, bringing with him several landscapes, which were exhibited in Chicago Art Institute and sold for about $900. His work was recognized as high class. He was given several important commissions, one of which was the decorating of the walls of the Chicago Normal School in Englewood. But he faced some trying days in Chicago after his return from Paris. For several weeks he worked as night watchman and did his painting in the daytime. He would toil with his palette and brush during the day, go to sleep at 6 in the evening, rise for work at 2 in the morning, and serve as night watchman until 7.

He went to Decatur, Ill., in the spring of the year 1905, to live with his father and brother. There he made several beautiful paintings of scenes along the old Sangamon River. Several of these were disposed of locally; the remainder were sent to Seattle, Wash., where he had no trouble disposing of them at good prices. Desiring to obtain a more perfect mastery of the brush, he decided to return to Paris, which he did, and resumed his studies, remaining there until the summer of 1908.

He returned then to America, where he had another exhibition of his paintings, which was very successful from a financial standpoint. One of the paintings won a prize offered by the Young Fortnightly Club of Chicago; another prize offered by the Union League Club of Chicago. A group of his paintings took the first prize at the State Fair in 1908, and also at the County

Fair in Kankakee, the same year, and also the succeeding year, 1909.

On account of his declining health, Mr. Harper decided to go to Cuenevaco, Mexico, in October, 1908. Here he executed about sixty paintings and sold them within a few months. His health gradually improved, until he became afflicted with an intestinal trouble, about six months before his demise. Finding that he was gradually growing worse, he was removed to the American Hospital in Mexico City, Mexico, on the 12th of March, 1910, where he died on the 27th day of the same month. His remains were interred in the City of Mexico. His brother, John W. Harper, who went to Mexico to bring the deceased's remains home found that under the laws of Mexico it would be impossible to remove them.

William A. Harper was survived by his father, John Harper, and his brother, John W. Harper, both of whom live in Decatur, Ill.; his mother, Charity Harper, having died in the year 1880, while William Harper was merely a boy.

William Harper was quiet and unassuming in his manner. He was admired and liked by all with whom he was thrown in contact. He had gained much knowledge from his travels abroad and was able to converse in several different languages. He was a member of the Society of Chicago Artists and the Society of Western Artists. Out of a desire to see the landscape paintings of this gifted artist, I visited the Chicago Art Institute. I discovered that none of his paintings were on exhibition upstairs, as all had been sold; but I learned from one of the attendants that one of his paintings was on exhibition in the hall, downstairs in the school room. It is the property of Caroline D. Wade and was presented to the Institute.

The picture represents "The Moat," seemingly in the early morning. The observer can see part of the water, and the rocks rising in ledges and ridges on three sides to walls whose roofs slightly project. The trees, which rise on the top of the walls, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs and sometimes in clumps, add a touch of nature to the scene. Above the walls and trees, the sky, streaked with fleecy cumulus clouds, may be seen; and there is a faint, a very faint, suggestion of the sun about to pierce through the clouds in the lower part of the sky.

This is what the observer can see, as he stands near the picture. As a work of realistic art, it is superb. There is the touch of a master in painting a scene whose details are handled in a masterly manner. But when one stands further away from the picture, he can see that Mr. Harper is something of an impressionistic painter. There is a perfect blending of sky, clouds, trees and rocks. The sombre rocks are relieved from gloom by the trees on the wall and the white clouds through which the sun seems about to shine. As the eye rises in the picture from the dark pool, up through the layers of rocks, to the walls, the trees and the sky, the view grows brighter and more cheerful. There is an indefinable and indescribable something that is suggestive and uplifting about the picture. Perhaps it is suggestive of Harper's life, which began with hardships, relieved by the partial recognition of his work. And perhaps, the sun which struggled to shine through the clouds in the picture may have actually shone through his life in his closing days, when he looked down the vistas of the ages and realized that he had painted works that would live.

I have seen a photograph of Mr. Harper representing him with his brush and palette. Clear, penetrating eyes shine out from beneath a broad, high forehead; intellectuality is stamped upon that brow and intelligence is expressed in that countenance. The tender, sympathetic mouth is shaded by a moustache. While the square, determined jaw removes any trace of weakness or sentimentality, there is a great deal of repose and quiet strength of self-mastery and self-possession, written in the lineaments of that countenance. It is the picture of a dreamer, who has the force of character to realize his dreams of an idealist, who is at the same time practical.

The name of William A. Harper will live long as that of a colored artist, who, by the force of an indomitable will, fought against poverty and ill health and produced landscape paintings of exceptional value.

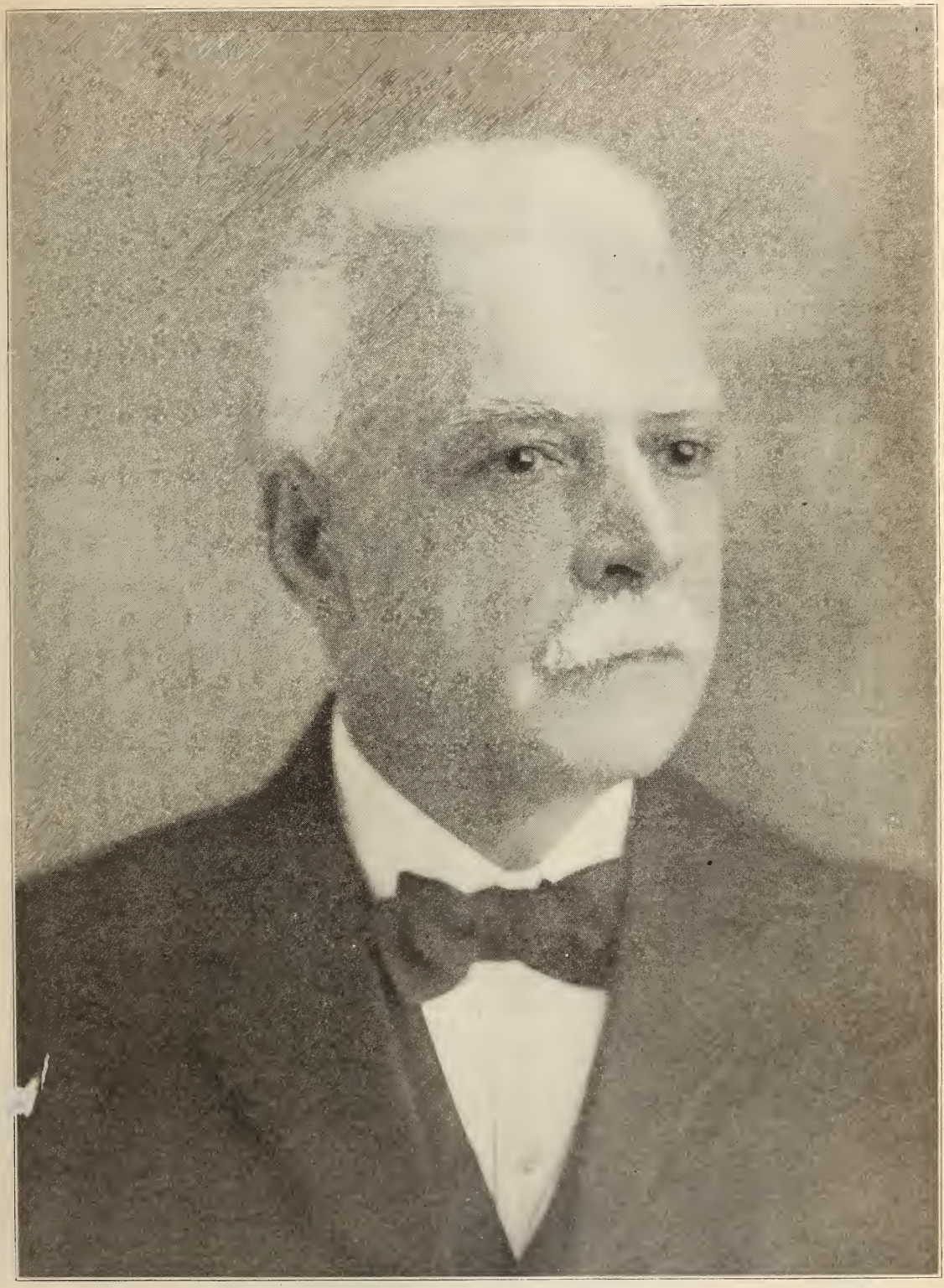
PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

CENTENARIANS WHO ATTENDED OLD SLAVES REUNION AT WASHINGTON. Photo by Paul Thompson

Annie Parran, 104 years; Anna Angales, 105 years; C. Elizabeth Berkley, 125 years, and Sadie Thompson, 110 years.

ROBERT R. CHURCH

who defeated the Lily Whites in Tennessee, Nov. 7.



ARCHIBALD H. GRINKE

President American Negro Academy in session in Washington, Dec. 26-27.

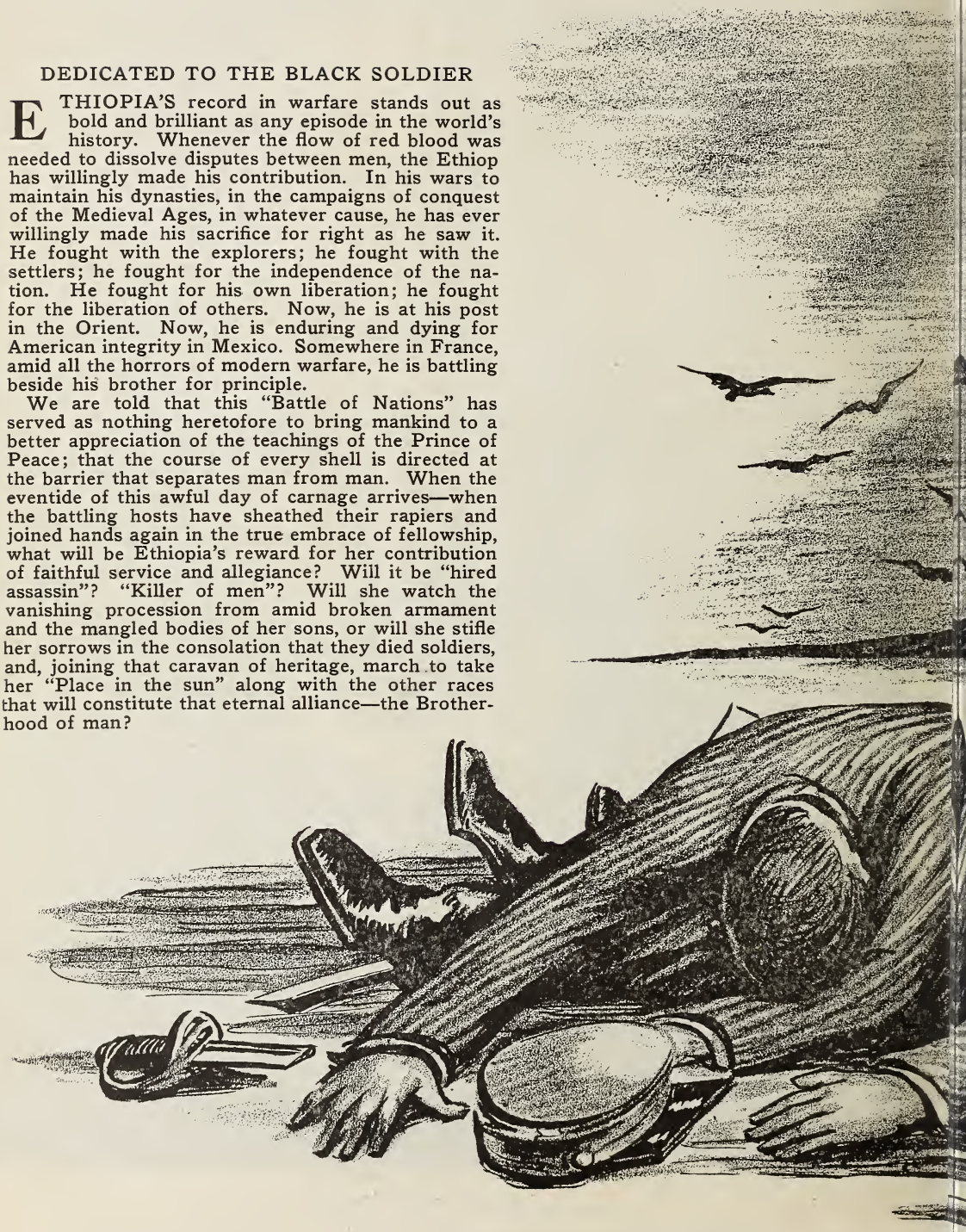
AFTER THE

BY E. C

DEDICATED TO THE BLACK SOLDIER

ETHIOPIA'S record in warfare stands out as bold and brilliant as any episode in the world's history. Whenever the flow of red blood was needed to dissolve disputes between men, the Ethiop has willingly made his contribution. In his wars to maintain his dynasties, in the campaigns of conquest of the Medieval Ages, in whatever cause, he has ever willingly made his sacrifice for right as he saw it. He fought with the explorers; he fought with the settlers; he fought for the independence of the nation. He fought for his own liberation; he fought for the liberation of others. Now, he is at his post in the Orient. Now, he is enduring and dying for American integrity in Mexico. Somewhere in France, amid all the horrors of modern warfare, he is battling beside his brother for principle.

We are told that this "Battle of Nations" has served as nothing heretofore to bring mankind to a better appreciation of the teachings of the Prince of Peace; that the course of every shell is directed at the barrier that separates man from man. When the eventide of this awful day of carnage arrives—when the battling hosts have sheathed their rapiers and joined hands again in the true embrace of fellowship, what will be Ethiopia's reward for her contribution of faithful service and allegiance? Will it be "hired assassin"? "Killer of men"? Will she watch the vanishing procession from amid broken armament and the mangled bodies of her sons, or will she stifle her sorrows in the consolation that they died soldiers, and, joining that caravan of heritage, march to take her "Place in the sun" along with the other races that will constitute that eternal alliance—the Brotherhood of man?



WAR—WHAT?

SHEFTON

That Auto of Mine

By Melnotte C. Wade

"MY DEAR," said Jack, one day when autos were the rarest of the rare in our community and no colored man had yet been the proud possessor of one, "I have a chance to buy dirt cheap an auto, as good as new." Mentally, I at once became alert. I was, in the first place, suspicious of the "My dear." "Good as new" was so familiar that it at once attracted my attention; and "dirt cheap" was the climax. Now, I know my revered spouse sufficiently well to foresee and understand his every move and felt that he had already decided what he wanted to do, and his telling me was simply that he might forestall any "I told you sos" if things went wrong. And, too, I had seen a nondescript white man holding Jack up for long and frequent conversations which had for some time aroused my womanly curiosity. I must confess that it had long been the height of my ambition to travel some other way than by train or the monotonous jog-jog behind old Dobbins, whose reputation for docility was a by-word in our vicinity; shutting my eyes to all ideas of economy, I could see myself lolling back in a car of my own while mile upon mile of the smoothest roads slipped by. The picture was most alluring; so I offered not much opposition, but, womanlike, could not resist asking if he knew the seller to be an honest man and the car to be all that he represented.

"Yes, indeed!" Mr. Johnson was that rarest of white men, honest to a fault, and had never been known to mislead or misrepresent. In fact, if he said that car was worth five hundred dollars, that meant it was well worth seven hundred and fifty dollars; and if he said it was probably two years old, why, of course, one could safely bet on its being last year's model. When I met Mr. Johnson, his homely face did not live up to the reputation given him, nor did he at all impress me with his soft, wheedling voice, a cross between a whine and a sob. That voice alone would have deterred anyone save a man or woman so desirous of spending money as to be entirely oblivious to all outward appearances or visible signs. Notwithstanding my eagerness, I decided to reserve my opinion until I had seen the car. And what an excellent showing that car made! It was painted a battleship gray and shone like satin in the sun. I was not sophisticated enough to know that a brand new coat of paint can move the birthday of anything back several years, so I became an enthusiast on the spot. Then came the trial ride; such smooth riding, gliding, and skimming along could only be equaled by a yacht on a perfectly smooth sea, that we never for a moment remembered that we traversed only the smoothest of asphalt streets and the best of boulevards. When we reached home I was such an ardent convert that I could scarcely wait to close the deal. Mr. Johnson told us that his wife was attached to the machine and hated to part with it, so that he had promised to take her and a few friends for a farewell spin and the car would be delivered to us bright and early the following morning.

Sleep was an impossible thing that night, and soon the next morning the deal was closed. After we had asked a few trivial questions as to the cost of gasoline, etc., and had received a lengthy lecture on the care of the car, all of which was so much Greek to us, the car was ours.

There was one thing in our eagerness we had both overlooked, and that was the fact that neither of us could start or stop the affair, and for a time, at least, a chauffeur became a necessity. The very word spelt opulence and I never felt so "nearly a millionaire" as that day when we reviewed the several applicants for the job. The one selected was vastly experienced! He had brought a family down from Boston without even a blowout, and while his favorite car was a Chalmers, he thought he could drive ours though it was of such obscure origin and not at all what he had been used to.

That chauffeur found more immediate needs for that car than we had imagined a whole garage full of cars would require. First, there was an inner tube, gasoline, then a rim, more gasoline, carbide, still more gasoline, and then we were ready to ride. Verily, my dream had come true! Here I was enjoying myself to the utmost and nothing short save my bank account. But a bubble will break, and though I must say this in defense of this poor machine, it did

its worst in my absence; havoc was certainly in its path; calamity lay in its wake.

We didn't blame the machine when the chauffeur failed to light the tail light and his fine in the court the next morning had to be paid, but when the front axle had to snap squarely in two, right in the middle of the prettiest Sunday in the year, and I was all dressed in preparation for a delightful drive to the next town, then I did grow suspicious that all was not as it should be and began to investigate. It was positively the only one of its kind in our town, and do you know, when I did get busy, I traced it through a course of seven owners, covering a period of twelve years. And I began to remember that each one of those owners had toured this part of the country at one time or another, and when they had each owned this particular car.

Well, I thought to make the best of a bad bargain. Somewhere the factory was located, a new axle obtained and once again the car was in commission. Then the lamps began to need something other than what we gave them, the engine wheezed, something happened to the magneto (forget what it was), but as a last resort we handed her over to an expert mechanician, hopeful, always hopeful!

When he got through, the car would not budge a step. He said if we would buy a new engine, install electric lights, put on new wheels—and I don't believe he overlooked any part of the car—he thought and I thought so, too, that we would then have the finest car in town. Well, we told him we would not at that moment give him a definite answer, but to call up in a few days and we would tell him what to do.

Immediately Jack and I had a conference. I told him I had had enough of auto driving—in fact, I did not believe it agreed with my health, for so many things happened to that car that when I was riding, I was always so nervous and sat so erect preparatory to jumping out if anything went wrong, that I had developed autoitis, and the doctor had told me that buggy riding or walking was the only positive cure. Then, too, the money we had handed over to Mr. Johnson 10—Champion Mag 6795 12-16 McCamb was really what I had intended to use for a trip abroad some of these days, so that the best thing, to my mind, was to sell that car to just such suckers as we had been, for truly we can't be the only ones in the world. Jack agreed to everything, but since then we have had to make one more admission. We must have been the only "boobs" in the town, for the car is not sold up to date and stands knee deep in dust in that mechanician's shop, and on Sundays now when Overlands, Buicks, Chalmers, Saxons and Fords honk! honk! honk! on their way, we are to be seen placidly jog-jogging along behind old Dobbins, serene and happy, and not coveting other men's autos, but truly thankful that we escaped all bodily injury. Save a very depleted bank account, we are none the worse off, and have in addition added to our experience.

The Clarion to Arms

By George W. Harris

THE times, men of color, call you to arms. You stand alone on unhappy ground which Frederick Douglass foresaw when he said: "There will come a time when the black man will stand in the open field of ruin and tread the wine press alone." You are the children of destiny, whom the ages have bequeathed the heritors of its civilization. You may be—if you will be—as von Hindenberg predicts: leaders of the "colored races," who with America will rule the world. You stand in America either as the supine servitors or the self-sufficient co-saviors of your own equality and the civilization of mankind. Let us on, on, to the walls and over! Awake, men of color! The dawn is breaking. Victory is in your grasp. The race of forty centuries look down upon you from the pyramids. Your life, your liberty, your future in America is the keystone of the arch of this country's civilization. Permit yourself now through sloth and self-seeking to become permanent serfs in this, the land of your fathers, and your race will be forever throttled; your country, the grandest republic of all time, will no longer be a republic; will no longer sway and serve the nations of mankind; will no longer shed its rays across the deep to light men's feet in the paths of liberty, equality and opportunity.

We challenge your thoughtful consideration throughout the United States to your dire political dilemma. Whatever you think of the criss, which faces the nation or the cataclysm of the civilization of mankind in the old world, you realize that your race now has its back against the wall. You must fight its way out to freedom and success or it must pine away and perish miserably at the hands of its relentless enemy. Woodrow Wilson and his Southern cohorts have again been elected to power at Washington. For at least four years more they will seek to rivet further chains of political degradation and civic serfdom about your necks. As it has been it is safe to say it will be. For the next four years every appointment made by the President of the United States will be but another nail driven into the coffin wherein Mr. Wilson, his Bourbon cabinet and their sanctioning Democratic Senate will. seek. to. inter your race's political hopes and ambitions. Stripped of the last vestige of your political power in the nation at large, you must on this day face the future with a heart of adamant determined to regain the ground that your race has lost, or else you will not be able to attain the high place in two generations which Woodrow Wilson has wrested from you. Silly and shortsighted indeed is the colored man, be he black Northern Democrat or be he black Southern Republican, who will claim that the "pill of poison" which the President has meted out for his race's portion is an intended godsend rather than an intended "dose of death."

PHIL H. BROWN

Former Assistant Director of Publicity for the Republican Nat'l Committee

To the patriots who love their country, to the citizens of color who have faith in their race, we issue this clarion call to arms. Brethren, let us be up and onward in every state in the union. From Maine to California we ask the selfish and unselfish, the successful and unsuccessful, the banker and the day laborer, to rise side by side and organize for the coming fray. In every state let every colored leader, be he preacher or layman, be he politician or private citizen, get together to demand honorable and equal recognition from the party in power. The clarion call is to you—if you be men of blood and iron. The clarion call is to you—ne owenses and Tylers and Cerutis f California, the Stewarts of Washington, the Wrights and Crews of Kansas, the Harveys of Missouri, the DePriests, Jacksons, Wrights and Andersons of Illinois, the Tylers, Joneses, Cottrells, Kings, Flemings and Dabneys of Ohio, the Randolphs and Manleys of Indiana, the McDonalds of Texas, the Bankses and Raymonds of Mississippi, the Emmett Scotts of Alabama, the Gilmers, Youngs, Waters and Mitchells of Virginia, the Cummingses and Hawkinses of Maryland, the Cobbs and McKinleys of Washington, D. C., the Basses, Perrys and Rays of Pennsylvania, the Churches and Napiers of Tennessee, the Phil Browns of Kentucky, the Andersons, Wibecans, Royals, Mortons and Thompsons of New York, the Cannons, Nutters and Lightfoots of New Jersey, the Colburns and the Elberts of Delaware, the Lewises and Matthewses of

Massachusetts. The call is to you forward-looking men, unterrified and undismayed, in every hamlet from coast to coast, to be the Horatios at the bridge over which your race and country must safely pass.

That the Republican party has come to grief is due to the fact that it has strayed from the paths and principles of its founders. They who ascribe its downfall to its failure to respond to the people are simply saying, in other words, that it has surrendered its soul for a mess of pottage. It has waxed fat and slothful upon the protective tariff and corporation favoritism. It has forgotten the common people whom Abraham Lincoln said the Lord loves so well because He made so many. It has left the black man—for whose freedom the party was born—to the tender mercies of the enemy. The Republican party did not respond to the voice of the people last June in Chicago. It should have nominated there their idol and spokesman, Theodore Roosevelt. Deaf to their crying heart appeals, the Old Guard nominated Charles E. Hughes. The Republican party arose, the Whig party is heard of no more in the land of the living because the former fought, the latter swallowed the monstrous fugitive slave law. Cowardly and hypocritically, the Republican party in power has swallowed the disfranchisement laws of the Solid South. It has marched along when the party was united, with a million majority, unmindful of the time when that false Southern strength should rise to sweep it from success. The party has not cared that one man in the South voting for himself and his black neighbor was actually twice as strong politically as one man in the North—so long as it was winning. It winked at the Constitution, it cared nothing for reducing Southern representation as enjoined by it. The black man's rights were secondary. Justice could wait. All of these things have wended their merry way—so long as it was winning. Now the South hands its own President nearly two hundred electoral votes and the election on a platter. The National Congress is now Democratic, not only by reason of its theft, but as well by reason of the fact that the Republican party in power allowed the Democratic party out of power to get away with its stolen goods. The leaders of the party have ceased to preach the rights of man. They have talked to the black man of theft and property. They have prated to white men and black men about the full dinner pail. They have appealed to the stomach rather than to the soul of the American people. They have appealed to the baser and not the nobler sentiments of the nation. The treacherous Democrats under Wilson have preached and feigned to practice with white men the opposite and they have won. The Republican party will continue to lose unless it turns about face.

You must redeem, as colored citizens, your party and the party of Lincoln and Grant and Roosevelt, or you must bury it and seek greener pastures in other quarters. In practically every Northern state from Maine to California a strong Republican state administration has been elected. A Republican lower house of Congress has been elected. You must demand from them, not only from your state administrations but from your congressmen, through your organizations, your race's share of the "loaves and fishes." You must demand from them, whom you select as your representative in your state and at Washington, that they form the nucleus a state-wide and nation-wide organization. The colored Democrats in the great cities like New York, Chicago, San Francisco and St. Paul, must organize with them for the same identical purpose. With these "loaves and fishes," they must sustain the multitude now and inspire them for greater gains in the days to come. These are the only means by which the race is going to regain its lost prestige. Sorely as is your race's need of political organization and its consequent guarantee of civic equality and industrial opportunity, just so sorely does the Republican party in the nation need you for the Congressional elections of 1918 and the Presidential election of 1920.

We urge that a national conference of all race-loving, patriotic colored citizens be called in Chicago or Washington early in 1917 to consider the crisis. If the race is worthy of the future for which we all strive, this conference conducted along sane, conservative, practical lines, will be the beginning of its political renaissance. To arms, colored brethren! Let us prepare to live like free men rather than to die as slaves!

The Literary Mirror

Prof Josiah Royce: "Race Questions and Prejudices"

THE death of Prof. Josiah Royce, the famous metaphysician of Harvard University, last fall called renewed attention to his article on "Race Questions and Prejudices," which was published in the International Journal of Ethics for April, 1906, and quoted at length by Sidney Oliver, former Governor of Jamaica, in his work, "White Capital and Colored Labor." This is really an English interpretation of the race question, and Prof. Royce takes his lesson from Jamaica, where the 15,000 whites and 600,000 or more blacks dwell together in peace and harmony, simply because the blacks take some part in governing themselves. Prof. Royce summed up his remarkable article, which was later republished in "Race Questions, Provincialism and Other American Problems," by saying:

"In any case, the Southern race problem will never be relieved by speech or by practices such as increase irritation. It will be relieved when administration grows sufficiently effective, and when the Negroes themselves get an increasing responsible part in this administration, in so far as it relates to their own race. That may seem a wild scheme, but I insist; it is the English way. Look at Jamaica and learn how to protect your homes."

It seems to us that England's method of not suppressing the blacks, but of recognizing talent, energy and efficiency in black men and giving them an opportunity to exercise this talent, not only along industrial and commercial, but also along civic and political lines, could be wisely adopted in the Southland.

PAPERS OF THE AMERICAN NEGRO ACADEMY

Published by Prof. John Wesley Cromwell, 1439 Swann St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

THE American Negro Academy, which was organized in Washington, D. C., by Dr. Alexander Cromwell on March 5, 1897, and of which Hon. Archibald H. Grimke is president, has recently published the six papers which were read at the nineteenth annual meeting on December 28 and 29, 1915.

It would be difficult to find more thought and information packed and compressed within seventy-eight pages. The six papers and their authors are as follows: "The Sex Question and Race Segregation," by Archibald Grimke; "The Message of San Domingo to the African Race," by former Chaplain Theophilus G. Steward, of the U. S. Army; "Status of the Free Negro Prior to 1860," by Lafayette M. Hershaw; "Economic Contribution by the Negro to America," by Arthur A. Schomberg; "The Status of the Free Negro from 1860 to 1870," by William Pickens, and "American Negro Bibliography of the Year," by John W. Cromwell.

It would be very difficult, within the compass of this brief review, to do justice to papers which contained so much condensed history and sociology. They are all interesting and valuable. But the paper by Hon. Archibald H. Grimke, the president of the Academy, upon "The Sex Question and Race Segregation," and which is the first paper in the book, handles a vital theme in a very delicate manner. It is worthy of a gentleman who has a distinguished reputation as a diplomat, author and lecturer.

Mr. Grimke's paper is one of the most penetrating studies of the psychological reactions of race prejudice upon both races that I have ever seen.

In the opening pages Mr. Grimke shows that if two races live together as superior and inferior, there will consequently grow up two moral standards. Then Mr. Grimke goes on to show the grave dangers attendant upon race segregation where two races are not equal before the law and where consequently the women of one class has well-defined legal and moral rights which the men of that class are bound to respect, while the rights of the women of the inferior class may be violated with impunity by the men of the dominant class.

Then Mr. Grimke takes up the psychological reactions of this racial inequality. He shows that it generates a sullen resentment in the hearts of black men when they feel that their women have no protection in law and public sentiment against the lusts of the men of the dominant race. Then he shows that it engenders hatred in the breast of the white women of the South for colored women, who have no legal status whereby they can in the South protect themselves against the men of the dominant class. Mr. Grimke sums up the tragic fate of the colored woman of the South by saying: "For she lives in a world where the white man may work his will on her without

let or hindrance, outside of law, outside of the social code and moral restraints which protect the white woman."

Mr. Grimke says that the remedy is not segregation of the races in a state of inequality before the law, for that is the disease, but in inter-racial comity and equality, where the double moral standards will be abolished and where "the black woman of the South must be as sacredly guarded as a woman by Southern law and public opinion against the sexual passion and pursuit of the Southern white man as is the Southern white woman. Such equality of condition, of protection, in the South is indispensable to any lasting improvement in the morals of its people, white or black."

I can only say of Mr. Grimke's paper what the Boston Transcript said of his famous San Jose anti-lynching speech: "It is a profound sociological study of Southern conditions."

An Appeal to Save the Douglass Home

By Mary B. Talbert

AT THE last biennial meeting of the N. A. C. W. held in Baltimore, Md., August 6 to 12, 1916, a committee was appointed to look into the advisability of assisting the trustees of the Frederick Douglass Historical Association, which has charge of the home of the late Frederick Douglass at Anacostia, D. C.

We found that under a special act of Congress this association was created first to preserve to posterity the memory of the life and character of the late Frederick Douglass, and, second, to collect, collate and preserve a historical record of the inception, progress and culmination of the Anti-Slavery movement in the United States and

THE HOME OF FREDERICK DOUGLASS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

to assemble in the homestead of the late Frederick Douglass, commonly called Cedar Hill, in the Village of Anacostia, in the District of Columbia, all such suitable exhibits of records or things illustrative or commemorative of the Anti-Slavery movement, and history, as may be donated to said association or acquired by purchase, bequest or other lawful means.

After careful consideration of all the facts, we conclude that this is the psychological moment for us as women to show our true worth and prove that the Negro woman of today measures up to those strong, sainted women of our race, Sojourner Truth, Harriet Tubman, Amanda Smith, Frances Harper and others who passed through the fire of slavery and its galling remembrances. We believe the attainment of the goal depends upon the enlistment of every Negro man and woman, boy and girl, in America. We seriously realize that it will require us to mobilize all the resources of our Association and show that we are not afraid to put ourselves on record as being able to save the home by one day co-operative effort. We purpose to enlist the largest possible number of people, especially the boys and girls, in this part of the work of our association, relying upon race loyalty and pride as the energizing power; we purpose to employ such methods as will enable us to use every resource within our power, for the accomplishment of this task. We believe that the need is concrete, and we know that our share toward saving the home is comparatively small. This, however, will give us courage to feel that, by all working together, it can be accomplished. We will thus place our association on record as saying "I will" to our program of "Advancement." We believe that every boy and girl should become co-operating members in this program, and with that in view, we earnestly urge every woman's club to mobilize our boys and girls.

The public schools are asked to observe the 100th anniversary of Douglass' birth on Friday afternoon, February 11, 1917, by a short program, and each child is asked to contribute one penny on that day to pay for one nail used in the renovation of that home. In our Northern and Eastern cities, where our day school pupils are not separated, and in our Sunday schools all over this country, we are asking Sabbath school superintendents to hold a short memorial service on Sunday, February 13, 1917, and ask each child to contribute one penny towards the saving of this home.

The question, no doubt, will be asked by many, "Is it worth while?" I assure you strongly, "Yes." For who can measure the far-reaching results of this great work, the inspiration that will be given to the boys and girls of our race? Will it not stir their hearts to greater race pride, for them to know that they will have a hand in it and thus directly express their gratitude to the silent memory of the great Douglass? Here is an opportunity; the amount will differ, but the gift will be the same, for the gift is measured by the love behind it and by that alone. Every man, woman, boy, girl or club who takes a share in the redemption of this home enters into a partnership with the trustees in preserving to posterity the home of the greatest man of our race of his time.

To arouse our women to greater activity, we have decided that we will place upon parchment the name of every individual or club that contributed the sum of $25, and to the club which sends the greatest amount over $25 a special tablet will be placed. This is done that our children in the years to come when paying their visit to this shrine may read the names of loyal men and women who have proved false the accusation, so long brought against us, that "we show no gratitude for benefactors if doing so costs dollars and cents." We need $15,000 for the saving and restoration of the home and grounds. Will you take a share in it? I have deemed it advisable to appoint a special treasurer to look after the funds. Send all money to Mrs. Nettie L. Napier, 120 Fifteenth Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

Make your contributions on the 100th anniversary of his birth, February 12, 1917. For further information, address:

The President of the National Association of Colored Women, Mrs. Mary B. Talbert, 521 Michigan Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Committee:

Miss Nannie Burroughs, Chairman.

Miss Hallie Q. Brown, Chairman of Executive Board of N. A. C. W.

Rev. Florence Randolph, Jersey City, N. J.

Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, Richmond, Va.

Miss Elizabeth Carter, New Bedford, Mass.

Mrs. Victoria Clay Haley, St. Louis, Mo., Secretary.
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Mrs. Mary E. Joshenburger, Fort Smith, Ark.
Mrs. Waldo Bogle, Portland, Ore.
Mrs. Geo. H. Warner, Los Angeles, Cal.
Mrs. A. H. Wall, Oakland, Cal.
Mrs. F. W. West, Bakersfield, Cal.
Mrs. E. J. Freeman, San Diego, Cal.
Mrs. Eloise B. Thompson, Los Angeles, Cal.
Miss M. R. Lyons, Mrs. Addie W. Hunton, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Geo. Contee, Denver, Colo.
Mrs. C. R. McDowell, Hannibal, Mo.
Dr. Mary F. Waring, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Emma S. Keeble, Kalispell, Mont.
Mrs. Marion B. Wilkerson, Orangeburg, S. C.

Scrip's Ten Best Acts and Annual Review

By Scrip

IN SELECTING our annual all-star vaudeville of ten acts, we are forced to discard New York City and use the "provinces" as our basis. The dramatic vogue now dominant in the East is responsible for this change of policy. Vaudeville has not been in the spotlight in Harlem for almost a year.

We select these as the ten best acts presented by colored people during the year 1916:

1. Billy King and Company, an organization offering tabloid musical comedies. Billy King is, in our opinion, the greatest blackface comedian since the days of Williams and Walker and Cole and Johnson. Many of his company possess stellar quality, and the King librettos are at least entertaining.

2. Montgomery and McClain. Florence McClain is a dainty soubrette whose personality is not aggressive but winning, and as a male impersonator she is without an equal.

3. Johnnie Woods. Without doubt the greatest ventriloquist in either race. He has a flexible voice, under remarkable control, and a dialogue that penetrates deeply into the lower strata of Negro life.

4. The Byron Brothers. These remarkable musicians would come first save for a tendency to give the preference to musical comedy. As we have said time and time again, no musical act among our people registers so highly in the qualities of romance, coloring and technique.

5. Irwin C. Miller's "Mr. Ragtime." This act centers around the personality of Esther Bigeous, a clever comedienne of the Florence Holbrook type. The comedian, Jines, is a blackface almost as clever as Billy King and the producer, Irwin Miller, is a dancer on Vernon Castle's style.

6. Lulu Coates and her Crackerjacks. This is the first "pick" act that we have ever witnessed in which the star was as clever as her support. Every member of the com-

pany is a remarkable dancer and a pleasing singer and the costuming is perfect.

7. Miller and Lyles. No comedy team has so cunningly grasped the secret of presenting levee life among the Negroes as these young men from Fisk. "Blessed is Ignorance" is the greatest twenty-minute sketch ever written by an American of African descent.

8. Wilson and Wilson, "The Bandmaster and the Band." This act is based upon a sketch cleverly portraying rural life among the Negroes in the South. "The Bandmaster and the Band" is supreme in one respect, and that is that it contains the best impersonation of a plantation exhorter we have ever seen.

9. Fannie Wise. Of those stage singers now actively engaged in vaudeville, Miss Wise is the best. Her dramatic power is her chief characteristic.

10. Sirene Nevarro. Since the death of Aida Overton Walker, Madame Nevarro has had no rival. Her inspiration does not come from Negro life, but from Europe and the Orient. As a dancer we would place her in the same category that we would place Cole and Johnson in musical comedy.

Suggestive acting is dying a slow death. The dramatic vogue in the East has rung the death knell of those who follow Butler May and justifies our contention. The passing of C. V. Morganstern and his lackey, Lester Walton, paved the way for that aggressive type of manager that thinks Elmore, Billie Burke and Jack Dempsey have done more for Negro theatricals than any manager since the days of Bob Motts.

This dramatic vogue has robbed us of many of our old vaudeville stars. Abbie Mitchell, the most popular of all the stage singers, is no wa member of one of the dramatic companies. Anita Bush, Creighton Thompson, Opal Cooper, Walker Thompson, Inez Clough, Clarence and Ophelia Muse and others whose names have topped some of the best vaudeville bills in darker America are now pioneers in the movement to make the drama supreme in colored theaters.

What we desire to see above everything else is the birth of Negro drama. The argument was advanced in one of the New York newspapers last January that we did not have playwrights of sufficient calibre to produce a native drama. We admit that that is partially true, due not to lack of talent but to a dearth of technique. A man in the white heat of genius may write a great poem or even a popular novel, but never a play. The technique and genius combined are required for the short story and the drama. We suggest, therefore, a school that would train the raw material among our playwrights so that they might give the world dramatic pictures of Negro life everywhere.

The coming year will be a year of theatrical changes. The vaudeville center will shift entirely to Chicago. New York and Washington will continue to nurse the Broadway type of drama. There may be daring attempts to launch the native drama, but as yet that form will not triumph.

With the death of Leubrie Hill, Salem Tutt Whitney becomes the only Negro producer of road shows in the country. Mr. Whitney is one of the great men of Negro theatricals, perhaps the greatest since George Walker and Bob Cole.

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West Indies in the Mirror of Truth

By Marcus Garvey, Jr.

I HAVE been in America eight months. My mission to this country is to lecture and raise funds to help my organization—the Universal Negro Improvement Association of Jamaica—to establish an industrial and educational institute, to assist in educating the Negro youth of that island. I am also engaged in the study of Negro life in this country.

I must say, at the outset, that the American Negro ought to compliment himself, as well as the early prejudice of the South, for the racial progress made in fifty years, and for the discriminating attitude that had led the race up to the high mark of consciousness preserving it from extinction.

I feel that the Negro who has come in touch with western civilization is characteristically the same, and but for the environment, there would have been no marked difference between those of the scattered race in the western hemisphere. The honest prejudice of the South was sufficiently evident to give the Negro of America the real start—the start with a race consciousness, which I am convinced is responsible for the state of development already reached by the race.

A Fred Douglass or a Booker Washington never would have been heard of in American national life if it were not for the consciousness of the race in having its own leaders. In contrast, the West Indies has produced no Fred Douglass, or Booker Washington, after seventy-eight years of emancipation, simply because the Negro people of that section started out without a race consciousness.

I have traveled a good deal through many countries, and from my observations and study, I unhesitatingly and unreservably say that the American Negro is the peer of all Negroes, the most progressive and the foremost unit in the expansive chain of scattered Ethiopia. Industrially, financially, educationally and socially, the Negroes of both hemispheres have to defer to the American brother, the fellow who has revolutionized history in race development inasmuch as to be able within fifty years to produce men and women out of the immediate bond of slavery, the latchets of whose shoes many a "favored son and daughter" has been unable to loose.

As I travel through the various cities I have been observing with pleasure the active part played by Negro men and women in the commercial and industrial life of the nation. In the cities I have already visited, which include New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Washington and Chicago, I have seen commercial enterprises owned and managed by Negro people. I have seen Negro banks in Washington and Chicago, stores, cafes, restaurants, theaters and real estate agencies that fill my heart with joy to realize, in positive truth, and not by sentiment, that at one center of Negrodom, at least, the people of the race have sufficient pride to do things for themselves.

The acme of American Negro enterprise is not yet reached. You have still a far way to go. You want more stores, more banks, and bigger enterprises. I hope that your powerful Negro press and the conscientious element among your leaders will continue to inspire you to achieve; I have detected, during my short stay, that even among you there are leaders who are false, who are mere self-seekers, but on the other hand, I am pleased to find good men and, too, those whose fight for the uplift of the race is one of life and death. I have met some personalities who are not prominently in the limelight for whom I have a strong regard as towards their sincerity in the cause of race uplift, and I think more of their people as real disciples working for the good of our race than many of the men whose names have become nationally and internationally known. In New York, I met John E. Bruce, a man for whom I have the strongest regard inasmuch as I have seen in him a true Negro, a man who does not talk simply because he is in a position for which he must say or do something, but who feels honored to be a member. I can also place in this category Dr. R. R. Wright, Jr., Dr. Parks, vice-president of the Baptist Union, and Dr. Triley of the M. E. church of Philadelphia, the Rev. J. C. Anderson of Quinn Chapel and Mrs. Ida Wells Barnett of Chicago. With men and women of this type, who are conscientious workers, and not mere life service dignitaries, I can quite understand that the time is at hand when the stranger, such as I am, will discover the American Negro firmly and strongly set on the pinnacle of fame.

The West Indian Negro who has had seventy-eight years of emancipation has nothing to compare with your progress. Educationally, he has, in the exception, made a step forward, but generally he is stagnant. I have discovered a lot of "vain bluff" as propagated by the irresponsible type of West Indian Negro who has become resident of this country—

bluff to the effect that conditions are better in the West Indies than they are in America. Now let me assure you, honestly and truthfully, that they are nothing of the kind. The West Indies in reality could have been the ideal home of the Negro, but the sleeping West Indian has ignored his chance ever since his emancipation, and today he is at the tail end of all that is worth while in the West Indies. The educated men are immigrating to the United States, Canada and Europe; the laboring element are to be found by the thousands in Central and South America. These people are leaving their homes simply because they haven't pride and courage enough to stay at home and combat the forces that make them exiles. If we had the spirit of self-consciousness and reliance, such as you have in America, we would have been ahead of you, and today the standard of Negro development in the West would have been higher. We haven't the pluck in the West Indies to agitate for or demand a square deal and the blame can be attributed to no other source than indolence and lack of pride among themselves.

Let not the American Negro be misled; he occupies the best position among all Negroes up to the present time, and my advice to him is to keep up his constitutional fight for equity and justice.

The Negroes of the West Indies have been sleeping for seventy-eight years and are still under the spell of Rip Van Winkle. These people want a terrific sensation to awaken them to their racial consciousness. We are throwing away good business opportunities in the beautiful islands of the West. We have no banks of our own, no big stores and commercial undertakings, we depend on others as dealers, while we remain consumers. The file is there open and ready for anyone who has the training and ability to become a pioneer. If enterprising Negro Americans would get hold of some of the wealthy Negroes of the West Indies and teach them how to trade and to do things in the interest of their people, a great good would be accomplished for the advancement of the race.

The Negro masses in the West Indies want enterprises that will help them to dress as well as the Negroes in the North of the United States; to help them to live in good homes and to provide them with furniture on the installment plan; to insure them in sickness and death and to prevent a pauper's grave.

"Leone of the Guards"

By Beresford Gale

PART TWO

THE inevitable had come. War was declared; and with the dread summons had ensued that mighty confusion and effervescence of superhuman energy that drives the world mad with excitement. The under sea cables hummed with the burden of tehir messages. The wireless stations throbbed and spluttered with the conflicting currents that sent the news speeding to the uttermost end of the earth. The mighty cannons that had lain useless for years were ruthlessly hauled into the hourly departing trains. Strong men kissed their mothers and said good-bye and marched away to die. Helpless wives wept and smiled and bade their men God speed. The band in the square struck up its tune and charmed the men away. They went, these men, full of life and health and youth and mirth, full of patriotism and pride. They marched away to the sound of the music—marched away never to return.

I had left America. In the very midst of my activities, and while the trail was hot, I was hastily summoned home by my Government. home to lose myself amid the dizzy whirl of war while my heart was yet warm with pulsing adoration and love for Leone. I had given her my word, dear reader, yes, given her my solemn word that Legaud should never know the movements of "Le Garde." Do you blame me? Do you call me traitor? I blame myself and heap upon my unhallowed head every despicable adjective that is known to a treacherous traitor. My one excuse is love. I loved her. With all the strong passions born of undying devotion, with every tender memory made sacred by the tie of affection, by all that is sacred and holy and by all that is good in me, I swear I loved Leone D'Arcy.

From the night that I sat in her apartments watching the play of her chameleon like emotions, I conceived a strong and undying devotion to this small, sweet devoted daughter of France.

For days I had seen my chief groping in the darkness of an aggravating mystery and with cold complacency, and a sinking heart, I had watched him blunder along, while all the while I was fully aware that he would make but little headway unless he possessed the key to the baffling mystery of the whereabouts of "The Guard."

"You see, mon cher," Leone had told me after I had invaded her rooms at least six times during one week of blissful companionship. "It will avail France but little if she loses her soldiers by setting against another. If Monsieur Legaud possessed the key and would work alone in order that he might accomplish that that would make France victorious, I should most willingly discard every effort that would be an obstacle in his way, and as this happens to be my case is it not but natural that I should expect him to do likewise?"

I had admitted the truth of her philosophical reasoning at the time more from the fact that it pleased her and also because I felt my heart going out more and more to this one woman who had captured my very reason and sense by the witchery of sweet femininity. "Let me work alone a few more days non ami," she had said, "a few more days of devotion to the cause of France. Promise me that you will grant me this clemency, and then, then mon Jean, my heart, my soul, my very all shall be yours." And I had promised. With the giving of my word, I had steeled my heart against every effort to assist Legaud in the zeal of his trying undertaking, and I was succeeding excellently in my act of deception and double dealing when war came and I was recalled to France.

It was a sad parting, this tearing of myself away from the woman for whom I had deceived my country. Leone had given me her affection; in truth she had promised to become my wife, but when on the evening that I had received the call to muster home, I had gone to her and asked her to marry me then; she had smiled her sweetest and shook her dainty head. No, Jean, we will marry and laugh and sing when France is victorious and the earth is ringing with her praise, but while she throbs under the throes of war, we will mourn and fight and watch with her, aye, even until the last hour."

Was ever devotion and patriotism more sublime? And in the face of it, I could urge my suit no more, so I kissed her face and hugged her close and said good-bye and left. "Be brave, mon Jean, brave as the lion that roams the wildest field," she had whispered to me as I held her hand and lingered on the threshold of the door. "We shall meet again in France. Look anywhere for me. Hunt hard, my friend, for if the war goes well, I may be found in the peaceful confines of the Louxembourg ruminating on the wonders of modern art; but if it's ill, then where

the fight is hottest, and where the breach is wide, there you may expect to find Leone; your own Leone of the Guards, daughter of France and trusted spy."

Her eyes had glowed with the enthusiasm of her words while her breast rose and fell with wild emotion as she flung her twining arms around my neck and implanted a long and loving kiss on my lips and then vanished into the semi-darkness within. And so I left America, little dreaming where I should ever meet this wonderful girl again.

* * * * * *

I was going mad. Mad and insane with the incessant sound of bursting shells that shrieked and spluttered and exploded over and around the half filled trench of stagnant water in which I lay. For weeks I had watched my comrades being carted away in twos and threes and dozens, some from wounds, some dead and a great many mad and jibbering. Strong, hearty men turned simple and childish from the effects of the merciless war. The battle of Louvain had been fought and won. Rheims was yet sweltering under the incessant heat of the Teuton shell; Paris had been fearfully threatened, and we were now at the Marne.

Will history ever repeat in full the battle of the Marne? Will the unborn generations ever know of this gigantic, hell born struggle that cost a million lives? No pen can adequately do justice to this, the greatest of all human efforts, nor can any recall the multitudinous events that combined to stamp this battle as the most stupendous conflict ever waged on earth.

On the last day of the battle our division was resting after a forty-eight hour steady fighting along a three-mile front of trenches. The men were spent and weary and many were dying where they lay. For days the battle had waged with varying success and at times the Teuton arms well nigh drove us from our trenches. The soft bullets and the intolerable poisoned gases were working havoc amongst us. A few more days of this and every man in our company would be dead. The English and Scottish soldiers who fought alongside of us were bearing up bravely under the strain, and though their men fell like flies around the field, still the courage of those that remained was undaunted.

The East Indians who joined our division a mile or so further up the river where the stream bends toward the south had gorged their thirst for blood and covered themselves with glory. The Germans were fighting as never men fought before. Time and again they had carried our trenches and well nigh drove us from the field with their overwhelming numbers and hellish artifice, but reinforcements or Providence or General Joffre's word had always intervened in time to save us from defeat. And so we killed and slew and butchered and died till we were faint and spent.

It was just after sunrise on this memorable day when the word was passed along the line that an overwhelming army of Germans were advancing to the attack. With it had come the message from the commanding general that France expected every man to fight and die, but never to retreat. Our trenches were well honey combed through the vast and magnificent Bourgiere estates, and though we were on the right bank of the greater Marne river, and somewhat sheltered by the woods of L'Abelon demense, still our exposure as a whole was just now much more to the point, rather than instituting an offensive movement.

It was very evident that if we were to cope successfully with this vast horde of oncoming soldiers we must have immediate reinforcement, and our captain, Monsieur Boule, was just in the act of communicating this most important phase of the situation to us when we were all startled by the rapid advance of a full sized company to the rear and left of our position. Imagine the joy and relief that sped along the distressed trenches when we discovered that this new body comprised the entire body of the Eleventh Louanes, one of the crack regiments of France, and many of the descendants of the men who had fought under Napoleon at Jena and Waterloo. It was but the work of a few moments to disperse the men as they were needed along the entire division, and I was just in the act of striking up a trench acquaintance with the new men who had scrambled into our hole, when I looked around and found myself looking into the very eyes of Legaud. He recognized me almost at the same moment, and we scrambled towards each other.

"But it's your very self, Jean Dumont," he almost shouted as he grasped my outstretched hand and patted me joyously on the shoulder in true French fashion. "How did you come to be with us?" I finally asked when our enthusiasm at finding each other had somewhat subsided. His countenance fell a trifle as he shrugged his heavy shoulder and replied, "France needs every man that she can find alike. She is drawing on all her resources and must continue to do so until she reaches her full military strength, which brings me to the point on which you are most anxious to be informed and that is that Mademoiselle D'Arcy and the entire company of 'Le Garde Noir' are now safely encamped around

the Tuilleries Garden in Paris, and for all I know the latter may be hastily pushing their way to the Marne at this minute."

Legaud looked straight into my face and then began laughing in his soft easy manner. I was happy, ashamed and confused all at once in the presence of my chief, whom I had so wilfully deceived, and yet I felt a secret joy in knowing that Leone had accomplished that unsurmountable task of mustering together the units of "Le Garde Noir." I tried to suppress the excitement in my voice as I asked him to tell me all that had occurred since I left America.

Before he could answer, and while a general movement began stirring the trenches, such as the running to and fro of emissaries with orders from one commander to another, the shells that we were expecting began raining like hail around us. It was evident from the continual rumbling and tremor of the earth that a terrific battle was raging lower down the river. The trenches were spread out for hundreds of miles along the whole length of the Marne, and news only got to us by mere accident or rumor as the troops were shifted from one point to another. In truth the outside world was more conversant with the details of the war than we who were directly concerned in it.

"This is probably the beginning of the end, Jean," Legaud shouted, as the terrific noise caused by the heavy artillery that boomed and belched fire and death around our ears and which made conversation difficult.

I nodded my assent and slipped more bullets into my breach loader. Legaud beckoned me closer to him and, with his mouth in close contact and almost touching my half-numbed ear, he told me the story of Leone.

"You had been gone but ten weeks," he began, "when one night a telegram reached me from Detroit bidding me to come at once. On my arrival there I was met by Mademoiselle D'Arcy, who glowingly informed me that she had successfully run to earth the German female agent Frälein Kuebling, at whose hands Le Garde Noir had been so foully tampered with. She told me that she had tracked the German woman to a hotel in the little town of Homer in South Michigan, and, watching her opportunity, she had disguised herself as a maid and went to the agent's room. Under the pretense of making up the room, she had grappled with the woman, taking her wholly by surprise. Leone's greatest object was to keep her opponent from screaming, and for this she had prepared a gag which she lost no time in stuffing in the German woman's mouth. But with all this she had found that the Fraulein Kuebling was no miscreant, and it was only by freely using the chloroform with which she had previously supplied herself that she was able to finally subdue and bind her enemy. Her next move, she told me, was to get in league with a French doctor at the hospital, who came hurriedly to the hotel on a special call, and, after seeing the patient who had taken suddenly ill during the night, he ordered her immediate removal to a private sanitarium situated on the outskirts of Homer. She told me that she had then gone back to the room to search for papers, but had found none and that it was only when Fräulein Kuebling's hair had been pulled down and opened that the little map, showing the towns where every separate group of Le Garde Noir had been sent, that she had breathed a sigh of relief and sent for me.

"Before going in search of the men, she knew that she needed money to buy back the soldiers who had literally been bought away from France, and in her want of the ready cash, she had sent for me. Having procured her the money from some of our agencies in the West, she had sent me back to New York with the understanding that I was to open a private station for the purpose of taking care of the men when they arrived. Three days after my arrival in New York a contingent of twenty men came to the station, and for three weeks the steady flow of incoming soldiers reached me until every single man of the Black Guard was in town, and ready to sail for France. With the last batch, Leone had come and, after my complimenting her on the splendid achievement that she had made, she revealed to me your dastardly part in the whole affair and told me of her connections with you."

Here Legaud again laughed in his soft piercing manner as he peered roguishly into my downcast eyes. "It is all right, Jean. It was all for the best. It showed very poor patriotism on your part to go against your orders for a woman, but—"

He was cut short from further speech by a huge clod of earth that came surging down into the trench right in our faces as a result of the havoc the splintering shells were making on the outside. From this time on, further speech was an utter impossibility, nor did men care to talk. Fighting had become the business of the hour and this same business was in rapid progress.

After the heavy artillery duel, the Germans had charged our position with a fury that was almost irresistible. Time and again we had countercharged and borne them back to their trenches. They seemed determined to dislodge us and on the other hand our minds were fully made up to carry their position or die in the attempt. Back

and forth for nine hours the struggle waged and waned. The dead and wounded were heaped up on all sides like piles of rubbish and dead wood. With every new and desperate charge, the lives were thinned on both sides. In a few hours it would be dark and from the evidences that we saw around us, there would be no cessation to the fighting. It was war to the death, war to the bitter end. It was some hours past midday, and just after one of the heaviest sorties that we had had, when it was rumored that the Germans in our division of the battle had received heavy reinforcements, and were preparing for a last desperate effort. This news did not strike us as being very consoling, as our lines were very thin and no sign or word of help to our arms had been seen or sent to us. Before we could collect ourselves and make ready, another and more determined effort to break us had been made.

The Germans were right in amongst us. With savage yells, they rushed on our fixed bayonets, cutting and jabbing with their thick, short swords that did duty both for bayonet and short lance. The fight was on. With breast locked to breast, and eye to eye, we swayed and tottered in the dread embrace of death. Had this continued we would have eventually driven the Teutons into the river to sink and drown as we had done on a previous occasion, but when, on looking over the field, we saw a fresh detachment coming toward us, our faith wavered, also our lines. This meant sure defeat unless something happened, and something did happen.

As I said before, we were on the point of wavering. In fact it was a physical impossibility for us to have held up against overwhelming odds. In another hour we would have been mowed down, and I was even now hastily tying a faded handkerchief around my left hand which had been shot through, when a yell, the significance of which I knew only too well, sounded on my ear. It was the battle yell of Le Garde Noir and all France and every soldier knew its deathless ring. I drove my bayonet through the man that was preparing to cut me down with a blow, and looked out across the field. Imagine then, if you can, my surprise and astonishment, when right in front of the company of advancing blacks, and charging down upon us with the fury of a mad mayeppa, I saw Leone D'Arcy, daughter of France, my affianced wife.

I have lain awake many nights since that memorable day living over again this scene so vividly photographed in my mind. At times the groans and moans in the hospital around my cot would distract my attention for awhile, but ever and anon my weary mind would revert to the Marne and Leone.

In a few moments Le Garde Noir, with their gallant leader, had reached our sides and thrown themselves upon the enemy. Like mad furies made doubly furious by the sight of blood, they hacked their way into the center of the field. The German army crumpled and withered before the impact of their terrible attack. Everywhere they appeared always killing and crushing and mauling every man that appeared in their path and at every point, charging and shouting and directing their movements appeared Leone, the only woman on the field.

It was near sundown when the Germans finally broke and fled, their number dwindled to a small percentage. With the tenacity of veteran warriors, they had held on until the last, but the unexpected arrival of Le Garde Noir, with their undaunted courage had been too much for them, and much as they hated to admit defeat at the hands of the warring blacks, they that remained were compelled to seek cover or suffer complete annihilation from the efforts of our strengthened arms. The pursuit of the Germans was in full blast when a mighty shout, coming as it were from the farthest end of France and seeming to lose itself in the upper confines of the Belgian forest, rent the air around us. We knew the significance of that mighty note of gladness and we took it up and hurled it along the line. "Viva la France; Viva la Allies." Our arms had been victorious; the battle of the Marne was won.

The rejoicing and confusion that followed the victory of the Marne has probably never had a parallel in the history of the world. Commanders and men, well men and wounded—they all lost their heads and shouted and wept. The companies merged themselves one into another as they rushed from place to place, singing and congratulating one another. The field telephones were kept busy transmitting the messages back and forth. Word had been received that the Germans had been completely beaten along the whole length of the river. Time and again the shout rent the air, "Viva la France!" "Viva le Garde Noir." The Guards were the heroes of the day. They had turned the tide of battle and brought victory to our arms.

But where was Leone? From the moment of the assurance of victory, I had commenced a systematic search for my fiance. Disregarding the mad confusion and wild rush of men here and there, I plodded my way from trench to trench, from breastwork to boulder, looking, looking, looking. I encountered others engaged in the

same task as myself. There were those of Le Garde Noir who had not forgotten their gallant leader, and small parties of these men were hunting, and with flaring torches, in the hope of finding the girl. In a little while the search had become general, and when, at the expiration of an hour, I found her lying alongside of a score of her men, all wounded and some dead, my heart almost jumped out of my breast with excitement and fear lest she was also dead.

In a second I had extracted her from the debris of maimed and dead men around her, and found to my horror that she had been seriously wounded by a fragment of shell. Hurriedly and sorrowfully we bore her to the rear of the trenches, where we found the field doctors already submerged in the work of patching up those who were not utterly beyond hope. In my haste and excitement I snatched at Dr. Henry, an American physician of great skill and experience. Seeing my condition, he hastily concluded what he was doing and turned his attention towards the girl.

In my profession as detective and soldier, I have experienced many instances of suspense and anxiety, but never in all the history of my life have I ever gone through so terrible an ordeal as I did on the night of the battle of the Marne. For me the joy of victory was a meaningless word. What if France had gained a battle, if I had lost Leone? It seemed like hours before the doctor concluded his examination and told me that it was only with the greatest of care that she would recover. The splinter of a poisoned shell had pierced her left side, he said, and the impact had caused a jolt to the heart which was then performing its function in a very indifferent manner.

By now the rumor of the female leader of Le Garde had spread among the soldiers, and when, from the effects of the restorative given her, Leone opened her eyes, she saw before her a vast sea of heads, both white and black, looking at her with the deepest sorrow and concern depicted on their war-stained and begrimed faces. Her large eyes wandered curiously over the crowd, and at last rested on me. For a moment she seemed dazed and puzzled, but when, with the sound of my voice her memory returned, she smiled at me and nodded her head. I whispered something in her ear in the hope that she would speak to me, and as she in return whispered my name and pressed my hand with her bloodless fingers, my joy for this small token of recognition was boundless.

It was toward morning when, after the dressing and bandaging of her wound, Leone again opened her eyes. This time her reason and voice were fully restored, and she recognized me at once. The crude tent that did service both as operating room and hospital was crowded to the very door, and the little cot on which the girl lay was not far removed from the opening.

"They have done for me, Jean," were the first words she said. "I feel poison from that cruel shell creeping through my blood, but we have gained the day, Jean; we have gained the day. What matter if one more or less die, my friend—what matter—so long as France is victorious?" Her eyes sought mine and she must have seen the look of sorrow on my face that I so plainly felt in my breast, for she hastily remarked. "Forgive me, mon Jean, mon ami mon cher, forgive me. I know you needed me for yourself, dear, and I wanted you, oh, so much, Jean, but France called me first, and I have answered with my life."

I could not conceive the idea that death was near to this girl, so young and beautiful and so brave. Of all the thousands of men on the battlefield, why should she, a mere woman and one who had outdistanced her sex in this gruesome art of war, be selected as a victim of sacrifice to the barren maw of the unholy glutton? It was an outrage against civilization and every moral virtue that comprises the law of God. There was no justice in war, and war was indeed Hell.

Leone was dying. Although she spoke cheerfully and jested about the seriousness of her wound in an endeavor to throw me off, yet instinctively and in my inmost soul I felt that she could not live. I begged permission to be allowed to stay with her, pleading the uselessness of my perforated arm as a very tangible excuse. The lines were forming again. There would be more shooting and killing. The ambulances were already rushing the hundreds of wounded soldiers to the hospitals established in the rear of our lines. Men who had lain for twelve hours in the clotted blood of their several wounds were now being rushed behind for repairs, so that they might be forced to go through the same scene again. It was a ghastly sight. The price of victory was incalculable in the lives and health of the soldiers. The news of Leone's bravery had traveled the whole length of the lines. Men sung her praises, and swore by her gallant deeds. Until some new phase of the war should occupy their minds, the daughter of France and victory were their only subject. Our commanding general had been telephoned the whole story of the girl's bravery, and when his car arrived shortly after midday at the temporary hospital, he quickly and seriously decorated Leone with the order of

Gallantry and Distinguished Conduct. If Leone had commanded respect before, she received a double portion of reverence after this. With every new visitor presents and flowers and congratulations had been showered upon her. She seemed to enjoy all this immensely and smiled faintly her gratefulness to the many comrades that stood around her. To me it was all bitterness. What mattered the presents or the decoration or the honor if she died? France might have kept all this if she would give me back the woman I loved.

"It is my own fault, Jean. They begged me not to come. In truth, the commander told me it was not to be thought of, but I wished to be in a real fight. I wanted to do something for France. I pleaded with some of the men and they disguised me and smuggled me out of Paris among them. Then, when it was too late to turn back, they told me to lead them. They said that I had found them in America, and that I should lead them on to victory. I could not refuse, Jean. It was the offer of my life, and I just had to take it."

The doctor came and told her not to talk. He took her temperature and bowed his head. She lingered till evening. She told me of the undying love that she would carry to the grave for me. She spoke of the good that the fighting of the bygone day would do. She told me of the old father she left in Paris, who was even now watching for his daughter's return. She begged me to always remember her, and to always bear in mind that if she had not been France's she would have been mine. She consoled me as well as she could. She gave me the little ring and shield that she wore, and bade me take a lock of her hair, and when, with streaming eyes and trembling hands, I had complied with all her requests, she smiled and beckoned me to kiss her on her lips. Then she closed her eyes and slept.

The bugle was sounding the assembly when she opened her eyes again. Her voice was hoarse and rattling as she turned to me and said: "It's the assembly, Jean; France is calling us to arms. We'll muster in and fight, Jean—we'll fight for liberty or death." The last words failed on her lips, and with one long, heavy sigh, she lay back in my arms.

* * * * * *

We buried her on the little mound beside the Marne. At the place where she had fought and died, tender hands lowered her to her martial resting place. The vast army of grim followers that stood around the little grave shed tears of genuine sorrow at the loss of their little comrade. Le Garde Noir, or what was left of them, did honor to the last remains of her that had been both saviour and leader to them. Legaud hobbled upon a crutch to watch the last sad measure of respect to the woman who had been his most successful rival.

And so I lost her. At the very moment when we had found each other, we two that loved each other for ourselves—I lost her in the terrible throes of war. Will France ever remember this? Amid the mad turmoil of the ensuing days, will she remember this daughter of color that guided her men to victory and gave her life, too? Who can tell?

In loving memory, I carved a little wooden slab with the one hand that I still possessed—a little token of the tender love I bore her. It was simple and it was plain, but it bore the name—the cherished best on earth—the name of "Leone of the Guards—Daughter of France and trusted spy."

(The End)

VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND DURING DURING HOWARD-FISKE FOOTBALL GAME IN NASHVILLE.

A Monthly Review of Athletics

IN THE SUN

By Binga Dismond

One Verse Classic

Did you ever stop to ponder,
What a fickle goddess, Fame?
She will *boast,* today acquaintance
And tomorrow ask the name;
All the world, you find, "pulls" for you
Till reverses have begun;
Then how aptly is forgotten
Your short sojourn In The Sun.

GYM GEMS

A runner may defeat all of the runners some of the time, he may defeat some of the runners all of the time; but he can't leave all of the runners all of the time.

* * *

It is considered rather poor technique to look around when you are in the lead—your rival may pass you on the other side.

* * *

Never quit just because you are tired; you can never tell when you may get your second wind.

A History Class at Brown University

Prof.—Will the next gentlemen please tell the class who Pollard was?

Student—Yes, sir; Pollard was the man who knocked the "L" out of Yale.

Prof.—Quite right; and also, the "H" out of Harvard.

* * *

Intersectional Basketball

Now that the shriek of the timekeeper's whistle has sounded the demise of the football season, the war-horses of the gridiron must hie themselves to repair shops and hospitals, while the bloodthirsty spectators must reconcile themselves to the gentler indoor sports. Just at present the gyms, halls and casions are resounding with the thug of the basketball, as barelegged athletes dribble it down the courts. As would be expected, the birds in and about "Lil' Old New Yawk" are staging classic events with more elaborateness and frequency than elsewhere. This does not, however, necessarily follow that Manhattanites can rightly boast of a national champion quintet, without giving the out-of-town "fives" due consideration.

The basketball fever can no longer be termed epidemic. Its propensities have assumed rather a pandemic aspect. There has been a sudden rise in enthusiasm which has swept down the Atlantic Seaboard to the big Southern universities, around the circle and up the Mississippi to the great lakes. Neither Nashville, Louisville, St. Louis, nor the Ohio towns have escaped the ravages of the disease. It goes without saying that Pittsburgh still possesses a chronic stage of basketballitis. Even old Chicago has not developed an immunity. There aren't many teams here, but what we have are good—gosh darn!

Intersectional basketball like intersectional football is being encouraged this year as never before in the annals of athletics. Almost a decade has passed since Washington first imported a New York aggregation to battle in the True Reformers' hall. At that time the Northern leds were the last word in basketball; they scheduled the less accomplished Capital City bugs with a patronizing expression on their countenances. The next year, however, Henderson, the versatile athletic director of the Washington public schools, scraped together five birds who, within a month or two, acquired enough basketball technique to pilgrimage to New York, sporting on their jerseys the legend, "Washington Y. M. C. A.," and upset the indoor sport world by nabbing every little thing in sight. The brilliancy of their crusade attracted the attention of the Howard University authorities to the realization that each member of the suddenly celebrated team, except Coach Henderson, was a student of that institution. An extra session of the faculty was straightway summoned; an amendment to the constitution was railroaded through, with the result that no undergraduate could perform under the colors of outside clubs and remain in school. The Y. M. C. A. team became a memory; practically the identical team, the following season, grabbed the National championship (colored), displaying the white and blue ribbons of Howard.

This aggregation remained the undisputed class of the courts, until one day an ill wind blew in an invitation for them to exhibit their wares in Pittsburgh. The Howard bunch are bears at traveling. They made a hysterical leap at the trip; it was a disastrous jump, in that they experienced a head on collision into the crack Monticello aggregation. The Howard team required a long time to recover from that spill. Since those days Hampton has developed into a power which must always be reckoned with. Union University at Richmond must be considered; and Lincoln can not well be ignored. The crack Monticello quintet of the Smoky city relinquished its place in the sun to the Delaney Rifles. I am now told that they are a thing of the past, and the inter-scholastics are monarchs of all they survey in western Pennsylvania. Here in the windy city, basketball activities have been limited to Y. M. C. A. courts. The Wabash avenue department and that in Evanston are the classic rivals. They both make good showings against the local white teams. Intersectional contests draw well, encourage the development of the game and are disastrous to the monotony of localism.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

The Hartford (Conn.) *Courant* realizes the purport of the Negro mind:

"There were 9,827,000 Negroes in this country when the census of 1910 was taken, and, as a South Carolina Negro once bitterly said for all of them, 'We are all human beings, and with as much right as anybody to say, in the words of the Bible, that God created us "in His own image."' What is more, the mind of the American Negro has both grown and will continue to grow. He can now easily pass the test of owning real estate, or the test of education, or the test of knowing a trade. Slowly, systematically, methodically, but solidly, he is learning how to take care of himself. All he asks is a fair and legal chance in this work of self-improvement. He does not ask for favors; he has the confidence of successful experience that he can work out his own salvation, as salvation is reckoned in ordinary social terms; but he does protest against being put upon because his skin is black. He is making his qualities as good as those of our varied mixed racial breeds, and he simply asks that his proved qualities shall count the same as those of his neighbors. He does not ask for extra standing room, or for special standing room, but only for similar standing room to that which this country was organized to give to all men of sober lives and industrious habits.

"This is not asking a great deal on his part, but it is depriving him of a good deal if he does not get what he asks for. It is not a political wrong in itself that disturbs the Negro, but the social wrong of living in a country where he has

no equal place to stand for himself and by himself. All other citizens have this place for themselves and by themselves, and he, being after all a human being, knows perfectly well that his right to such a place for himself is incontestable. In a free land, where public rights are the main thing, he is shut out from his rights to a fair and equal chance to make of himself what he can.

"The election is over, and political controversy in the active sense is laid on the shelf. But the Negro mind remains, and we have tried to show the nature and tendency of the thoughts that are in it. In these days of abnormal prosperity the thoughts in that mind may not be reckoned so important as dollars, but it is still worth while to remember that questions of rights and wrongs go very deep and have the lasting quality."

The Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat-Chronicle* says regarding lynching reforms:

"Lynchings, while not confined entirely to the South, have been more common there than anywhere else in the country, and yet it has appeared almost impossible to arouse Southerners to the dangers involved in countenancing these outbreaks of lawlessness and barbarism. It is decidedly encouraging, therefore, to find Governor Manning, of South Carolina, taking a firm stand in favor of the punishment of lynchers. The particular case which roused him to action had to do with the lynching of a Negro of considerable standing among the colored population, following a quarrel with a white storekeeper over a bill. The governor's attitude as an opponent of lynch law seems to have been inspired by the exodus of many Negroes from the state, under the lure of promises of steady employment and high wages in the North, and the fear that the lynching would cause many more to leave. The governor announces that 'I am giving serious consideration to this matter, with a view of making recommendations to the legislature, so as to be able to deal with such conditions when they arise.' Lynchings will become rare in the South as soon as they are frowned upon by public opinion, even if the reasons are economic instead of an increased reverence for law and order."

The Nashville *Banner* desires an equitable distribution of population so far as the races are concerned:

"From any logical point of view that looks beyond immediate emergencies, the Southern whites should encourage Negro emigration to the North, not for the cynical motive that impelled the late Hon. Jeff Davis, while governor of Arkansas, to pardon Negro convicts on condition that they go to Massachusetts to live, but to relieve the South of the entire burden and all the brunt of the race problem, and make room for and to create greater inducement for white immigration that the South very much needs. Some thousands of Negroes going North every year and a corresponding number of whites coming South would effect a distribution of the races that would be in many ways beneficial and that at the very least would take away from the race problem all sectional aspect, which is and has always been the chief cause of sectional ill-feeling. And it would in the end give the South a homogeneous citizenship."

The Charleston (S. C.) *Record* boldly commends the trial of those who were in the Abbeville mob:

"Those citizens of Abbeville who have undertaken to rid their county of the disgrace and shame that have come through the murder of a Negro, in broad daylight, at the hands of a mob of irresponsibles, have contracted for a big job. It may not be possible ever to convict one of the murderers, for mistrials are all too easy, but an effort will at least determine that lawbreakers must pay the costs of court trials. This will act as a deterrent, and public sentiment may so change that convictions might be secured."

We wish that the *New Republic* could be the last word regarding American legislation. In this recent editorial it has penetrated deeply behind the veil of color and discovered that the Negro is after all a man, subject to hunger, cold and fatigue, the same as any other of the human family:

"Everyone who has worked with and for the Negro knows by this time—or ought to know, if he is honest with himself—that it is quite impossible to hope that the Negro will ever love labor purely for its own sake, or long passionately to toil because the white man thinks it would be a virtue in him to toil. Are there many whites who work in just this way? Art for art's sake is sufficiently difficult; hard work for hard work's sake even more difficult to indoctrinate. The Colored man will work when he wants a new Sunday suit, to take one concrete instance, and the great advertising tailors of the North, who send him a suit made to his own measure and fashioned in the very last and most 'snappy' way, for $8.85, probably do a good deal more to cause industry than all the sermons which the kindly white man reads him on industry's sheer blinding beauty. Southern races, whatever their color, cannot long physically for work or aspire to it spiritually. They never have and they never will."

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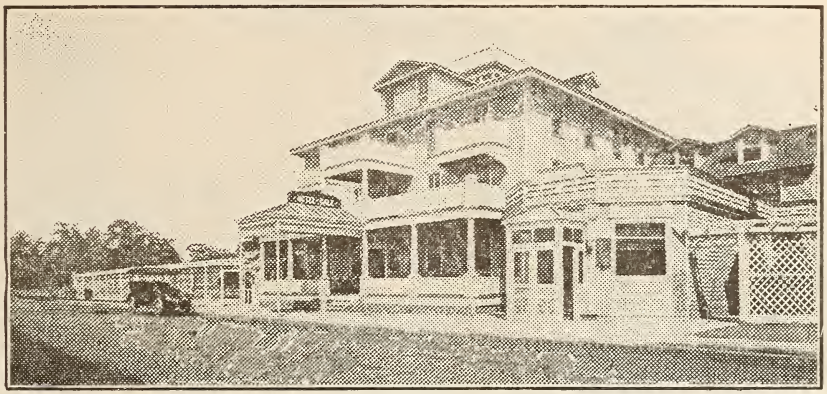

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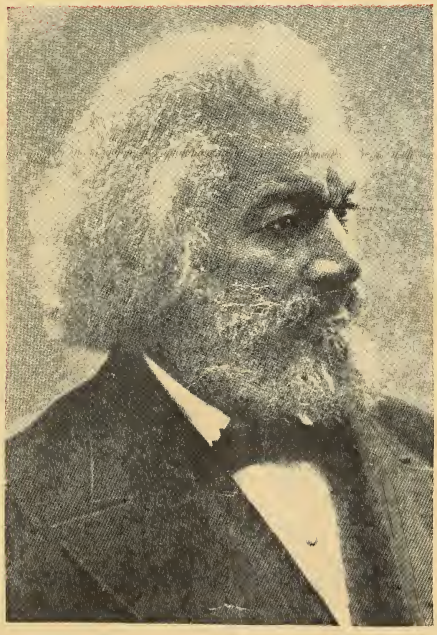

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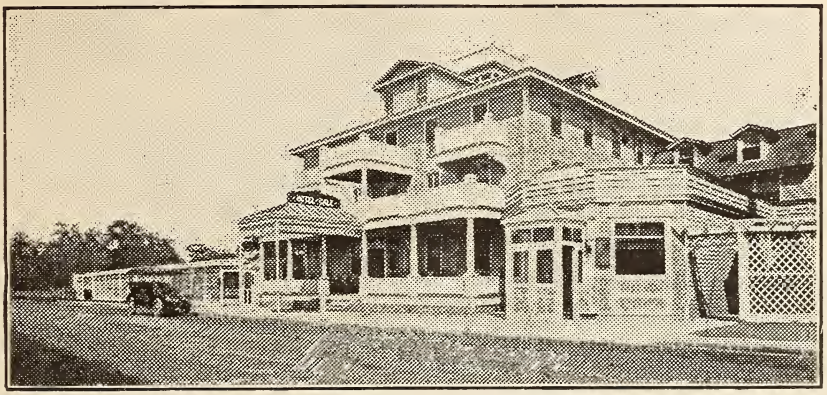

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HOTEL DALE, - CAPE MAY, NEW JERSEY

Our Confidential Talk

In dedicating this issue of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE to Frederick Douglass, we feel that we are but honoring ourselves. Truly, he was one of the world's most unique characters and the greatest champion the race in America has had. Even the enemies of the race respected and honored him, as was evidenced in a reward of fifty thousand dollars for the head of William H. Seward.

"And I will be one of one hundred to pay five hundred dollars each for the head of William H. Seward and would add a similar amount for Frederic Douglass, but regarding him as head and shoulders above these traitors, will permit him to remain where he now is."

Douglass was the only Negro ever officially placed in the balloting for Presidential nominee by the National Republican Convention and upon several occasions addressed that distinguished body.

* * * * * * * *

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Vol. 1 — FEBRUARY, 1917 — No. 6

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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs relating to Negro life and current Negro events desired. When not available and accompanied by necessary postage, they will be returned. All manuscripts must be typewritten.

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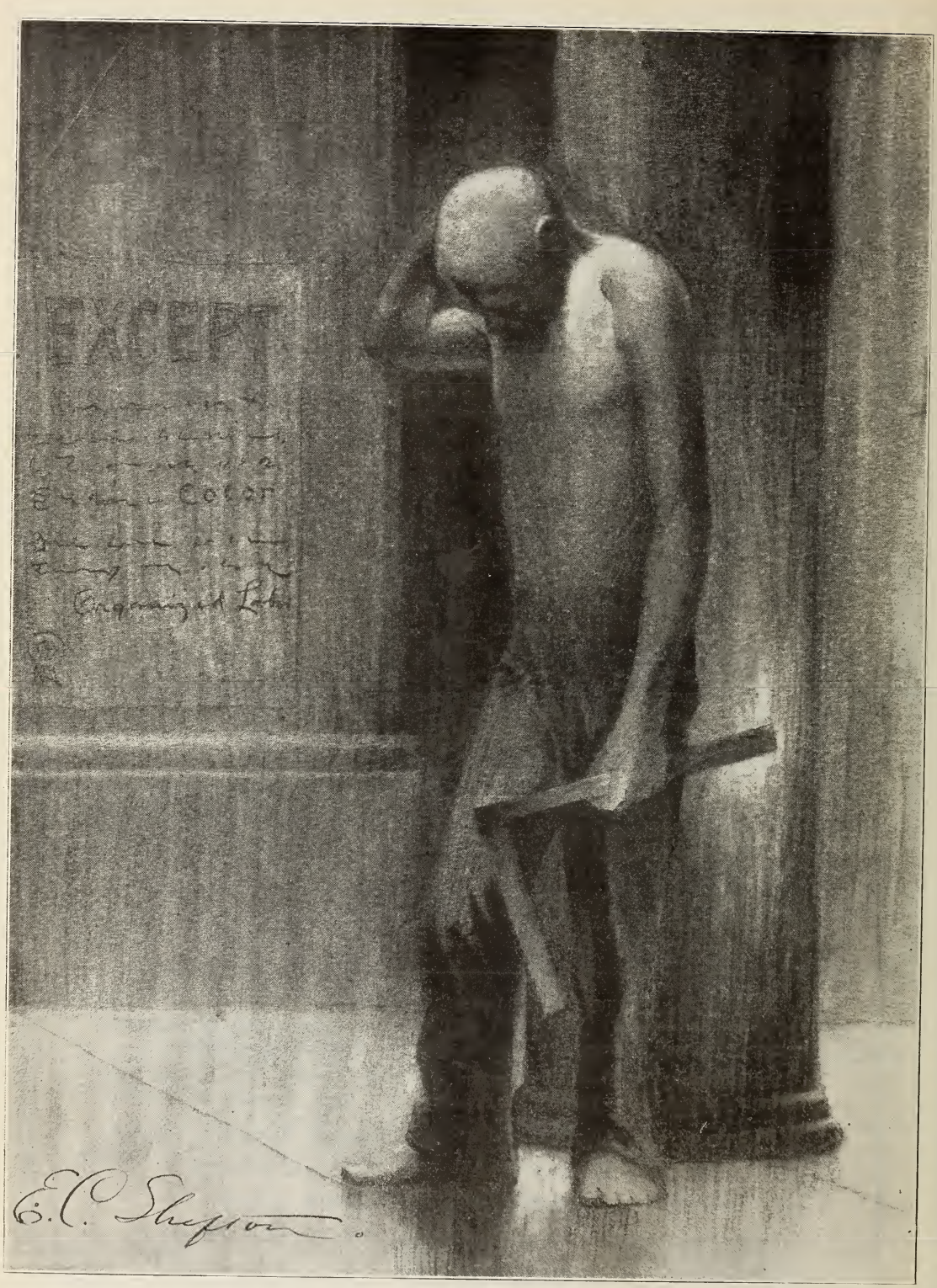


Opportunity Wanted

The Champion Magazine

Vol. 1 February, 1917 No. 6

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

FREDERICK DOUGLASS—ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

THE pendulum of time has swerved to the One Hundredth Anniversary of Frederic Douglass, greatest of all American Negroes, and, so far as the modern epoch is concerned, second only to Toussaint L'Ouverture, the savior of Hayti. Two races, and especially that race for which he made so many sacrifices, bow before his shrine in reverence to his blessed memory.

Douglass' greatness lay in the force that he gave to his convictions and his keen insight into the future needs of his people. Other men of color fought for the abolition of slavery; other men of African descent were political leaders during the era of Reconstruction; but none moulded so successfully his ideals into the American conception of racial justice as this former Maryland slave. Turner and Vesey were martyrs, but their martyrdom did little to shake the Gibraltar of slavery; Remond and Ward were brilliant agitators, but their agitation compared to the work of Douglass was as the dashing of the waves against the rocks. To him of all men, save Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens, is due the credit of the Fifteenth amendment, which gave the emancipated black the political right to defend his liberty.

We admire the versatility of Julius Caesar and Benjamin Disraeli and Theodore Roosevelt, but none of those possessed the range of statesmanship that we must credit to Douglass. He was among the first to conceive the idea of equal rights for all races; he anticipated Booker T. Washington on the subject of industrial education by at least thirty years; he stemmed a Negro exodus that would have been as far-reaching as the exodus of today by his conservative estimate of the best element in the South.

We cannot call him a radical. He was conservative, as conservative as he was eloquent. He believed in and fought for the rights of all men, but he did not advocate the waving of "the bloody shirt" save under the spur of necessity. He saw good in all men, even those who had degraded themselves by holding him in chattel bondage. He was in addition to being a conservative a true democrat. He was of the people, with the people and for the people. He moved among us with all the deference that he moved among kings, statesmen and nobility. He was loyal to the ideal that the least on earth shall be first in the ultimate conception of the universe.

THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE rejoices that the people of America have not forgotten him, and trusts that as the years advance the halo of his glory will grow brighter. The spirit of such as he was is needed in the racial conception of today.

DU BOIS' ILLNESS

THE editor of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE desires to extend his sympathy to the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People during this, their hour of anxiety regarding their brilliant leader, Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. It is the earnest prayer of the editor that Dr. Du Bois will be spared to us for many years so that he may realize the fruits of his unselfish work for the restoration of Negro rights and may enjoy even greater fame as the master of Negro essayists.

In the September issue of THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE we said: "So far as Dr. Du Bois is concerned we see in him that fine idealism that in the nineteenth century produced our Sumners and our Phillipses. Dr. Du Bois' laurels are great. He has awakened the country to the seriousness of the race problem. It is due to him more than any other man that the N. A. A. C. P. is possible, and it is due to him that the conscience of the nation is not allowed to sleep regarding the condition of the Negro."

To that statement we might add that Dr. Du Bois is one of the three greatest leaders the Negro race in America has produced. He occupies as unique a position in the life of the Negro as Israel Zangwill does in the affairs of the Jew. Radical, and sincere in his radicalism, he has by means of his pen brought the attention of the world to the Negro as a social being, and with the preciseness of a historian and the glowing language of one who is at heart a poet he has won for his people a measure of respect.

THE DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY

WHAT remedy can be applied to the present situation among the Negroes of the United States, the so-called hegira that is making the Southland void of black labor? Is not this the hour to strike? Is not this the moment to seize the lance offered us and become the industrial leaders of the North?

Unskilled labor is the weakest economic weapon a people can possess. The North wants, and will always want, men who can prove themselves efficient in the skilled trades. Hewers of wood and drawers of water have no place in such an economic scheme as the States north of the Mason and Dixon line. Trained men, regardless of race, color or creed, are needed in the shops and the factories, and no people possess greater opportunities in that respect than the Negro.

We advise the friends of the Negro to train him in the arts and the crafts and to render him capable of enduring in the North by making him accustomed to the Northern standard of living. The Negro of the North must not be permitted to sink into the peasant class, but must be lifted to a plane several notches higher than that accorded darker races in the Southland. Schools, different from either the Tuskegee or the Atlanta type, should be within reach of those of the peasant class in the South who desire to make their homes in the Yankee States.

If this were done the Negro would triumph economically as well as industrially.

Junius B. Wood on "The Chicago Negro"

IN December, a series of interesting articles from the pen of Junius B. Wood appeared in *The Chicago Daily News* on the Chicago Negro, which attracted considerable attention. The first article was brilliantly written and began with a picturesque account of the colored trapper, Baptiste Pointe de Sable, who first erected a dwelling on the southern shore of Lake Michigan, the site of present Chicago. Mr. Wood goes on to unfold a story, pregnant with dramatic interest and tragic consequences. Mr. Wood seems to have been a second Christopher Columbus. He discovered a new world in Chicago, a city within a city. His articles betray the wonder and surprise which the eager traveler finds, when he is continually running across the unexpected.

In the first article, Mr. Wood is impressed by the exploitation of the colored people of the Second Ward of Chicago by white politicians, who execute their plans through hand-picked colored politicians. He is impressed by the destructive agencies which are regnant in the ward, and which corrupt the morals and destroy the characters of the young, trapping unwary strangers and young girls. Then he sees a problem and a possible menace in so many Southern Negroes flocking to Chicago. The glowing introduction of his first article puts us in doubt as to the trend and drift of the articles that would follow.

In the succeeding articles, Mr. Wood gives expression to his astonishment at finding the Chicago colored people's amazing progress along financial and intellectual lines. He found that not only did Negroes receive lucrative employment as artisans, but that many held responsible positions in white firms, and that many went into business for themselves and succeeded. He found a colored bank in Chicago, and colored men who owned considerable real estate. He found colored men succeeding as lawyers, physicians and dentists and holding responsible positions in the gift of the city and county government. Then he discovered that there were colored men and women living in Chicago, who had attained and were attaining distinction as writers, poets, artists, composers and musicians. The many achievements of the colored people along financial, political, professional, intellectual, artistic and musical lines were presented.

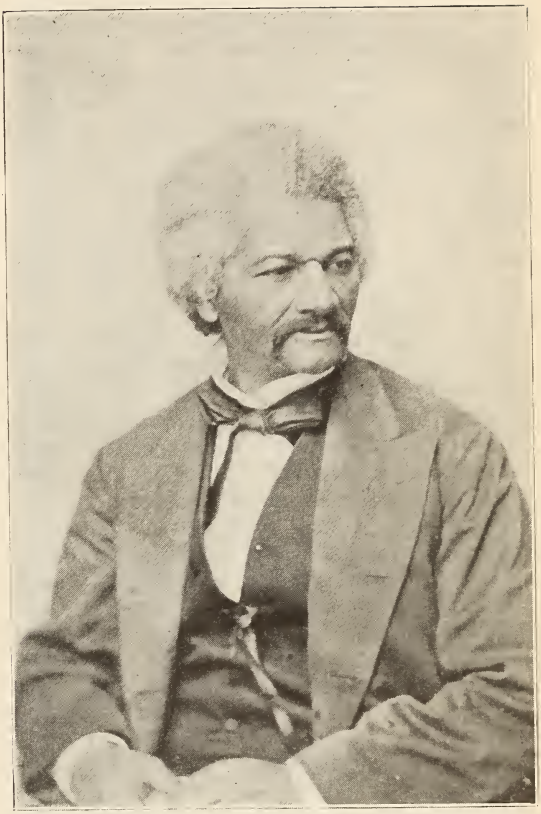
Frederick Douglass

By Archibald H. Grimke

Stranger than the strangest fiction is the story of the life of Frederick Douglass. It was aptly said of him by a friend: "He was a graduate from the peculiar institution, with his diploma written on his back." Cut the leaves of his story and open at almost any page, and we shall find facts and situations hardly credible, so palpably do they appear to violate all the known laws of human probability, did we not reflect that, in epitome, that story is at once the black record of American slavery, and a brilliant chapter from the noble volume of freedom—the agony, the pathos, the hope, the struggle, the despair, the triumph of that terrible middle state between the hell of the one and the heaven of the other. The plain, unvarnished tale of this man's life outdoes in surprises the romances of Dumas or Scott and moves mind and heart like the unfolding plot of a tragedy, or the flashing movement of an epic poem.

What picturesque and dramatic contrasts of light and shade, personal degradation and elevation, social heights and depths, illustrate his seventy-eight years among us. Chattel and citizen, slave and orator, fugitive and reformer, pariah and philosopher! Yesterday he was herded with cattle, today he is companion and equal of president and statesmen, poets and scholars. Yesterday saw him scrambling and fighting with dogs for bones and crumbs from his master's table, today acclaims him anointed leader and tribune of a race, hero, patriot, philanthropist. He rose from abject poverty to affluence, climbed from a point in the social scale below zero to a freeman's estate, and thence to greatness; from the legal status of a mere piece of human property in the American republic to the rank of one of its most illustrious citizens.

Born in a slave hovel, amidst densest darkness and deepest moral degradation, he lifted himself to the sunlit hills of a life of marvelous achievements, and when he died in fullness of years and honors, the thoughts and emotions of two worlds gathered in homage about his more than royal bier. The sorrow of his mother, the crime of his father, he yet mounted unaided, save by his genius and character, from the lowest circle



Frederick Douglass in 1869

in the inferno of Southern slavery and American caste prejudice, to the lofty tablelands of freedom, home, country, to immortal deeds and an immortal name.

What amazing obstacles, what amazing progress! Bruised and weary, sad and bleeding, he trod unshod the roughest ways, climbed to dizzy heights, overcoming all difficulties, when every inch onward and upward wrung his brave soul with agony. But behold a miracle!—the slave's agony has turned to orphic music, his sorrow to the wail, the sob, and the heart-breaking anguish of millions of bondsmen, his blood to the lightning and the drenching rain of a wondrous eloquence which falls in golden showers upon a land parched and devoured by power and oppression.

Draw nigh who will, and hearken to the

cry of a slave boy, naked and shivering in the cruel night and dungeon of his woe, weeping with hunger of body, of heart, and of soul, and with no language but that child's cry of weakness and misery, appealing from the oppression of men to the moving mercy of God. And then, presto!—the scene shifts, and the slave boy in his dungeon of woe has vanished, and another picture rolls across the stage, vivid, thrilling, kaleidoscopic, like some fantastic pageant of dreamland. The slave boy has attained to the tall stature of a man, and no cry breaks now from his sensitive but indomitable lips. For he is flying with freedom's spark in his breast, beneath a brightening sky, holding fast as he flies to the long, shining fingers of the north star.

They race and converse together, the stars and the man, under a brightening sky, and the spirit of the star sees the soul of the man, and the soul of the man is akin to the spirit of the star. "What seekest thou, what dost thou wish?" whispers the spirit of the star from its quiet blue into the ear of the man. "I seek freedom, I wish to be brave and true," answers the aspiring soul of the man. "Thy prayer is granted," saith the bright spirit of the star, "and more, for hereafter I shall walk among men, and speak to them through thee, to those sad slaves clanking heavy chains in their house of bondage, and to their wicked oppressors as well, and thy words shall have something of the mystical might of my own potent beams to beat and blaze for them on the hard earth a shining way to freedom." And then the spirit of the star stooped and embraced the soul of the man, and breathed its white breath upon his dusky lips, and they twain, the star and the man, passed together from the dim, sweet glow of that Easter night to the glorified morn of freedom and manhood.

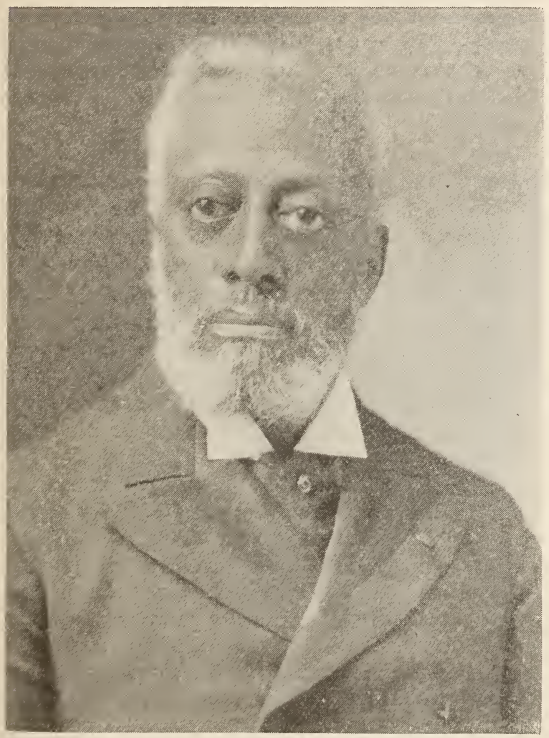
But while the bright day of freedom brought to the new man joy and deliverance, it brought him to no fool's paradise flowing with milk and honey, but fetched him rather as yoke fellows, Care and Duty, and the stern necessity which dooms those who would live worthily to toil and sweat. But were these things ever so bitter to others, to him, the new born freeman, they were indeed sweet, sweeter than Folly's milk and honey flowing through a land of social drones and idlers. It was not for him amidst his strange environment to sit still with folded arms and wait for opportunities to secure employment; he went out and searched for it until he found it. And although he had a trade, he did not consider it the part of wisdom to pick jobs of this sort only, but did with might and alacrity whatever he was able to obtain, whether it was shoveling coal, or sawing wood, or digging cellars, or loading and unloading vessels, or toiling early and late in candle factories and brass foundries. It mattered not to him respecting the character of the work, he was always sure to make it and the action fine with an earnestness, a cheerfulness, and thoroughness altogether his own. Whatever of labor fell to him to do, were it ever so hard and humble, he did it in the spirit of a brave and true man.

And now while he worked hard with his hands to satisfy the wants of the body, he was not unmindful that there were wants of his mind to satisfy also, wants as real and pressing as those of the body. He had by steady and manly industry rendered himself, immediately after his escape from slavery and arrival in New Bedford, Mass., self-reliant and self-supporting as a member of the community. But this was not enough, he wished besides to become a useful citizen as well. He would shirk no responsibility which his new condition of freedom imposed upon him. And the duty of self-improvement he deemed justly the greatest of civic obligations.

He was happily, at the beginning of his new life, able to read and write. For, strange as it may seem, he had acquired these arts in slavery. Do we, at this day of free public instruction, comprehend what that acquisition meant for a slave, so much for him, so little for us? Well, let me tell the story. When a small boy, Frederick Douglass learned his alphabet and to spell words of two and three letters at the knee of his young mistress. But he got no farther on the road to knowledge by her aid. For the husband of the young lady pointed out to her the dangerous consequences of her kind action, explaining that it was expressly prohibited by Maryland law to teach a slave to read, that it would certainly make him discontented and lead finally to his running away. But the boy, who overheard the conversation, did not arrive at the same conclusion from the above premises, as did the mistress. For not wishing to disobey the law, or to make her slave boy discontented, or to cause him to run away, she complied incontinently with her husband's command, and Frederick's education came accordingly to

an abrupt end, or at least so she imagined. But the boy, as the result of what he had heard, made up his mind then and there that what was bad for the master was more than likely to prove good for the slave, and so he set himself, in secret, to seek that good thing until he found it, master's behest and Maryland law to the contrary notwithstanding.

With this object and determination the little fellow made himself a thief of opportunities. He threw his net and caught the shining and flying minutes and hours upon all sorts of occasions, and when occasions were lacking he created them with never



Douglass' Only Living Son
Maj. Charles R. Douglass

failing skill and fertility of resource. Was it playtime or sleeping time, he turned them into study time, and for teacher he made his playmates serve, and converted sights on the street and printed and written matter in the shipyard where he worked, into pages in the primer, into first lessons in reading and writing. All that came to his busy and wondrous net was fish to feed the growing hunger of his awakening mind.

He had many and apparently insuperable difficulties to overcome, but no difficulty, however great, daunted or deterred him in the eager pursuit of his self-imposed task. He overcame mountains, and the lions which crouched in hiding among them, and performed the miracle of transforming himself, and passed triumphant into that magic world of the printed thoughts of men, a new creature. He was then no longer a mere slave boy, but that and another boy with the skeleton key of knowledge. It seems incredible that under the cruel conditions and circumstances of his miserable lot, he was able to get and save money sufficient to buy that famous school book of the times, called the "Columbian Orator," but he did. He made that book, with its eloquent and elevated sentiments, thenceforth his close and secret friend. On the street it walked with him, an invisible companion. And at night it sat with him in his dingy garret, and slept beneath his pillow, when perchance the slave boy dreamed such dreams as no slave boy had ever dreamed before. And so, day after day, and month after month, he laid up in his young heart the eloquent thoughts, the inspiring truths, which spoke to him from its glowing pages. Thus all unconsciously the slave lad was fitting himself for his unknown destiny, for the high sphere of activity and usefulness into which his skeleton key of knowledge was some day to admit him.

What wonder, therefore, that upon his reaching New Bedford, fresh from slavery, after having had due regard for the needs of the physical man, he should straightway cast about him for food wherewith to satisfy the cravings of the mental man also? And so amid his humbly sweet but drudging life time fled apace with the new freeman. Three years have elapsed since the beginning of that new life, meanwhile he had steadily grown in manly independence, self-respect, and intelligence, and the things to which he had put his hands had prospered. Nevertheless, all the fresh joy and engrossing duties of this new workaday world of freedom could not make him forget those in bonds, for he was in very truth bound with them. His big and simple man's heart swelled with love and pity for them, his brethren, in their dark prison house, and anon all the infinite pain and tragedy of their terrible lot flamed with sacred fervor in his soul.

Presently in his obscurity tidings reached him of the Liberator and of its God-anointed editor, thrilling echoes of brave voices from the resounding battlefield where William

Lloyd Garrison was leading the anti-slavery host to the moral Armageddon of the age. And a something divine stirred and leaped within the breast of the former slave, and turned his face Zionward, toward the danger and the struggle; set his feet in the footprints of that modern St. Paul of the new gospel of immediate and unconditional emancipation, and of those of his invincible little paper, bravest of the brave, and truest of the true among American reformatory journals. And then amid the din and the conflict the hour struck for our hero, when he, too panoplied as a knight with the strength of a righteous cause, and with lance in rest, was to enter the lists on the side of liberty, and to prove speedily his prowess as one of her most valiant champions.

That providential hour struck for Frederick Douglass in the summer of 1841, and in the small town of Nantucket, Mass., whither he had been drawn from New Bedford by the magnet of an anti-slavery convention, held under the auspices of Garrison and his friends. Douglass went to this meeting without the slightest prevision of what was to happen to him there, never dreaming that the entire current of his life was to be turned by it into other channels. But here is his simple, and modest account of that, for him, revolution-making moment: "I had taken no holiday since establishing myself in New Bedford, and feeling the need of a little rest, I determined on attending the meeting, though I had no thought of taking part in any of its proceedings. Indeed, I was not aware that any one connected with the convention so much as knew my name. Mr. William C. Coffin, a prominent abolitionist in those days of trial, had heard me speaking to my colored friends in the little school house on Second street, where we worshipped. He sought me out in the crowd and invited me to say a few words to the convention. Thus sought out, and thus invited, I was induced to express the feelings inspired by the occasion, and the fresh recollection of the scenes through which I had passed, as a slave. It was with the utmost difficulty that I could stand erect, or that I could command and articulate two words without hesitation and stammering. I trembled in every limb. I am not sure my embarrassment was not the most effective part of my speech, if speech it could be called. At any rate this is about the only part of my performance that I now distinctly remember. The audience sympathized with me at once and from having been remarkably quiet became much excited. Mr. Garrison followed me, taking me as his text, and now, whether I had made an eloquent plea in behalf of freedom, or not, his was one, never to be forgotten. Those who had heard him oftenest, and had known him longest, were astonished at his masterly effort. For the time he possessed that almost fabulous inspiration often referred to, but seldom attained, in which a public meeting is transformed, as it were, into a single individuality, the orator swaying a thousand heads and hearts at once and, by the simple majesty of his all-controlling thought, converting his hearers into the express image of his own soul. That night there were at least a thousand Garrisonians in Nantucket."

Such is the characteristically difficult relation of the great event by the chief actor of the evening, for it was his pathos and eloquence which had moved the hardest hearts that night, and inspired to unwonted effectiveness and impressiveness as an orator, the grand apostle of anti-slavery itself. It was not Mr. Garrison but the former slave, in truth, who melted the feelings of that Nantucket meeting in the furnace glow of his own wrongs and of those of his race.

That night marked an epoch in the life of Frederick Douglass, and a landmark as well in the abolition movement. His skeleton key of knowledge had at length and unexpectedly unlocked for him the iron portals of destiny, through which his lofty mind, with its shining genius for eloquence, passed like a prince to the mount where have gathered and mingled in the white pantheon of all the ages those elect and glorified spirits who are humanity's holy heroes and martyrs, her priests, her prophets and her kings.

My time is spent, yet I cannot conclude this little sketch without appealing to the youth of the colored race, who hold its future in their keeping, and to all others of that race, for that matter, to imitate this virtuous and inspiring example, and like him to do with might at all times and in all places in which may fall their lot, whatsoever their hands shall find to do, and to learn with Frederick Douglass, to be, under all the cruel circumstances and conditions of their hard life in America, aspiring, self-respecting and bravely true.

Reminiscences of Frederick Douglass

By Hon. Richard T. Greener

THIS year marks the hundredth anniversary of Frederick Douglass' birth, in Maryland, the State which gave us Banneker and Grice, Pennington, Watkins, Handy and other illustrious representatives.

His birth, though in slavery, stands out illumined by two women, mother and grandmother. His first book, a grand one, was "The Columbia Reader." Here, we may see the dawning of his intellect. From the seashore, he goes to Baltimore; works in the ship yards; returns again to the shores of Chesapeake. Then, becomes a ship-caulker, gets converted, joins Sharpe Street Methodist Church, becomes a class leader, has a good voice and sings in the choir, thinks of running away, is foiled and discouraged. But Anna Murray, his betrothed, holds up his courage. They escape together to New York City. Here, they are promptly married. He goes to New Bedford, Massachusetts for work. He obtains employment, stevedoring. The wife works, too, and helps him. A friend excites his ambition by reading to him Scott's poem, "Marmion." Douglass, "the black Douglass" hero, aroused him. He changes his former grandiloquent name, Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey, to simple Frederick Douglass.

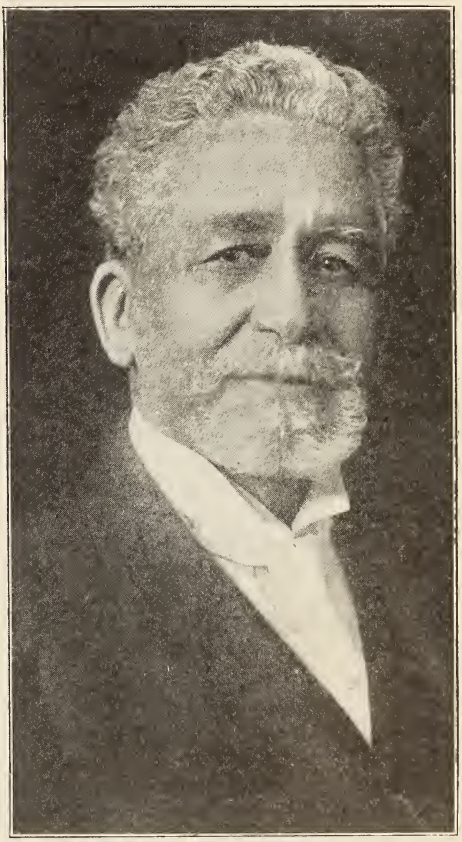
Those of us who knew Frederick Douglass in our youth and manhood, whose figure still looms grandly up before us, may be permitted to speak of him in our old age as he appeared to us at such time.

Leaving aside his own recital of an eventful life, it is a supreme delight to call up once more that wonderful personality to indulge in reminiscence and analysis of a Negro American destined always to find a fitting place in the highest rank of American statesmen for all times.

"Speak to us of him, grandma,
Speak to us of him."
—Beranger.

The blessed memory I have of him leads back to our family home where he stands forth pre-eminent among other celebrities, it was my fortune to know Douglass; Bishops Payne, T. M. D. Ward, and Brown and Martin R. Delaney, Major U. S. A., all great, forceful and active in their day and generation.

In the storm and stress of 1855-62, I heard him on every possible occasion—at the Anti-Slavery and Woman's Rights meetings in the Melodium Hall, in the Fraternity Lecture course, at Anti-Slavery bazaars, in Music hall, at the gathering of the Boston



Hon. Richard T. Greener

Colored Advocates of Freedom, in the store of Lewis Hayden, or of Marke R. DeMortie, where the plans for assisting fugitive slaves were secretly discussed, where the colored body guards for defense of Phillips and Garrison made their plans. Here, whenever he was in the city, Frederick Douglass met these leaders of the race in consultation—John J. Smith, Colburn, William C. Nell, Charles L. Mitchell, Benjamin Roberts, Father Scott, all forceful, mature leaders of

the race at the time. He used to compare notes with them, make reports of the conditions of our people in the States where he lectured and of the feeling and aspiration of those who sympathized with the race.

Then we began to read his paper, "The North Star," "Frederick Douglass' Paper" afterwards called. From such early surroundings naturally, I was present at the John Brown Memorial meeting in Tremont Temple, October, 1860. I stood near Mr. Douglass, Sella Martin, DeMortie, Smith, Garrison, Phillip, Redpath and R. J. Henton, when the mob "of Boston gentlemen," assisted by the police, broke up the assembly.

Though a student at Oberlin, 1862-1864, I always kept track of him and his speeches, and on my return, at the "Appomattox" celebration in 1865, I saw and heard him again. From 1872 to his death in 1895, it was my good fortune to be associated in many movements with him, to enjoy his friendship and often share the hospitality of his home at Cedar Hill.

That which ever impressed all who came in contact with Frederick Douglass, was the air and port of a grand man, great not only in stature, but in bearing and culture; a graciousness that knew itself and needed not assertion. This was all the more conspicuous later during the "post reconstruction" period, when he was surrounded by the varied and various political representatives of "the race" from the South.

From 1866 to 1880 was the season of exaggerated hopes for the Negro; of treachery, intrigue, and hypocrisy South and North; of the Freedmen's bank failure, and the shrewdly conducted plans for bringing rebels back to power, now well on its way.

Mr. Douglass, by instinct, recognized the turn of the tide of public opinion, and was himself one of the victims in the disruption of the Freedmen's Bank. He clearly recognized that he had been made the cat's paw, and retired for a time from publicity to his new home at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, where he planned to devote himself to literary work, for which he was well fitted; and arrange his speeches, addresses and lectures—(alas! not yet collected).

He had been urged to go South, to take part in reconstruction, both by white and colored politicians, but wisely he foresaw the temporal character of "Negro ascendancy," as it has been falsely called. He heeded not the call to be made senator from several states. His cautious instinct and abundant experiences with the race made him distrustful. He had abundant instances of their promises and performances. He was wise enough to know the reliability of the white politician, North and South, and he recognized that he was not of the type, nor of the calibre, they wanted. And it must be said, that the colored politicians of the time were not too rapturous over the suggestion although many of them were earnest admirers and strongest advocates of his fame.

All men are creatures of heredity and environment, in which the early trend, strengthened in youth and manhood, helps to preserve the tradition. Herein are the vital germs of character, taste, coarseness, or refinement. To form, then, an accurate judgment of him, we must remember this early environment; then after the escape from slavery the discovery of "the man," long sought for by the early abolitionists, to show the manhood and possibilities of the American Negro—then his apprenticeship.

The years 1841 to '47 found him among this sturdy, rugged, high-thinking, New England abolition group. Here we must note the vast influence which the free air of Great Britain gave to him. While abroad, he mingled freely in all classes of appreciative society. In Ireland, he was "at home" among the sturdy middle class, as well as with the learned and the aristocracy, at that time the devoted foes of the odious slave trade and the patrons of all liberal and humanitarian ideas.

On his return from Europe, with the assurance of freedom from the Fugitive Slave Law, he settled down at Rochester, and entered upon the career of a missionary lecturer, to the people of the Middle States and New England, and editor, bearing in his own person the message and the application. No one could know Frederick Douglass, the real man, who did not see him in the privacy of his own home, or at the homes of his chosen friends of either race, whom he had known in the early days.

I recall one idyllic visit, while a student in 1869, at Rochester, as at Anacostia afterwards. He was a model host, assisted by that equally amiable "wife of his youth," who first urged his flight from slavery; furnished the means and never rested until the thought of freedom was made a fact. A grand character, as I knew her, a model

wife, a tender, loving mother, too often lost sight of, but whose real value, Mr. Douglass always appreciated. On this occasion, I saw him, not as a lecturer, but as one alive to all the new thought of the time, interested in literature, in music, in politics. This was observable from his books and his surroundings. We talked philosophy, history, discussed the leaders in politics and thought of the time, in all which he showed himself well informed, critical and a systematic reader.

At leisure, he would take down the favorite violin and play "Ole Dan Tucker," "Swanee River," or snatches from the operas. He spoke warmly of his travels abroad; of seeing the elder Dumas in France.

"Did you ever see a good picture of him?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I said, "and I have read after him."

"Good. Did you note how he wore his hair?"

"Yes, sir, long and conspicuously."

"That is why I imitated him. He was not ashamed of 'fleecy locks and dark complexion,' was he? They did not 'forfeit nature's claim.'"

One conspicuous service rendered by Frederick Douglass to the entire Negro race in America for over fifty years, is not sufficiently appreciated even now. He was a moving picture of the possibilities of the race; the type of the composite American (one of his lectures), when slavery and caste should be abolished, buried and forgotten.

Let me recall to you that few comparatively, of the American people in the Middle States had seen notable Negroes. Sam Ward, Henry Highland Garnett, and other typical intellectual black men, mostly preachers, orators and bishops, were from the East, but none of these, nor all of them, were able to reach so many white audiences everywhere and stand before them as a special exemplification of Negro manhood, enchain attention and compel respect, as Frederick Douglass did for a generation. They saw, heard and handed down the tradition to their children, of the supreme capability of Negro manhood.

Judge Tourgee tells us that as a lad he heard him in a company where "white" champions also spoke of liberty. He tells how the hearers, after the lecture, commented upon the speech.

"One of the most intelligent, a leader in his neighborhood, said, 'Well, you may say what you please about the others; the nigger settled it with me.'"

"'When a Negro who has been a slave makes such a speech as that, it is time that every one of them should be free. I am against slavery from this day.'"

Let me reiterate: It was not his stalwart frame and conspicuous stature which alone commanded respectful attention. There was always the conspicuous, refined air of a truly cultured gentleman, that made the masses with whom he came in contact, after a speech from the platform, or an encounter on the railway car, or in the street, compare in secret their own inferiority to this American Negro.

What a delight it is now to recall those halcyon days and nights we used to spend in social gatherings at Cedar Hill, 1877-1885, where he was the genial, beaming host! Men, still living in Washington, some here in Chicago, and others scattered abroad, will ever recall with pleasure those delightful gatherings. We read before him, our "learned" essays, indulged in high-flown criticisms at which Mr. Douglass would often playfully, and yet with a touch of irony, say to us college fledglings: "I never knocked my head against college walls like you youngsters. We had few books, and dared not read."

The quick reply would come: "What of that Abolition Academy, in which you received your early training? What of that Woman's Rights Seminary you were permitted to attend? What of that British University where you met the great orator, Lord Brougham; the greater advocate of a race, Daniel O'Connell; the cultured Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; those English Quaker sisters who paid for your freedom, and set you also upon your feet? If you did not go to college, did not Phillips and Bowditch, and Theodore Parker, Theodore D. Weld, the Grimke sisters, the Motts and others, pour out gladly to you the learning of Harvard and Yale, and the refinement of their own society?

"What university so valuable as a society of educated and refined people, culture not only of the head, but of the heart, with all the amenities of life?"

Mr. Douglass would shake his head, and

run off laughing, saying: "You are too personal."

Yes, this is, indeed, the secret of Frederick Douglass' wonderful success in any society he met, at home or abroad. There was a versatility and an adaptability that made him fit in with ease and comfort, wherever he happened to be, without dogmatism or braggadocio. No man, white or black, ever found him inferior in speech, nor in refinement, nor in delicacy of expression, but always in the quietude of repose, except in the heat of debate, when he could show a force, vehemence, and an impetuosity that bade his foeman beware of his steel.

Mr. Douglass was never hasty, careless, or indifferent in his literary work. There was abundant evidences of his attention to detail. Some of these I have; and they show that he had early found out that what we call "genius" is only the faculty of "infinite painstaking." As I write these lines, there are before me slips of an address he was to deliver. Certain phrases are written, rewritten, transposed again and again, until they have attained the poise and swing of the author he was endeavoring to emulate in clearness of diction. He had, besides, the common sense not to imitate other orators like Wendell Phillips, the silver tongued, matchless one. He knew himself to be a unique product. While he read and appreciated the great speakers, Webster, particularly, yet he remained ever himself, Frederick Douglass. So that from first to last, like the "Arkansas Traveler," he played in speech that same tune that he had learned and tested to be effective, and he made it always tell with any audience.

Frederick Douglass could not endure slavery, he could not bear patiently class degradation, he despised patronage from any one. He always resented assumptions upon his manhood or his race, and was ready at all times to fight for them. There was no "Next time," or "Don't do that again" with him. He did not pride himself upon his humility as a Christian to endure insult, nor to bear it tamely. In fact, he placed not much reliance in the so-called American Christianity. He early felt the pressure of the narrow New England fold of abolitionists and it began to be too confined for his broader nature.

William Lloyd Garrison, with all his intensity of conviction and tenacity of purpose, was a born Pope. He was horrified when Mr. Douglass spoke to him of leaving New England, and taking up a residence in New York, because he found that there he would have the right to vote under a property qualification. Mr. Garrison at his desk, 21 Cornhill, the Liberator office, looked up, with charming naivete, and said, with arched eyebrows, "Frederick, there must be some trick in this." He even could not conceive of a Negro like Mr. Douglass having an opinion of his own, and opposing that of a great leader hitherto implicitly followed. Mr. Douglass afterward said with his accustomed honesty, "My reverence for Mr. Garrison surpasses that for any man then living; but my own soul was more to me than any man."

A year and a half ago, while at Washington, I made a pilgrimage to Cedar Hill. As I roamed over the dilapidated grounds, formerly so well kept, I noted stunted trees, the unkept greensward, steps broken, all evidences of utter disregard of a place that should be the Mount Vernon of the race. I went into the sitting room, where hangs the portrait of General Dumas, father of the great Alexander. I sat in the library, in his old chair, where I have seen him so often sitting; I recalled the portraits and the busts, familiar in happier days, when his genial, hearty presence seemed to pervade the whole edifice, and his cheerful greeting and smile to illuminate every countenance. Here were books I remembered seeing in Rochester — mementoes from English friends; there hung the picture of General Dumas, the novelist's father, tributes from American admirers, presents from his famous contemporaries. They brought me "The Columbian Reader," his first reading book, which he carried with him when he ran away. So cherished, so thumbed, and committed to memory, that one could see here his earliest literary inspiration; his latest developed style, on which none of his successors have improved.

As I sat and thought of him and his great, great work, his eventful life—its lights and shadows—sometimes darkness—I asked myself, "What can a race dare to hope for, so self-centered, so indifferent, so ungrateful, as to suffer for years such an exhibition of neglect as here is seen?

But I recalled that Mount Vernon would have been lost to the nation; was, indeed, an equally bad specimen of neglect, of the memory of the Father of His Country, until

Robert Bonner, publisher, offered the scholarly Edward Everett $10,000 towards a fund for its rehabilitation; that a society of patriotic American women had to come to the rescue; and Mount Vernon was at last preserved as a mecca for all Americans for all time!

But the thought occurred, if there are not enough patriotic men of the race, with sufficient memory and gratitude to preserve this relic of our greatest representative, surely there are patriotic women enough among the women's organizations to take up this work and save Cedar Hill forever?

The white women of the United States saved Mount Vernon as they were compelled to come to the rescue and complete the building of the Bunker Hill Monument.

Women! Colored women! Colored women! COME, Save Cedar Hill!

Frederick Douglass

By William Moore

O child of all the suns that breathe heart-life
Into the soul of space we lay our wreath
Of faith upon thy brow and pray thy strength
And saintly vision will lay hold of men,
Wherever found, and bring their deepest hopes
To one fond dream of universal love.
Thy message was of love and all that love
Doth find among the shadows, all that love
Feels deepest when the desert trails of life
Are longest thou, in beauteous breadth of strength
Gave unto us.

Dost hear the tender wail
Of waters, witching fields and birds to dreams
So holy dawn is half afraid to wake
The morn? Its burden is the story of
Thy stay on earth—the story of a slave
Who spoke the language of a god.

Dost see
The man-life marvel changes here on earth—
Thy brother-slave now looking toward the sun,
Thy sister-black now bearing children strong
In hope and bold ambition's dream of life,
The master spirit held at bay by force
Insistent on the sway of love 'mong men?
If so, thy heart must feel to burst with joy.
For thou wert prophet of the nobler time,
The clear day when "de sin-sick sould" of all
Who knew and loved thee best shall walk out of
The darkest hours of the night into
Adawn where shadows, melting into forms
More beautiful than blossomed roses, will
Bring music rare and wide, fair fields where peace
Shall garner power and the living joy
Of fullest liberty.

And, O, the joy,
The day-like glory of Faith's being—Christ
The Living, Christ the Dead! And, O, the love
Lifting the mists and bringing calm and clear
Blue heavens to the sea where vision, led
To blindness, came to see again. For life
Is splendid love, and splendid love is soul
Eternal—pow'r that gave us grasp of space
And beauteous substance, substance of the dream
We come to know as life.

Ah! Douglass, life
Is thine! Aye, life eternal as the space
'Twixt here and farthest star, eternal as
The silences where all our yesteryears
Dream of tomorrow—yestertimes of grief,
Of shadows, pain, and waiting, yesterways
That led us down to where majestic seas
Lamented with the centuries and sang
Low dirges at the bier of Death. But now
The Dawn doth touch the lips of Morning with
A kiss an angel—from the Heaven where
The Christ doth dwell—brought swift to this
sweet earth,
And she awakes! And lo, the fields flush fresh,
The streams are glad and Hope, 'mid gardens
hushed
And fragrant as the breadth from God's Great
Soul,
Walks smiling.

Live, live on great soul of this
Great Race we call our own, live on, live on!
We lay Faith's wreath of life upon thy brow;
We pray for bravest peace upon this earth
And seek the vision of thy larger dream
Of one soul-world of universal love.

Douglass as an Orator

By William H. Ferris

WHILE a student at Yale and Harvard, it was my privilege to hear some of the world's greatest preachers and orators. Of the English preachers, I heard Fairbarn, Robert Forman Horton, Ian Maclaren Berry and George Adam Smith. Of the American preachers, I heard McKenzie, Gordon, Bradford, Storrs, Hall, Babcock, Purvis, Smythe, Munger, Talmadge, Cuyler, Edward Everett Hale, Dewey, Hillis, Barrows, Behrends, Dwight, Tucker, Bishop S. Greer and Foss. Then I have been privileged to hear Thomas B. Reed, Joseph Benson Foraker, Senator Spooner, C. Emery Smith, McKinley, Bob Ingersoll, Wallace Bruce, Judge Howland, Wayne McVeagh, Edward Howard Griggs, James Coolridge Carter, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Lodge, Depew, Roosevelt, Bryan, Bourke Cochran and Dr. C. Eliot of Harvard. Furthermore, I have heard Dr. Otto Pfleiderer, the German theologian, Prof. William Knight, the Scotch philosopher, and Swami Abhedananda, Mozoombar and Bita Chandra Pal, the Hindoo philosophers, speak.

Out of this group, I have heard men, who surpassed Frederick Douglass for breadth of knowledge and profundity of thought, but have never heard a speaker, who was endowed with the natural gifts of the orator to the same degree that he was.

Then, too, I have been privileged to hear some of the addresses which have entered into the history of oratory. I heard Bourke Cochran's famous speech upon Anti-Imperialism in Faneuil Hall in the spring of 1900, when, with Harvard professors and the blue bloods of Boston behind him on the platform and a mixed audience in front of him, he closed his two hour address with a peroration which lasted fully fifteen minutes, rising from one climax to another, as he threw back his head and hurled climaxes, or paced restlessly back and forth like a caged lion or pounded on the desk in front of him to emphasize a point.

In June of the same year I heard James Coolidge Carter, the leader of the New York bar, whom President Hadley, of Yale University, called the "Nestor and the Chesterfield of the legal profession in America," deliver his famous address at the Harvard Alumni dinner. That address has now been published in one of the specimens of eloquence. I saw a rather large man with broad, high brow, surmounting a face that was adorned with gray side-whiskers, and a mustache, rise to his feet and begin to speak calmly and deliberately, with a heavy bass voice and with dignity and grace of manner and gesture. Soon the orator launched forth with uplifted hand into that peroration which has entered into the annals of eloquence. He contrasted the heroic days of his youth, when the Concord School of Philosophy, the famous group of American poets and writers and the anti-slavery movement held the center of the stage, with the present commercial age. His voice rang out, when he expressed the hope that, if truth should ever be banished from the forum, driven from the market place and exiled from our legislative halls, she would still have a sacred shrine in Harvard University, an ancient seat and center of learning, which had ever been consecrated to the highest ideals. I didn't know, until I saw Col. Higginson that evening, who James Coolidge Carter was, but I realized that Wednesday afternoon that I was listening to a wonderful oratorical effort.

And yet neither of these two famous addresses electrified and thrilled their audiences as did Frederick Douglass when he spoke in the Hyperion of New Haven in a presidential campaign. I heard the noted orator three times, on the occasion just mentioned, in the same opera house, after his return from Hayti, and in the Grand Avenue Congregational Church of New Haven, a few weeks before his death. On the last two occasions, he was interesting and impressive, but on the first occasion, he was overwhelming and irresistible.

Of all the impressions stamped upon my mind, when a school boy in New Haven and a student at Yale, the most striking and vivid are those of the times when I heard Frederick Douglass. The first Yale-Harvard baseball game and the first Yale-Harvard football game I saw are the only other

occasions that stand out so vividly in my mind.

This may seem a rather extravagant estimate, but it coincided somewhat with Col. Higginson's estimate. Col. T. W. Higginson, of Boston, in his eighties, with the exception of Julia Ward Howe, Edward Everett Hale and Frank Sanborn, was the last survivor of the old literary set of Boston, and of the old time abolitionists. He was an associate of Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and Bryant. He led the abolitionists who attempted to rescue Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave, in broad daylight, from the Boston court house. He fought under John Brown's banner in Kansas and was with Hallowell and Shaw among the first white men to risk their lives, commanding Negro troops in the late Civil War. Standing six feet in height, symmetrical in form, graceful in movement and commanding in his personality, he looked the born soldier and leader of men. And yet, he told me that he hated to walk down the street with Frederick Douglass, because Fred Douglass towered two inches above him in stature and was more colossal in figure and picturesque in face. When one looked upon Frederick Douglass he felt like saying, "And the elements were so mixed in him that Nature might cry out—'This was a man.'"

Furthermore, Col. Higginson said that even when Frederick Douglass spoke extemporaneously, his English was well nigh perfect and his words flowed forth in a clear, limpid stream of eloquence. Very rarely was Frederick Douglass compelled to revise and correct his extemporaneous speeches.

Frank Sanborn, the Concord sage, who had heard Gladstone, rated Douglass highly as an orator. The companion of the leading statesmen and scholars of America and Europe, Frederick Douglass impressed everyone by his intelligence and nobility of soul.

Standing over six feet in height, blessed with a magnificent physique, a kingly brow and face and a royal bearing, he attracted attention wherever he went. There was something elemental, magnetic and majestic about the man. The repose of the lion was seen in that face. On the platform, the grace and dignity of his movements and gestures, the organ swell and roll of his sonorous voice, the flash of his eagle eye, the tremendous reserve powers of the man, the volcanic outburst of pent up indignation and wrath, when he was thoroughly aroused, rank Frederick Douglass with Mirabeau, Daniel O'Connell, the Elder Pitt, and Daniel Webster, as one who was born a leader of men, as one who possessed from birth those native gifts which enabled him to sway audiences or move men.

Now for the three occasions in which I heard Frederick Douglass. The Hyperion in days of yore was the largest and finest opera house in New Haven, Conn. Situated in Chapel street, opposite Yale University, with a seating capacity of 2,200, it catered to the university and society crowd. Consequently when the news spread over the city that Frederick Douglass, the colored orator, was scheduled to speak there in the Harrison presidential campaign, enthusiasm knew no bounds. The meeting was preceded by a brass band and torch light procession and the Hyperion was packed and crowded to its utmost seating and standing capacity. The preliminaries were soon disposed of. Mr. Willis Bonner, the president of the colored Republican club, introduced Rev. A. P. Miller, the chairman of the meeting, who introduced the distinguished white and colored speakers.

That night Frederick Douglass had a difficult task set out for him. He was sandwiched in between one of the most brilliant scholars and one of the most magnetic orators in the colored race. He was preceded as a speaker by Hon. E. D. Bassett, formerly principal of the Institute for Colored Youth in Philadelphia, and former U. S. Minister to Hayti. He was followed by Charles Satchell Morris, who later rose in the ministry, pastored the Abyssinia Baptist Church in New York city, and is now pastor in Norfolk, Va. But even on such a trying occasion, the "Grand Old Man" loomed up as an oratorical colossus.

Every eye was riveted upon the stage when Frederick Douglass was announced. The audience saw an unusually tall and well proportioned man rise slowly from his seat on the platform, step forward and face it. With his lion-like face, crowned with waving gray hair, adorned with an iron gray beard of medium growth, illumined by flashing eyes and set upon a magnificent physique, he was both a distinguished and picturesque looking man. He impressed the audience by his personality before he uttered a single word.

His voice was low, deep and heavy. He

spoke slowly, calmly and deliberately. His movements on the platform were dignified and graceful. In a word, his attitude, bearing, gestures and manner of speaking, indicated a gentleman, who was perfectly calm and self-possessed, upon a platform upon which some of the world's greatest actors and singers had appeared and before a vast audience, four-fifths of which was white.

In his style and manner of speaking he was a gentleman conversing with a perfectly well modulated and controlled voice, who now and then rose to an impassioned outburst of eloquence. He calmly and dispassionately discussed the race question in all of its phases and aspects. He was lucid and clear in his presenting his facts and data, and logical and cogent in his reasoning. But he by no means gave a dry discussion of a hackneyed theme. That discussion was enlivened by anecdote, illustration, wit and humor. Douglass' observations upon men and affairs were keen and penetrating. His reflections showed that he was thoughtful and prudent. In a word, he seemed to have some of that worldly wisdom which made Solomon and Lord Bacon famous. His fundamental thought was that the colored brother was made out of the same clay as the rest of mankind.

But what impressed the audience most was the fact that Douglass had some tremendous force or power which he was holding in reserve and which he had not yet let out. And it was not disappointed. The outburst of eloquence, which lifted the audience off its feet and threw it into pandemonium, finally came. Douglass began that outburst by telling the audience that it was the brawn and muscle of black men, who toiled in the sun, and bled under the lash, which for two centuries and a half had built up the wealth and prosperity of the Southland. His eye flashed, his face lighted up, his voice rose and swelled like the notes of an organ and rang out in stentorian tones over the audience, he moved more rapidly about the platform and his gestures grew more animated, as he rose to his grand climax. He said: "During the trying days of the Civil War, we gave your sons food to eat when they were hungry and water to drink when they were thirsty, we led them through the forests when they had lost their way and we binded up their wounds when they were wounded." Then, stepping to the front of the platform with head thrown back, outstretched arms and voice that rang out like a clarion, Douglass said: "And when Abraham Lincoln sent forth his call for volunteers, we came, we came two hundred thousand strong."

Then the pent up and long suppressed enthusiasm of the audience released itself. Men and women rose to their feet and cheered and applauded the "Old Man Eloquent" again and again. It were as though he had calmly and deliberately warmed the hearts of his hearers and then uncorked the bottle, when the contents were about to effervesce.

In that address Frederick Douglass told of the conversation that he had with Abraham Lincoln, when Lincoln expressed great interest in and sympathy for the colored people. He said that he knew what to do with regard to every nationality except the Negro.

Douglass replied, "Give us our freedom and the same protection of the law as you give the other nationalities and we will do for ourselves."

The audience did not rush out of the Hyperion, as it usually did after a three-hour sitting, but many lingered long to catch one last fleeting glimpse or grasp the hand of the noted orator. By some unknown and mysterious channel of communication the news had been whispered around that a reception would be held in honor of Fred Douglass at one of the aristocratic white clubs. And when Douglass and his escorts left the Hyperion and walked a block or so down Chapel street, a large crowd assembled on the sidewalk to again cheer the "Grand Old Man" as he passed by. And he towered head and shoulders above his companions like King Saul.

I heard Frederick Douglass again in the Hyperion after his return from Hayti, when he ably defended his course in refusing to persuade the Haytians to sell the Mole St. Nicholas to the United States government. His great climax came in that address when he said, "Measure us not by the heights to which we have attained; but by the depths from which we have come."

The last time that I heard Fred Douglass speak in New Haven was in the Grand Avenue Congregational Church in the fall of 1894, a few weeks before his death. He was then speaking in the interest of the Industrial Institute in Virginia, in which a grand-daughter, Miss Rosette Sprague, was

a teacher. I believe that Mr. Wheaton was principal. It is a significant fact that ten months before Booker Washington delivered his Atlanta speech. Frederick Douglass had recognized the value of industrial education and perceived that the colored race needed both the ballot and the bank book. Mr. Douglass was not as vigorous physically as when I last heard him, but there was still the same dignity and grace and self-possession and at times flashes of his former eloquence.

A group of colored students went forward to meet Mr. Douglass. One of us, William Fletcher Penn, knew him personally, so we had the honor of walking with the noted orator to the trolley car and riding in the car with Mr. Douglass from Fairhaven to the street, where he left the car to go to his hotel. He was easily the most attractive person in the whole car, and when he arose to leave the car with his towering form, patrician bearing and distinguished countenance, people asked "Who was that?" and the answer was whispered around in hushed awed tones, "That is Fred Douglass." That was the last I saw of the noted orator.

Mankind has ever honored and deified those men, who embodied and incarnated its ideals in their personalities and realized its dreams in their achievements; and that is why Fred Douglass electrified and thrilled me the first time that I heard him when a school boy. He was not only a man, who fought his way from slavery to the pinnacle of fame, but his personality and his manliness liberated the heroic in his hearers. There was that indefinable and indescribable something in the man and his eloquence, which appealed to the sublime in one. There is something uplifting and inspiring in a church spire, in a Gothic cathedral, in the colossus of Rhodes and in a towering Alpine peak. There is also something uplifting and inspiring in the career of a Hercules or Julius Caesar and in the eloquence of a Pitt, a Webster and a Douglass. Frederick Douglass was thus both a call and an inspiration to higher effort.

Lincoln and Douglass

Mrs. Grace Shimm Cummings

Before two shrines, this month we kneel
To pay the homage of a race;
Lincoln and Douglas! Oh, we feel
That none may take their sacred place.

Both brothers in the hallowed cause
Of human right and liberty;
One triumphed over wicked laws,
One voiced the plaint of slavery.

One swept through seas of patriot blood
To wear the martyr's glorious crown;
One rose to greatness, honor, fame,
Despite detraction, jeer and frown.

Both sons of proud America,—
One white, one black—to freedom born!
True to Humanity and Right,
Dead to oppression's rage and scorn!

The echoing past no whisper breathes
Of worthier names for highest praise;
Bring here, fond memories, greenest wreaths;
Bards, tune your lyres to noblest lays!

Dear God! the soul that's nearest Thee,
For others, dares to lay life down;
For others crucified would be
That they might wear the victor's crown!

High on the Future's fadeless scroll,
May fame inscribe in lines of light—
"Lincoln and Douglas—Champions—
Who stood for God, and hence, for Right!"

THE OBSERVER

HEARING that his friend, the Observer, had returned from his holiday trip to South Carolina, the Critic called to see him one evening and had a chat.

Outside the ground was covered with snow, the stars were bright and scintillating in the cold, clear, crystalline atmosphere, the temperature was nearly down to zero. The Critic was forced to walk rather briskly to keep warm, but inside, the radiators in the Observer's study were throwing out a heat that gave a cheerful warmth, while the Observer was sitting at his desk calmly touching up a manuscript.

"What literary gem are you polishing now?" asked the Critic.

"Oh," casually replied the Observer, "I am preparing an address, which will be delivered at Frederick Douglass' centennial."

"I don't see anything about Frederick Douglass' career that should cause you to devote so much time to an address upon him."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the Observer.

"Simply this, replied the Critic, as he lit his cigar, "What did Frederick Douglass do that was remarkable? He was a good orator, it is true, but we have a score of political spellbinders and a score of college graduates around church literaries in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago, who can make as eloquent a speech as Frederick Douglass could. People made such a great fuss about him, because few of his colored contemporaries were educated and brilliant; but today it is different. He was only a fluent and glib talker, was only a voice and nothing more. Now, if you were going to eulogize a man, who has really done something like Booker T. Washington, who has raised hundreds of thousands of dollars and built up a great school, which is really a wonderful industrial plant, a city by itself, it would be different."

"But," answered the Observer, pausing for a moment, while he lit his pipe and gathered himself together for a supreme effort, "You are more eloquent than philosophical; you have studied rhetoric more thoroughly than you have logic and history. When you, through a dozen sentences of perfervid rhetoric, brand Douglass with being merely a talker, you are excelling him in the very characteristics which you criticise in him."

"I don't quite catch the force of your reasoning," replied the Critic.

"Why," continued the Observer, "your impassioned outburst of oratory has no foundation in historcal facts. You overlook the four aspects in Frederick Douglass' career, which should place his name in the very highest niche in Negro history. In the first place, Frederick Douglass played a part and by no means an insignificant part, in a historical movement. Garrison, Sumner, Phillips, Beecher, Parker, Whittier, Higginson, Sanborn, Lydia Maria Child and Harriett Beecher Stowe wrote and spoke eloquently upon the wrongs of slavery, but what was needed was the voice of a slave, who had been through the fires and persecution of slavery; what was needed was an object lesson, who in his personality was an incarnation of the possibilities of the colored race, and Frederick Douglass was both the voice and the object lesson that was needed.

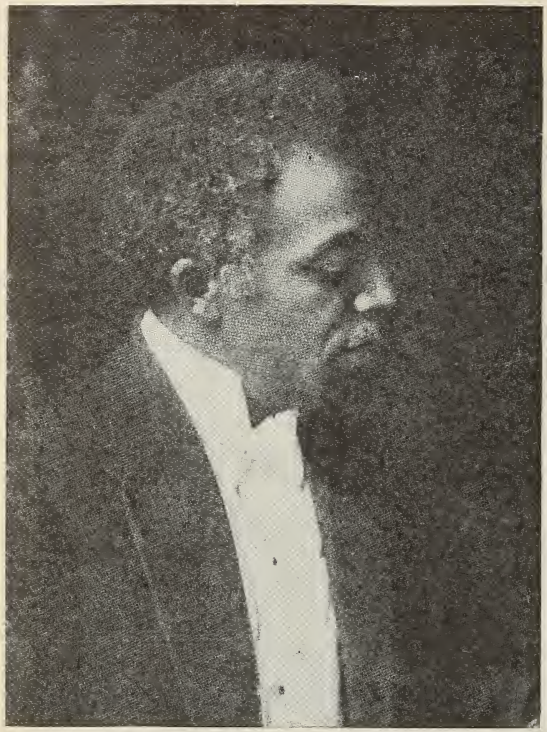
The world loves dramatic contrasts. Orators point with pride to the fact that Napoleon, a poor charity student, became the military dictator of Europe, that Abraham Lincoln, a rail splitter, and James Garfield, a tow-path boy, became presidents of the greatest republic in history, and Frederick Douglass was the first man of color in America, who started from the lowest round of life's ladder, a slave, and climbed to the top.

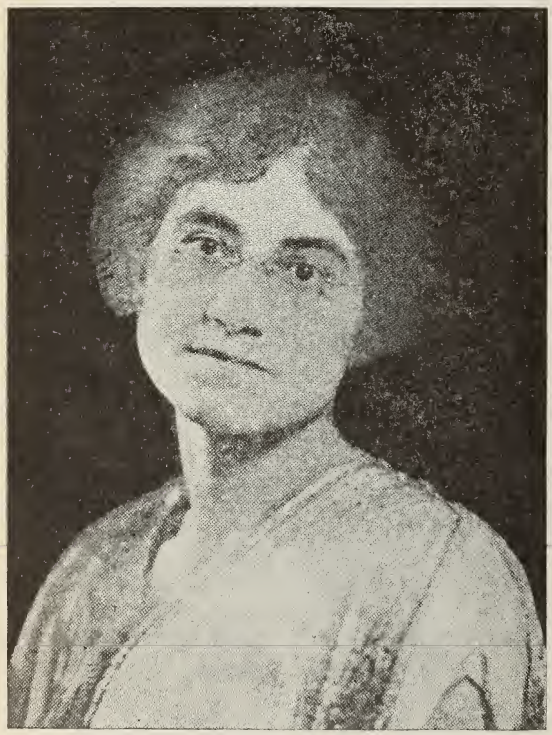
Then again, Frederick Douglass was something more than an orator, who sounded the clarion note, harmonious and entrancing, which roused the nascent manhood of colored men, but he was a business man. He not only made money, but saved it and wisely invested it until he became a wealthy man. Before Booker Washington went down into Alabama to build up a colossal industrial plant there, Frederick Douglass and his learned friend, Dr. Alexander Crummell, saw the need of indusrial education and advocated it. Comparisons and contrasts are said to be odious. But I regard Booker T. Washington as a man of one idea, who by his personality, eloquence, energy and indomitable spirit, forced the world to recognize that one idea, while Frederick Douglass, though lacking the scholarship and ripe culture of Gladstone, was, like Gladstone, a versatile, broad-gauged and many-sided man. In a word, he was "The Grand Old Man of the Negro Race."

And the Critic was forced to nod his assent.

PICTORIAL REVIEW OF RECENT RACE EVENTS

Colored Canadian Soldiers, Recruited in Windsor, Ont., Now Doing Active Service in the Great War

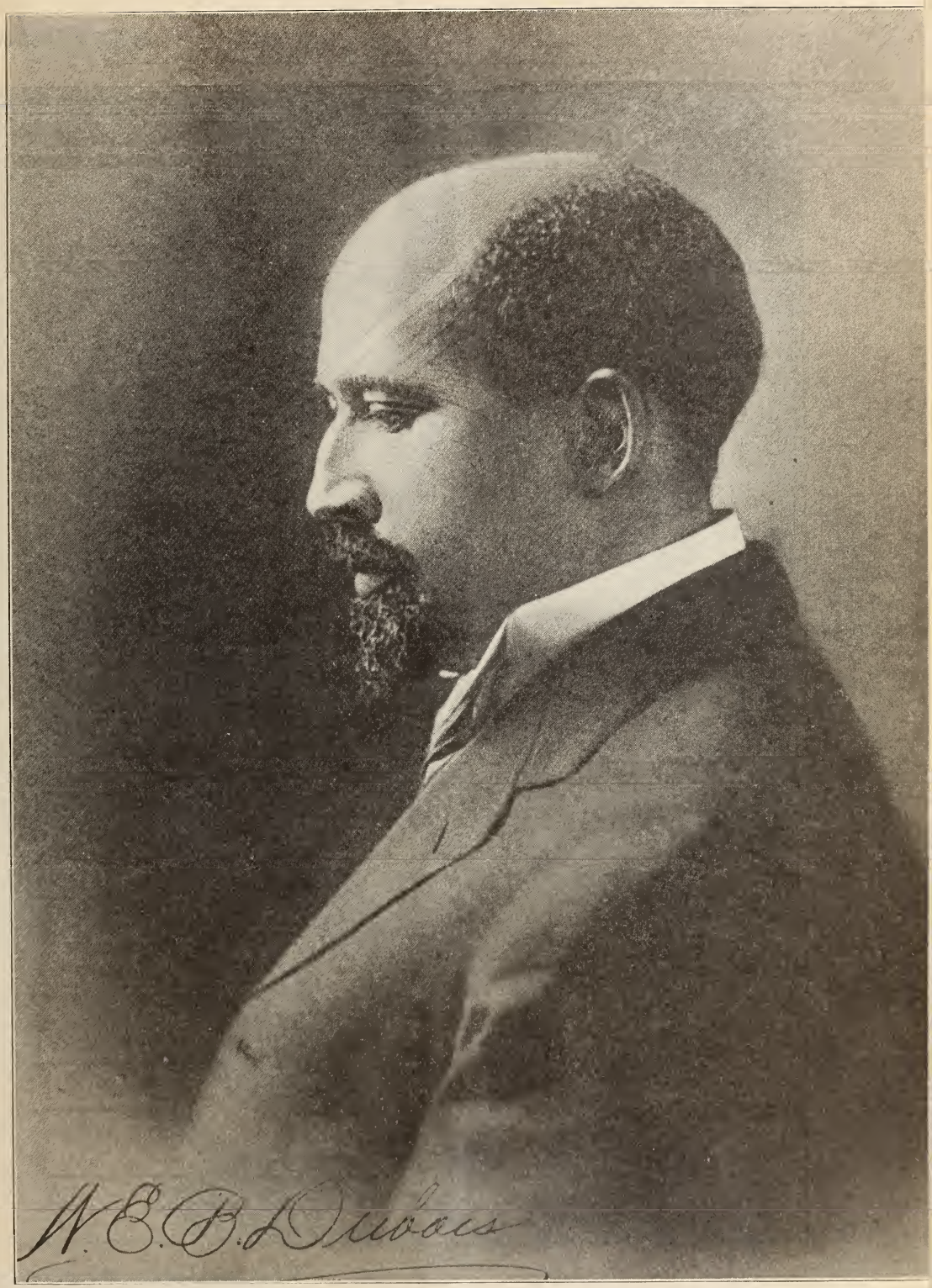




Descendants of Frederick Douglass

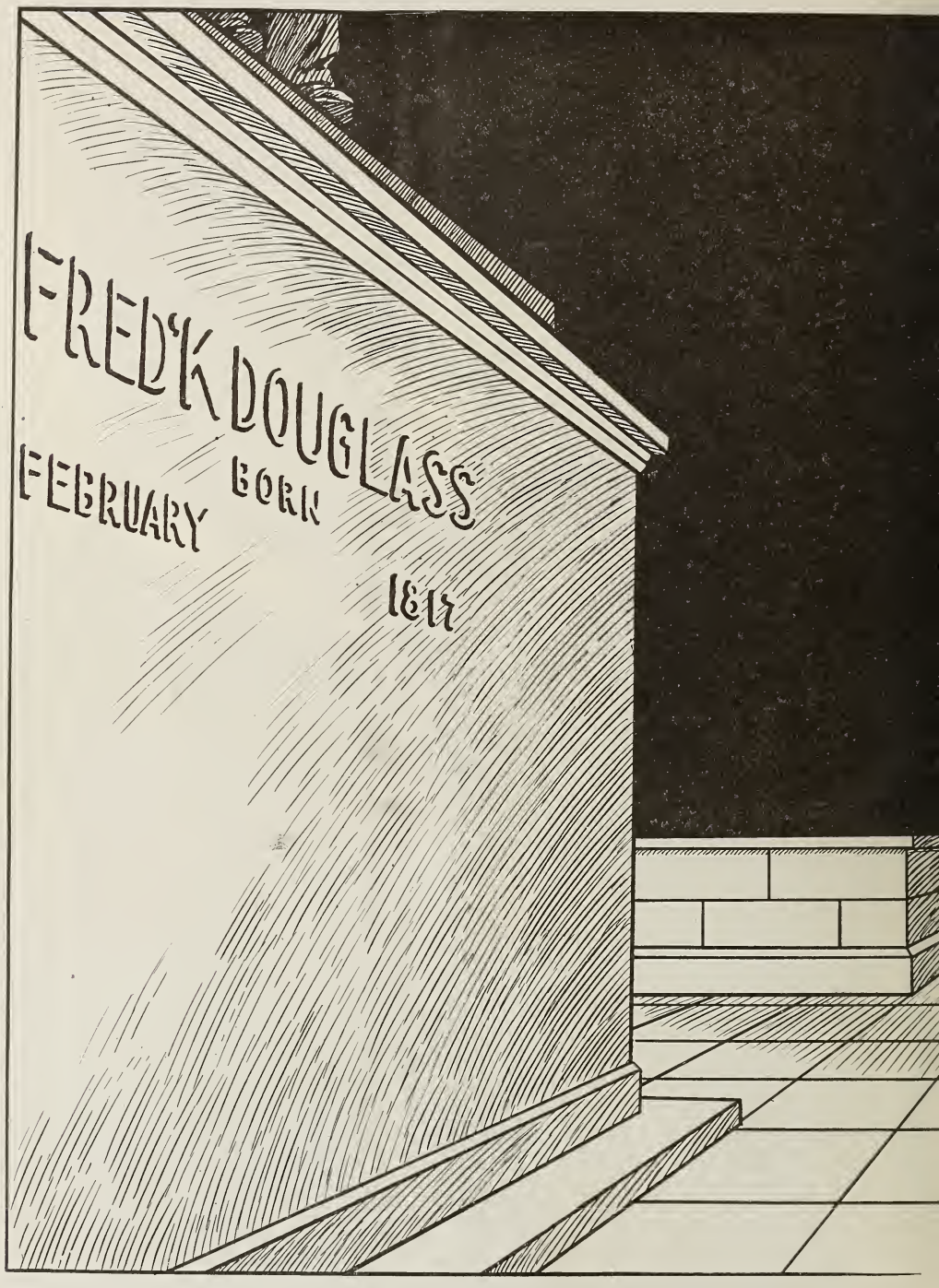
Joseph H., Grandson
His Wife, Fannie

Haley G., Grandson
His Great Grandchildren, Son and Daughter of Joseph Douglass



William Edward Burghardt DuBois
Distinguished Publicist and Radical Leader, Now critically Ill in a New York Hospital

,—and he



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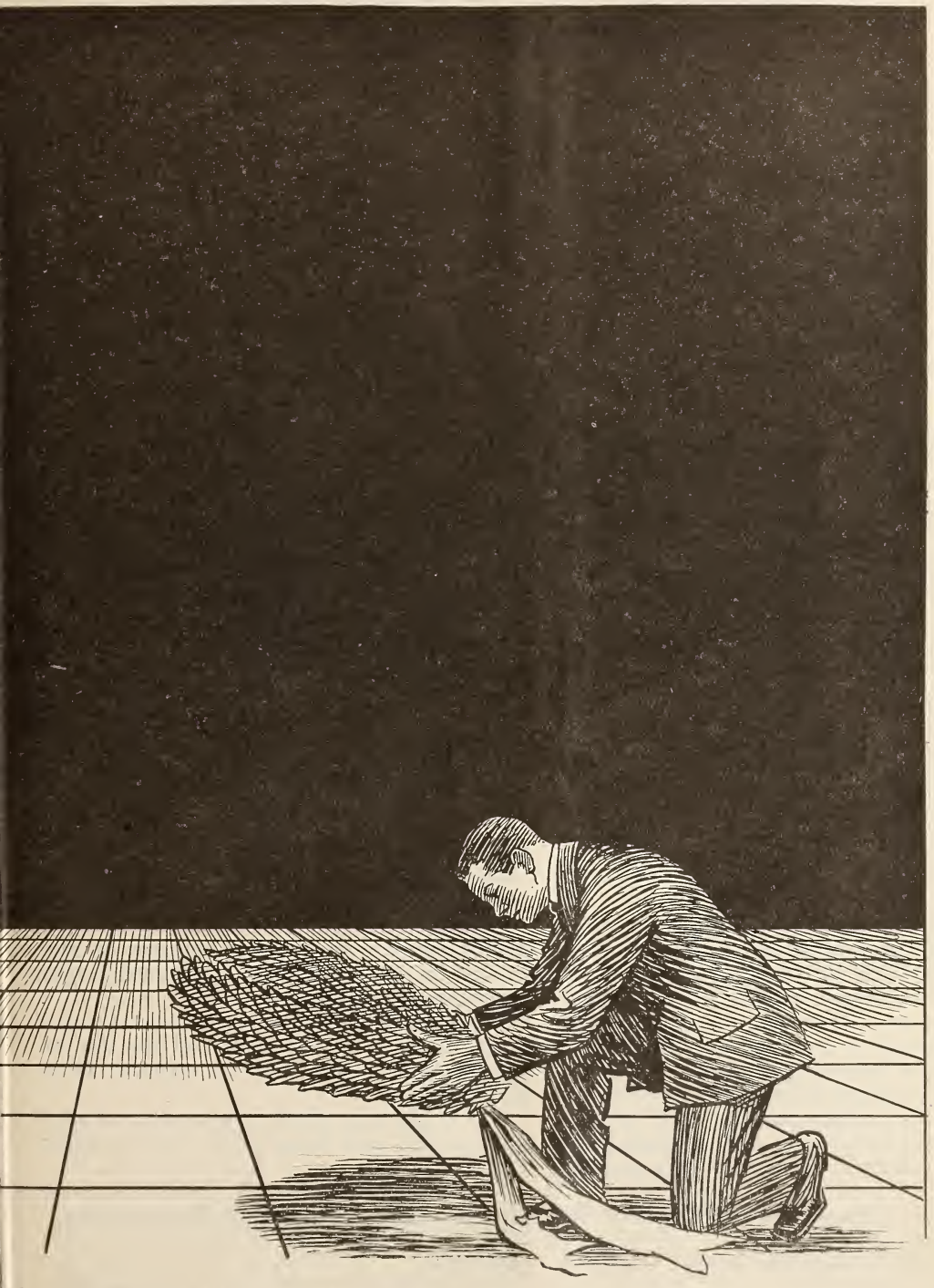


e but mockery? We can but kneel,—
o enrich the pages of our history.

The Real Kindergarden

By Mrs. William R. Morris

"GOOD morning! Miss Kirkland. Clarence is just wild to come to your kindergarten. Most of the children go to his Sunday school and he knows them all."

Mrs. Baker smoothed out Clarence's blue tie, pulled down his white blouse waist, and slipped a clean handkerchief into a pocket of the little velvet trousers, whispering to him, all the while to be a good boy and mind the teacher.

Miss Kirkland smiled very sweetly and showed all of her pretty dimples. "Come here, dear, sit there,—no, right here by Freddie. Let me take off your hat."

Miss Kirkland's countenance underwent a serious change when she saw the unmistakable signs of "African curls" which were exposed to view by the removal of the big white sailor. Sharp lines appeared in place of the dimples and there was a strange hardness about the mouth—no one saw it, so quickly was the mask dropped and resumed. Again smiling and dimpling, her sweet voice welcomed the bright-faced youngsters who followed in the train of Miss Elsie, the assistant.

The scraping of the little red chairs had ceased, and the big clock solemnly ticked. Little heads nodded to the white dotted muslin curtains swaying in the breeze of the open window, and paused to listen to the rustling of the leafy branches against the windowpane. The sweet smell from the big rose geraniums filled the room like incense swung before an altar.

"Now, children, let us sing our prettiest song." Their thin treble voices sang, "A little boy went walking all on a summer's day." And their busy fingers showed the rabbit that quickly ran away. Here was the shining river with its windings in and out, and "little fishes in it that were swimming all about." But the bright eyes wandered from the set smile of the teacher to the calm, peaceful face of the Madonna upon the wall, and a shadow of doubt and perplexity gave way to a puzzled expression.

Were they comparing the two in their intuitive childish fashion?

"How much do the children pay?" inquired Mrs. Baker, rising to go.

"Three dollars a month, and four dollars if they are to be taken back and forth," replied Miss Kirkland, and the beautiful teeth gleamed in a fascinating smile.

"Clarence can come by himself, for he already knows the way," responded Mrs. Baker, conscious of an uneasiness and something of the children's distrust of that smiling mask was imparted to her consciousness.

In a clean waist and new suit Clarence strutted down the street early the next morning, all ready for kindergarten.

"Don't forget to give Miss Kirkland the money, Clarence," called his mother from the open door, meanwhile watching him dig in a heap of sand with the toes of his new tan shoes.

"No, mamma, I'll not forget!" The curly head turned the corner and was soon out of sight.

"Good morning!" Off came the sailor hat with a snap of the rubber band under a fat little chin, and Clarence, open-eyed and expectant, stood in the doorway of the kindergarten.

Miss Kirkland was busily sorting and pasting pictures of the Christ child upon oblong strips of cardboard. So absorbed was she in noting the difference of expression between a Raphael head and a Rembrandt that she did not see the sunny face of the child in the doorway, more wonderful in expression, had she the key to read it, than the pictures of the Italian or the Dutch painter.

The smiling mask was not once uplifted in greeting.

"Please, I brought you my money!" The chubby fingers pulled and tugged at the knotted handkerchief, then in triumph exhibited three silver dollars.

There was a pause. A silence—more awful to the heart of a child than all the din of Christendom. There was no response from Miss Kirkland.

The bright eyes filled with tears, the lower lip trembled and hung down in a pathetic droop.

"I br-brought you this, too," bravely keeping back the tears. "It's yellow like the beads."

He laid a little, wilted dandelion on the table beside her.

Miss Kirkland looked up. He thought it wasn't Miss Kirkland. How hard and cold her eyes were. She stared stonily at him until

he held his head down. He shifted from one foot to another. Venturing another glance he saw that it was Miss Kirkland—but, she didn't smile any more. He never liked her smile. It wasn't like mamma's.

It was the real Miss Kirkland, who said, "Run away, little boy, and don't bother me. Run on home, now, and don't come back here any more. You can't come to this kindergarten.

Miss Kirkland stood unmasked. Her real self had been discovered long ago by the shrewd little tots who judged her not by the sight of their eyes nor the hearing of their ears.

While Clarance was sobbing out his story in his mother's arms, she patted the dark curls which had given such offense to Miss Kirkland.

"Jump down, darling, and let mother wash your face, then we will go to visit Bennie's kindergarten."

"But I am not lame like Bennie!"

"That's all right, dear, other children go there, too."

Bennie's kindergarten looked the same as the other. The same white curtains shut out a too glaring sun; geraniums, on the window-seat, grew and blossomed and gave out sweet smells; a big clock slowly moved its long hands around its face, tick-tocking all the while.

The Madonna hung back of where Miss Campbell stood, but it must have been Clarence's imagination which made the expression on the two faces seem alike and caused one to blend with the other.

"I'll help you, Jennie." Miss Campbell's musical tone voiced sympathy, and her nimble fingers fastened the stiffly-starched apron on which Jennie had worked so long trying to make a tiny button hole admit a much too large-sized button.

"Children, let us sing our good-morning song. Robert may welcome Clarence."

The two children marched together down the aisle, alike in dress and size, but the dark curls of Clarence showed that his ancestors, at some time, had lived 'neath the rays of a burning sun.

"Here's your place, Clarence. Stroking his curls, Miss Campbell led him to a place in the circle. "Jennie will be your neighbor," giving him one of the little red chairs.

Their "Good-morning, merry sunshine" sounded to Clarence like a greeting all for himself, and little Jennie took his hand in a token of friendship.

"Miss Campbell, may I help Clarence with the picture puzzle?" asked Robert.

"I want to, too!" "Let me!" "May I, Miss Campbell?" "May I?"

Miss Campbell was besieged by a group of eager applicants for the honor of being Clarence's helper.

Laughing merrily, Miss Campbell gently pushed them away, beckoned little Bennie to her side and whispered something in his ear. The child's face brightened. He passes the picture-puzzles and initiates the newcomer into the mystery of selecting incongruous fragments with which to make a harmonious whole.

In the games, Clarence was the "little birdie" who could hop the farthest; he was the "farmer in the dell;" he was "it" in "blind man's buff." He was so happy he fairly hugged Miss Campbell good-bye.

Proudly bearing in his hands a pretty pink-and-white paper chain, the result of his morning's labor, Clarence skipped merrily homeward, accompanied by Jennie and Robert.

Turning a corner they came face-to-face with Miss Kirkland hurrying along. Clarence, happy, warm and glowing with excitement, look unabashed into the masked face, and in joyous tones, said with child-like simplicity, "I'm going to a *real* kindergarten now."

The Minister of the Big Stone Church

By Moses Jordan

"HAS he come?"

"No, Mistress Parker, he has not. I was at the station before the train arrived, and I remained there until it had gone, and I have not seen anything of Dr. Marshall. I saw his boy, Johnnie, and he said that he expected his father got off in Sandersville, and will come up on No. 8 tonight."

This was a conversation between Mistress Parker and a little errand boy she had sent to meet Dr. Marshall, her minister. Mistress Parker put her sewing aside and came to the door when she heard the train whistle, and stood there anxiously looking for Dr. Marshall and the little boy. But she was much surprised when she saw the boy come running down the street by himself and with no sign of the minister. She waited impatiently for the news, and when it was broken to her she felt like screaming aloud on the account of the disappointment. Not so much for herself, but in the other room lay her little girl of nine years, rolling and groaning in the grip of some ill-fated disease that was gradually tightening its tentacles around her life.

The child had realized the end was near, so she wanted Dr. Marshall, their minister, to come and be with her in her dying hour. When she was told that the minister was out of the city, she became hysterical and shrieked, groaned and cried for Dr. Marshall to come and pity her and comfort her by telling some pleasant Biblical story.

Mistress Parker knew that such attacks left the child weaker and nearer to the hands of death. She took her seat beside the bed and after much pleading she quieted the raging spirit and got the child to listen to what she had to say. She told her why the minister was away, and that she had sent him a telegram asking him to come at once, and she knew he would come on the eleven o'clock train.

The child promised her mother she would be a good girl, and wait patiently until the minister came. But eleven o'clock had passed, the train had come and gone, and the errand boy had returned, but nothing was seen of the minister. This created a great burden in Mistress Parker's heart; she knew the child was waiting to see the minister, she knew the minister had not come, but to speak, she dared not for fear it would bring on another one of those harsh spells, and in her present weakness another spell would end it all.

Mistress Parker sat on the doorsteps and sobbed bitterly while the child rested quietly and waited patiently for her in the next room. She had heard the train whistle and she had also heard the conversation between her mother and the errand boy. She was a little shocked to hear that Dr. Marshall had not come, but she had decided to rest quietly until some minister came.

After her mother did not return as she expected, she called for her, because she felt as if she was worrying about something. Mistress Parker came at her call. When she entered the room, although she had hurriedly wiped her face to hide the sign of weeping, the path of a tear and her large red eyes told plainly what she had been doing. The child forgot her misery when she saw how heavy laden her mother's face was, and with a look of sympathy she put her little ebony hand out from under the sheet and grasped the hand of her mother and said:

"Mother dear, don't worry because Dr. Marshall did not come. Perhaps something interfered with his coming, or perhaps he did not receive your message. Be contented. I am not going to cry. I only wanted Dr. Marshall because he is our minister; but any true minister will do. They are all disciples selected by Christ to finish the work he began. As I am fixing to cross over into the other world I want one of Christ's anointed to come with me to the dividing line and see me safely across.

If you think you cannot find any one, I shall go alone; if so, I shall content myself by looking in my little book until you return."

"May God bless you, my child," said the mother, "and keep you safely until I return. If it is in my power I shall return with a minister."

At the end of her speaking Mistress Parker had seized an old hat and was almost out of the door. She hurried down the streets and at every opportunity she cut across vacant lots, going the nearest way possible to the drug store, where she could call up some minister over the telephone. When she entered the drug store she called first one minister and then another, until, alas! she found to her sor-

row that no minister could be gotten. She hung up the receiver and walked out of the store and across the street into a large park; she fell into a seat as if the whole world rested on her shoulders. Her troubles had so absorbed her mind that she did not see the pedestrians that passed before her gaze, she did not feel the cool breezes that sighed through the branches of the trees, nor did she hear the sweet songs of the birds about her, but in her troubled condition, she was talking earnestly with God. Her talk was not in vain. Memory brought to her the saying of her child, "Any minister will do, they are all disciples selected by Christ to finish the work He began."

These words dawned on her with a new meaning. Before she had tried to get a minister of her own race, but now she decided to seek others. As she arose from her seat she spied a beautiful church just across the way; near by stood a large palatial residence where the minister of that church lived. She went directly to that residence, rushed up the high steps and rang the door-bell. The door was opened and Mistress Parker asked for the minister. She was pointed to a side door in the church that led to the minister's study. She was soon rapping on that door. Finally it opened and there faced her a stalwart man of about forty years, with broad, athletic shoulders, a round face, a beak-like nose, and a heavy set of eyelashes that shaded steel gray eyes. He wore his hair rather short, and his ministerial dress was the only emblem of discipleship. Otherwise he could have easily passed for a great general, strict in military tactics. Yet, that apostle of Christ had an international reputation as a preacher. He was a gifted orator. His movements on the platform were majestical; the gesture of the hand, the movement of the head or the flash of an eye was added force to every word that came from that shrill and eloquent voice.

His church was never large enough to hold his congregation. Each Sunday, long before the preaching hour, seats were at a premium. True was that saying of one of his admirers that, "Had he lived in Grecian time, another story would have been added to Grecian mythology, another philosopher to Grecian literature and another human being would have been transformed to a god to dwell on the Olympian mount."

Mistress Parker had heard of his fame at home and abroad, and had read some of his great sermons; but his personality was so different from what she had expected that she could hardly believe he was the minister. She stood before him dumfounded. The minister saw that she was under some kind of magnetic spell, so with a smile which broke that stern look and lit up his whole countenance, he inquired of her her wants. The woman immediately gained control of herself and began speaking:

"Sir, my child is sick unto death; and she has realized that she is going to die, so she desires the company of a minister to be with her in her dying hour. Won't you please come and be with her until the end comes?"

At first the minister did not speak, a look of astonishment seized him. His once smiling face was becoming overshadowed with a look of a more serious nature. His nerves began to weaken and he moved from one foot to another. Finally he asked:

"Madam, do you mean to say that you want me to come down in your part of the city, and sit in your room and comfort your child?"

Before Mistress Parker could speak—shaking his head, he continued: "No, no! such an idea is absurd! You cannot mean that, and if you do, I have not got the time to go. I am preparing my Sunday morning sermon and I would not like to be bothered by you and your child. Why not get your own minister, and if he won't do, get the physician. He can do more than any of us."

These words excited Mistress Parker a little, but controlling herself as much as possible, she said:

"Very unfortunate for me, sir, but our minister at this particular time is out of the city. You being of the same faith I am, and serving the same Christ who died and arose for all mankind, I was sure that you would hear my plea. I promised my child a few minutes ago that when I return I would bring a minister, but it does seem as if I am going to fail."

As she concluded tears ran down her cheeks; she took her kerchief and buried her face and began to weep bitterly. The minister, believing that some one from the streets would see them and misinterpret their conversation, told the woman to go home and he would come at once. This was joy to Mistress Parker. In spite of the insult, she thanked him heartily and left the room.

The minister paced back and forth across the room, disgusted at the woman and angry at himself for making the promise. He wondered whether to keep his word or finish his sermon. Finally he decided to let the woman and her child go. He seated himself at his

desk and started to work, but the plea of that woman chilled his spirit so that he could not concentrate his thoughts on his sermon. And when his spirit was revived, the words: "And serving the same Christ who died and arose for all mankind," appeared as the logical words to use. He decided that the quickest way out of the whole thing was to keep his word. He locked his desk, pulled the door behind and jumped in his big automobile and started for Mistress Parker's home. He drove in front of the gate just as she was fixing to enter. "Haunk" went his auto, and as Mistress Parker turned, he said:

"I am here."

"Yes, Doctor. I see you are; come right in." The two walked into the humble little home, and there in the front room lay the little sick girl with her face turned to the wall. Mistress Parker stepped between the bed and the wall and said:

"Darling, darling," and as the child opened her eyes, she continued, "the minister is come."

A smile broke upon that little weakling's face. Although the mother had been lifting her about, she voluntarily turned toward the door, and putting out her little ebony hand to welcome the minister, she asked in great glee:

"Is this the minister?"

The minister believed that if he should shake the hand of that little girl, and speak words of conciliation to her it would be an insult to his race and an abuse to his social standing. He not only refused his hand, but stepped backward, and in a selfish manner, said:

"Yes, this is the minister of the big stone church." Then with a look of contempt he paused to read the child's mind. The child jerked her hand back under the sheet, just as if a snake had drawn to strike her, and raising on her elbows she gave her mother a weird look and exclaimed:

"Mother! Oh Mother! You have made a mistake. I wanted a true minister of Christ. I wanted a true minister of Christ." Immediately she sank upon her pillow, and the spark of life that had glowed for a few years, flittered away.

That day that little room presented a picture that no artist has ever painted, and no poet portrayed. In the bed was a lifeless little child. At the foot of the bed was a mother screaming to the top of her voice. And kneeling beside the bed, with his head wrapped in the bed linen, and weeping as though his heart was broken, was the minister of the big stone church, an aristocratic Southerner and a graduate of Vanderbilt University.

Presently, the minister arose from beside the bed, and with a strange, unconscious look on his face he gazed about the room. He began to feel his body and even pinched his hand to convince himself that he was not dreaming. Finally his eyes fell into the face of the little dead girl. Her innocent face was a looking glass to his guilty soul. It reflected his ministerial life so plainly, and her voice passed such strict condemnation on his conscience that he fell helpless as a Saul; and with outstretched arms and a face turned Heavenward, he cried:

"O, Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me! I am a sinner. I am yet born of the flesh! I love enmities, strife, jealousies, wraths, factions, parties and classes. As a servant of thine, I have labored as a hired man, with the authority to choose my work. When thy field was whitest and thy harvest wasting, I labored in another place.

"I am a clog in the wheel of humanity. With caste and my eloquent oratory I have fallen as a blasting bomb on the fibers that attempted to entwine all mankind in peace and harmony. I have casted thy laws aside as obsolete, and with my keen intellect have devised laws of my own to govern thy great church. Thy great humanitarian command I have disobeyed. In the path of my law the needy is perishing, the hungry are dying for bread, the troublesome mind is going uncomforted, the weary find no rest, and the purchase of thy blood is being unsaved."

Raising his hands higher, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, he made his sacred vow, saying:

"I thou will only forgive me, and blot out my iniquity,
I will go where thou want me to go,
I will say what thou want me to say,
I will do what thou want me to do,
Dear Lord,
I will be what thou want me to be."

He walked out of the room, after promising to officiate at the funeral.

Negro Leadership

By Samuel Barrett

NATIONS and races rise and fall largely, if not entirely, through their leaders. This is proven by history, both ancient and modern. What we have gained in education, culture, refinement, material acquisitions and financial powers has come to us through the efforts and labors of leaders. Progress, there can be none, except through leaders. If the Negro American has made any progress since freedom, a very large part of it must be attributed to his leaders, and this statement is made with a full knowledge of the great aid rendered the race in money and unselfish service by the white people of the North and the East. If the Negro American is to continue to make progress, and he must continue if he is going to survive in America, it will have to come through leaders, say what we will or may to the contrary.

Someone has said that the "Negro Race Is a Child Race," meaning no doubt that we were infants in civilization and that we had no great foundation in education, business, finance and the other elements which go to make up what we call civilization. There is hardly any question but that the Negro in the mass is a child race. That being true he needs for his guidance in his efforts to develop himself into the most efficient manhood and womanhood, not only the best of some one particular kind of leadership, but the best of many different kinds of leadership, all working together in one harmonious whole for the accomplishment of the social, religious, the economic, the material, the industrial, the civil and the political betterment of his people. For it must be borne in mind that a race does not reach its highest round in progress through the efforts of a few master leaders.

Master leaders have played no small part in pushing along the progress of their respective nations or races, but with all of their greatness, they never would have riveted their names so completely upon the hearts of their respective peoples, and upon human history without the aid of other lesser leaders in other spheres of activity. The Negro Americans, I fear, have laid and still lay to much stress upon the achievements of his prominent leaders, and not enough upon the fact that in order for the race to develop to its highest, there must be a co-operation and unity of aim and purpose of all kinds of lesser leaders.

Dr. Joseph Charles Price, the founder of Livingstone College, Salisbury, N. C., was not only the most prominent educator of his day and time, but also one of the most consummate, if not the most consummate orator, the race has ever produced. But Dr. Price was backed up by the A. M. E. Zion Church, which practically meant the backing and co-operation of hundreds of the leaders of that church.

When the great slavery agitation, headed by such men as Garrison, Phillips and Beecher, was striking terror into the hearts of those who would make cotton "king" and who wanted a republic the "corner stone of which was founded upon human slavery," it took a slave himself with his matchless oratory to drive home to the conscience of the people, the infamy of the institution as only a slave could do. And yet, Frederick Douglass, the master mind, would have never been enabled to contribute so much to the anti-slavery cause and the freedom of his race had he not been backed up by the other leaders of the anti-slavery movement.

The career of the late Booker T. Washington is a vivid illustration of a master mind who wrought wonders through the aid and the co-operation of other leaders, both white and black. And I am inclined to think that the "race problem" will be solved, not by a Frederick Douglass, a Joseph Charles Price, a W. E. B. DuBois, a Major Moten, a Wm. Monroe Trotter, a Paul Laurence Dunbar, or even a master mind like the lamented Booker T. Washington, but rather in the combined efforts of our educational leaders, our moral and civic reform leaders, our economic and industrial leaders, and our leaders, who are working for the enforcement of our civil and political rights.

This leads me to discuss briefly a few of the qualifications which are essential for effective leadership. All leaders, whether they be engaged in the more strenuous forms of leadership such as protesting and agitating for equal rights, or who are engaged in the more quiet forms of leadership such as social amelioration and moral betterment, or even in the daily routine of business, should be educated, and when I say educated, I do not mean necessarily a college or university training, for only in certain forms of leadership such as the professional and the like, is such an education required. But the education meant here is the education that should be possessed by the ordinary leader. And the ordinary leader is any man or woman engaged in an independent business be it commercial or otherwise. The ordinary leader should first have a common school education, and then he should acquire that larger education that cannot be got out of

books, but through contact with men and women of affairs and with the world. A leader without an education in this modern world is as helpless as a babe. And yet, the race has more of this type of leaders than all the other types of leaders combined. You see them in almost every walk of life, trying to do something just what even they themselves do not know. And the pity of it all is they have a following, "The Blind Leading the Blind." They are really a menace to the permanent progress of the race and some means should be devised to thwart their pernicious influence.

A leader without race pride, and we have many of them, has lost his greatest incentive to lead. A leader should possess courage, both physical and moral, physical to fight if necessary in the pursuance of a strong, helpful, racial program; moral to denounce vice, social evils, disfranchisements, lynchings and every other form of oppression and wrong. A leader who knows of bad conditions around him, but is afraid to speak out against them, is a hindrance to race progress. Mankind would still be suffering many cruelties at the hands of brutal might had it not been for the moral courage of some of the world's leaders. A leader must have energy to work hard and long. He must have determination and a purpose. The "one thing I do" should be to him a passion. "Sticktoitiveness" should be the slogan for any sensible propaganda. And if the propaganda is right, the leader wins. Scattering of forces and energy has been the ruin of many an otherwise successful leader. Concentration of our powers on one idea, one thing, is the keynote to success in almost every line of human endeavor.

"Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone," said Emerson. A leader who lacks character; who is dishonest; who is untruthful; whose morals are low; who is tricky; who works in his own interest, a grafter, is like a cancer eating out the vitals of his race. Such leaders when they are known, and they can be very easily known, should be repudiated if not by the masses certainly by those leaders who have the interest of their people at heart. For they are like mill stones hung about our necks. A leader should have foresight and insight. He should look far ahead. He should look into the distant future. He should be able to determine as far as human beings are able to determine the results of certain acts, deeds policies and movements. And if in his judgment he feels that these certain acts, deeds policies and movements will be detrimental to the permanent progress of his race. He should so shape his course as to offset it.

Another very essential element in the make up of race leadership is diplomacy. Diplomacy, or tact, is the ability to solve delicate questions confronting the race. He must know where and when to strike. Ill judgment and ultra-radicalism have crippled the usefulness of many leaders. For example, it is poor diplomacy for a leader to advocate the resort to arms to end the reign of lawless acts heaped upon our people in the South, unless he knew of our preparedness. On the other hand, it would be poor leadership to advise the race to continue to submit to the degradation of our homes North, South, East or West, the destruction of our girls and women and the many other disabilities under which we labor.

Take, for instance, the religious leader. If he is well trained and lives a respectful life, he can be the instrument in the hands of God through his weekly sermons of almost revolutionizing for good the various communities in which his parishioners live. And time alone will only be able to tell the wonderful influence for good that these parishioners will leave to their posterity. Indeed the religious leader is out of his sphere in life unless he preaches with that end in view, to mold the moral as well as the spiritual life of the future. And the time is coming, it is indeed here when the Negro laity is demanding of its religious leaders not noise and bombast, but a practical application of the Word of God as it relates to the moral life of the race. Not only does it demand that, but it demands of our religious leaders an intelligent and unselfish interest in all of the social, moral, economic and industrial problems of our race in an age when money, position and power seems to be paramount. If the religion of Jesus the Christ means anything at all to faltering, weak, struggling humanity, it means that men take him as their perfect example and thus help to make the world better, grander and nobler.

What is true of the religious leader holds true in the main of the educational leader. Especially the teachers in our public schools. It is not enough for colored teachers to teach our boys and girls literary subjects, but they should be taught the history of their race, race pride, and race altruism. They should be taught to know their duty to themselves and their relation to the world. They should know just what their condition is in their several localities in which they live. Our boys are taught too many things that don't concern them as Negroes and too few things that they should know in order to make a success in life.

This should be the mission of the Negro school teacher. And in proportion as our teachers prepare our children for service and duty among their people, they are constructive leaders. In this way, the Negro teacher is laying a foundation that will stand the test of the ages.

The Negro physician can also be a constructive leader. He can lend his assistance to movements combating consumption, infant mortality, race suicide

and unsanitary living. And it is pleasing to note that many of our doctors are becoming more and more interested in the normal health of the race.

Dr. Chas. Lewis of Philadelphia, Pa., has done much work in that city in an effort to lessen the ravages consumption is making amongst our people there. Dr. A. Wilberforce Williams of Chicago has been writing weekly talks on "Health" for a number of years in *The Chicago Defender*. Dr. C. V. Roman of Nashville, Tenn., editor of the *Negro Medical Journal* is doing a national work in the direction of better health for the masses of the race.

The Negro lawyer can be a constructive leader. He can work for the enforcement of fundamental laws. He can work for the passage of laws which mean that the Negro has a fair and impartial trial in our courts of law everywhere, North, South, East and West.

The Negro editor and the Negro journalist can be a constructive leader. The Negro journalist and editor more or less have always assumed that role. When the rank and file of the races get to that position where it can appreciate what the Negro journals and editors have done and are doing in their behalf, they will give our newspapers and our newspaper men that support which will at least show a faint appreciation of their great service to the race.

The business man can be a constructive leader. But in order to do that he must advance. He cannot always continue in the same old rut. His aim ought to be to build up big business in order that he might be able to teach his race business, as well as open avenues of employment for them. No race can rise in the highest sense of the word that consumes all, and produces practically nothing. We need producers as well as consumers.

What we need today more than anything else in our efforts to advance is constructive Negro leaders, and it is immaterial in what form this construction takes, so long as it is constructive. It might take the form of building a great industrial educational institute, it might take the form of teaching in a class room, preparing boys and girls for the duties of life, it might take the form of social service, it might take the form of preaching the gospel, it might take the form of editing a newspaper, it might take the form of building up a great business institution, it might take the form of practicing law, or medicine, and any number of other forms it might assume, but it must be constructive, it must lead with that end in view. The time has past when prominence alone is going to constitute a leader. Only when a man leaves behind him evidence of work accomplished can he be called in the truest sense a Leader.

The Ways of Black Folk

By Joseph S. Cotter

When black folk's proud dey's mighty proud,
  Dey's proud from head ter foot,
When black folk's loud dey's mighty loud
  An' sassy inter boot.
It ain't no use ter raise er point
An' tell 'em dey is out ob joint,
    Bekase, bekase.
    Dey'll hab dey ways,
    An' right er wrong
    Dey'll j'ine de throng
Dat's gwine on ter nowhares.

When black folk's po' dey's po' ernough
  Ter mortgage brain an' muscle;
When black folk's bad dey's bad ernough
  Ter gibe Ol' Nick er tussle.
It ain't no use ter p'int de soul
Ter er fryin' pan in er darksome hole,
    Bekase, bekase,
    Dey'll hab dey ways,
    An' soon er late
    Dey'll reach de gate
Dat leads right inter Nickville.

When black folk shirk dey shirk so hard
  Dey ain't no way ter rest 'em;
When black folk work dey work jes' lack
  Heaben's scales wuz dar ter test 'em,
It ain't no use ter draw de rein,
Dey'll go wid all dey might an' main,
    Bekase, bekase,
    Dey'll hab dey ways,
    An' up er down,
    Dey'll weah er crown
Der worl' is bound ter gaze at.

When black folk smart dey sho' is smart,
  Dey's smart in books an' out 'em,
When black folk's good dey sho' is good
  Too good fer yo' ter doubt 'em,
It ain't no use ter shake yo' head
An' tell 'em dey is vision-led
    Bekase, bekase,
    Dey'll hab dey ways,
    Wid prayah an' song
    Dey'll jog er long
Upter de hills ob glory.

The Literary Mirror

Phillis Wheatley Once More

IT is a tribute to the memory of any poetess to have an elegant edition of her works brought out, over a century after her death, with two splendid appreciations, and yet this is the honor which has recently come to Phillis Wheatley, the slave poetess. And we are indebted to Chas. Fred Heartman, the bibliophile of New York, and to Arthur A. Schomburg, the secretary of the Negro Society for Historical Research, for this latest recognition of the black poetess. Mr. Schomburg, with his exploring mind and passionate enthusiasm for Negro writers, made an inventory of a century's appreciation of Phillis Wheatley. He called Mr. Heartman's attention to the matter and Mr. Heartman, with his German love of culture and scholarship, decided to rescue from oblivion the life and writing of the first Negro poetess to win recognition. He was also the one who found Jupiter Hammon's poem (who antedated Phillis Wheatley's) on Phillis Wheatley.

The "Heartman's Historical Series," three volumes, Phillis Wheatley, consists of:—First there is a critical attempt and a Bibliography of her writings by Chas. Fred Heartman with portrait and 10 facsmiles, 91 copies are printed on Alexandra Japan paper, bound in boards and eight copies are printed on Japan vellum and bound in full morocco. Then there are the poems and letters, the first collected edition with an appreciation by Arthur A. Schomburg. Three hundred fifty copies are printed on Ben Day paper, 40 copies on Fabriano hand made paper and ten copies on Japan paper, bound in half blue morocco. Both of these volumes contain portraits of Phillis Wheatley. The third volume contains six broadsides relating to Phillis Wheatleys', reproduced in facsmile in the size of the original, with portrait. This is a folio bound in genuine old fashion French marbled boards.

The signal merit of both Mr. Heartman's and Mr. Schomburg's appreciation is that they are replete with valuable facts relating to the life of the young poetess and to her appreciation by her contemporaries.

There has always been detractors and admirers of Phillis Wheatley's poetry, Thomas Jefferson said of her poetry, "Religion has produced a Phillis Wheatley, but it could not produce a poet. Her poems were below the dignity of criticism." But Abbè Gregoire, J. F. Blumenbach and Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith rallied to her praise over a hundred years ago, and Lydia Maria Child and E. S. Abdy paid a tribute to Phillis Wheatley in 1833 and 1835. Blumenbach says of her poetry, "A collection which scarcely anyone who has any taste for poetry could read without pleasure." And the critics are divided today as they were a hundred years ago. William Long in his "History of American Literature" says of Phillis "that she sings like a canary in a cage, a bird that forgets its native melody and imitates only what it hears." On the other hand, we find Mr. J. B. Earnest, Jr., M. A. and Mr. Abernathy rushing to her defense. Mr. Earnest, a graduate of the university founded by Thomas Jefferson, says: "The work cannot approach the excellence of the poetry written by Paul L. Dunbar, yet it is wonderful poetry for a Negro slave of the eighteenth century." Mr. Abernathy in his "History of American Literature" says of Phillis Wheatley's poetry, "They rank with the best of the American echoes of the English classicists."

And even among the colored literateurs, we find a division of opinion. Prof. Benjamin Griffith Brawley in "A Short History of the American Negro" says of her collection of poems, "Fourteen of the thirty-eight original pieces are elegiac and not at all remarkable for poetic merit. . . . The masterpiece is undoubtedly 'On Imagination' lines suffused with true poetic feeling. . . . The form of the verses shows decided imitation of Alexander Pope."

And Mr. Arthur A. Schomberg in his appreciation says: "There was no great American poetry in the eighteenth century and Phillis Wheatley poetry was as good as the best American poetry of her age. . . . Young Phillis wrote before the mighty outburst of the human spirit which gave rise to Goethe, Schiller and Heine in Germany, and Wordsworth, Byron, Keats and Shelley in England. Her poetry was a poetry of the eighteenth century, when Pope and Gray reigned supreme."

When the doctors disagree who shall decide?

Thomas Clarkson in 1785 in his latin "Essay on the Slavery and Commerce of the Human Species," which won the first prize in the University of Cambridge in 1785, used Phillis Wheatley to demonstrate the capabilities of Negroes. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, J. F. Blumenbach, Abbè Gregoire and Lydia Maria Child in the early days, when the question of the Negro capabilities was the topic of discussion, eagerly seized upon Phillis Wheatley as an example of what the Negro could do in poetry. For the same reason, Abbè Gregoire held up Touissant L'Overture in war and statesmanship, Amo in

philosophy, and Capitein and Francis Williams in language, Benjamin Banneker and other talented Negroes.

In 1770 when Phillis Wheatley's first poem was published, she was a lone star in the Negro poetic firmament. And that's why she attracted so much attention. Since then Paul Laurence Dunbar, William Stanley Braithwaite and James D. Corrothers have written brilliant poetry. Nearly a score of other poets have done clever work. In the field of music we have Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, Brindis de Salas and a half a dozen clever composers. In the field of painting we have Henry C. Tanner and a number of clever painters. In the field of scholarship we have produced a Blyden, a Crummell, a Sarbah, a Hayford, a DuBois, a Scarborough, a Kelly Miller, a George W. Ellis, a James Carmichael Smith and the gifted Grimke brothers within recent years.

It no longer attracts universal attention when A. LeRoy Locke wins a Rhodes' scholarship, because so many colored men have wrested honors from American and foreign universities within the past forty years. So today, Phillis Wheatley cannot be held up as she was in 1770 as the one particular literary star in the Negro literary firmament.

Phillis Wheatley's poetry undoubtedly did not possess the thought of Goethe, Schiller and Wordsworth, the grandiloquence of Byron, the imagination of Shelley and the marvellous felicity of phrase of Gray and Keats. But I believe that posterity will vindicate the judgment of Abernathy, when he says of her poems "They rank with the best of the American echoes of the English classicists."

We must remember that in a new and growing country like America in the eighteenth century when the clearing of forests, the blazing of trails, the building of roads, the tilling of fields, the development of agricultural resources, the warring with the Indians and the French, the settling of political differences with the Mother Country, were the things of main import in American life, that there was little time for day dreaming, musing and meditation. That is why there was no great creative, original and spontaneous poetry produced in America in the eighteenth century. And again as Mr. Schomburg has shown, there was not in the eighteenth century that intellectual ferment that clashing of ideas, that coming together of currents of thought and feeling, which produced great poetry and great literature, as was evidenced in the Periclean Age, the Augustan Age, the Elizabethan Age, the Victorian Age, German Idealism and New England Transcendentalism.

There was no great philosophy in the eighteenth century, no great quickening of the intellect of man, and hence there was no great poetry, no great soaring of the human spirit in song.

While Phillis Wheatley's poetry did not rise above the poetry of the eighteenth century, the fact that it rose to the best level of contemporary American poetry is greatly to her creidt. That a Negro girl, who was born a slave in Africa, could, before she was twenty, produce poetry that was classic in form, could read Latin fluently, translate one of Ovid's stories for an English magazine, could recite her poetry in the best American homes and by her brilliancy, refinement and sweetness and modesty of character make a favorable impression upon both London and Boston society, is a remarkable achievement not only for a colored girl, but for any girl of any race. Well might Abernathy say that her poems "afford one of the most singular cases of precocity known to literature."

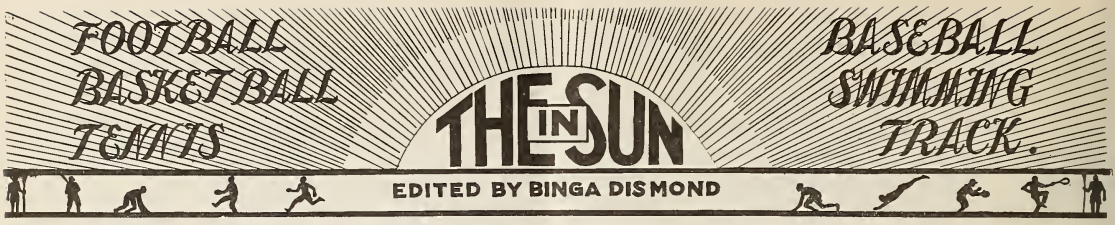
PILGRIMS

By G. Douglas Johnson

Winding a steep and rugged trail,
Up from a sunless, sullen vale,
A weary band of pilgrims grope,
Out of its shadowings, to hope.

The scaling chromatique of woe,
Their viol-throated voices know,
And yet they lift to grief's caress,
A smile, unmixed with bitterness.

Within their wake, an oozing stain,
Is vocal, of a voiceless pain,
When smiling eye a desert keeps,
The bleeding heart in silence, weeps!



One Verse Classic

Here's to Pollard of the gridiron fame,
Freddie Pollard the very self same,
Who held as if naught old Harvard's goal
And left a big crack in Yale's new "Bowl";
Camp says you're great and we say so too
He just found out but we always knew.
You're hard to tackle; you're hard to fell;
You hit the line hard and you fight like—*the mischief.*

GEM GYMS.

Isn't it strange, most of the things we resolved January 1 have by this writing dissolved.

* * *

Well, anyhow, it is said a cinderpath in a w. k. very warm place is laid down upon good intentions.

* * *

Maj. Jackson, our Illinois state representative, announced at the banquet given in honor of Mr. Pollard that he was not very well up on football; whenever he heard of a "gridiron" it always made him think of griddle cakes. (Much laughter.)

A University of Chicago sophomore insists that no thoroughbred chap can well afford to permit his studies to interfere with his college work.

* * *

More than one sprinter, you may bet, is keeping awake nights wondering if Howard Drew has really and finally with-*drawn.*

* * *

We see by the dailies that a certain New York physician is utilizing ragtime victrola music to attract his patients, attention while they are being anesthetized for an operation. The question is, has the learned doctor confused syncopation with syncope (which means the loss of consciousness)?

* * *

A little bird told me that when Howard Drew left the far western country he promised a certain someone that he would, honest to goodness, come back. No doubt he's doing conscientious training at Drake; but the wise ones say it's a very difficult undertaking to "come back."

Around the Circle With 1916

THE year 1916 has wrapped the draperies of his couch about him and has lain down to pleasant dreams of his brief reign. We note the appearance of a smile upon his wrinkled countenance; he is reviewing the athletic accomplishments of his administration and the excitement of it all nearly awakes him. From a "Pride of Race" standpoint let us swing back around the circle with the old year and decide who has a right to a place IN THE SUN.

JANUARY.

While the new year was yet but an infant it made a big hit with ten million un-hyphenated Americans by bringing back into form the greatest sprinter any time has produced—Howard Drew. The swift phenom traveled from the Pacific to the Atlantic and established as a fact, what most of us had already surmised, that he was still the monarch of all he surveyed from the forty to the two-twenty-yard sprints. He was assisted in his demonstrations by his able little disciple, Roy Morse, who did himself proud by finishing second to the incomparable Drew in each of his performances.

FEBRUARY.

February found the stellar position in the sun still occupied by the whirlwind duo, which had kicked up so many splinters on the indoor boards in the preceding month. Twice in and about Manhattan Joe Loomis, the erstwhile champion, was led to the ribbon by Messrs. Drew & Morse Co., sprinters. In the meanwhile up in dignified New England, Fritzie Pollard, of gridiron fame, and Irvan Howe attracted no small amount of attention by having every little thing their own way in the Boston meets. And just at the time that the entire country was growing nutty attempting to lure dreamy Hawaiian music

losing the National Indoor Sprinting Championship to Loomis. As yet we have not ascertained Morse's objections to winning the event. Pollard, Howe and even Sol Butler were bitter disappointments in these games.

APRIL.

The month of tears witnessed the Indoor Inter-Collegiate Conference meet at Evanston. Present company should always be excepted, so I shall not tell you that yours truly was awarded first in the quarter, and piloted the anchor position of the winning relay team. Chicago was unable, however, to negotiate better than second position in either the Drake games or the Pennsylvania relays. At the latter events, however, quite a number of race stars showed that they possessed the speed of race horses as well. Motley and Rogers shined in the inter-scholastic events, while Burwell, of Pittsburgh, and his brother of Syracuse, put up good quarters for their respective colleges. In this same month Drew established a new world's ninety-yard record and Irvan Howe got away with the John B. Taylor Memorial quarter at the Smart Set games.

MAY.

This month may be considered an off month so far as track is concerned, since it is the interim between the indoor and the outdoor seasons. Nothing of special note need be here recorded.

JUNE.

June the third witnessed the setting of a new conference record for the excruciating 440 of 47:2-5 seconds at the Conference meet. The time was the same as made by Meredith at the Intercollegiate in Boston, but the eastern A. A. U. officials have been from ukelelies that wouldn't stay tuned up, a trans-Pacific liner brings us news that out Honolulu way is one Gilbert, a sprinter of rare ability, and a runner extraordinary; in other words, some boy. Gilbert, it appears, is not a native of the island paradise, but boasts membership in the 25th Infantry, the crack colored regiment located in the territory. The debut of the dusky flyer was staged at the Regimental Athletic tournaments. In this meet Gilbert smashed the island record for the 100-yard dash to smithereens and incidently covered the distance in a time equal to the best ever made in the world. Five watches caught the world's record time of nine and three-fifth's seconds. We do not know when Mr. Gilbert's service is to be finished, but we are anxious to have the phenom compete in American meets and under American watches. So here's that he will soon tell his hula hula girl at Wakaiki, "Aloha Oe," and hurry back to the states.

The middle west was not slighted during this month. Sol Butler, of Dubuque, remained the cynosure of all eyes and Butler, of Hyde Park, collected quite a few medals for classy high-school sprinting. The editor of this department was fortunate enough to settle up an old score with James E. (Ted) Meredith on Washington's birthday. All things being taken into consideration February was quite a month.

MARCH.

If it were possible we would like to skip this lapse of 31 days. Not because St. Patrick's Day is one of the thirty-one, but because the National champs were pulled off in that month. Drew's health got a little out of tune at this time, which resulted in his loth to accept the time as a world's record, because of a difference in the measuring rules of the Western Board and the National Association. The record stands, however, as a new conference mark.

JULY AND AUGUST.

These two months gave the record-breaking performances of Martin in the hurdles. The wonderful athlete set a new mark in these events for the world to shoot at. The Courier's meet at Pittsburgh was the setting utilized for the phenomenal performance. San Diego, Cal., furnished an upsetting to our championship hopes for Drew. There in the Far Western Champ's events Howard Drew suffered an injury which caused a partial paralysis, but which luckily proved only temporary.

SEPTEMBER.

The harvest month arrived in time to stage the National outdoor championships. Neither Drew nor I were able to compete. Morse did not live up to form, but a new star was born unto us—Motley. His speed should not surprise you when you learn that he is a native of Atlantic City.

OCTOBER, NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

During these months, King Football and his favorite son, Pollard of Brown, reigned supreme. Butler, quarter-back at Dubuque, Brown and Morrison defended the honor of Tufts; Broyn fought at Syracuse, and Williams held at Brown. Colored lads the country over made names for themselves on high-school teams: Galloway of Boston, Gibbs, Lewis and Peyton, of the Chicago schools, were the most brilliant.

It wasn't so bad after all, was it? Let us leave the old year to his dreams; history is still to be written. Who is the brilliant performer? Who, in 1917, is to break into THE SUN?

WHAT ABOUT COLLEGE ATHLETICS?

Now that most of us are convalescent from the hysteria of the holiday season, it would not be altogether unfitting in this interim between football and indoor sports to soberly consider an issue which is creating no small amount of concern among the faculties of the various universities. "All things being equal, are college athletics beneficial or detrimental?" Most discussions upon the subject pre-

sent views too biased one way or the other to carry convincing weight. A fair analysis should eliminate both the dogmatism of the faculty and the enthusiasm of the youthful athlete. Let us, therefore, attempt, for a short moment or so, to balance up the books of the college athlete, and determine whether or not the condition of his loss and gain columns warrant his continuing an open shop.

The members of the faculty maintain that the athlete's mental accomplishments are sidetracked to a secondary position; and that he, therefore, defeats his very purpose for entering the institution. It is not to be wondered at if the youthful enthusiast does neglect drudgeries for the object of his chief interest—that is, if it were up to him to decide. At one time it was the easiest thing imaginable for the college athlete to ditch his studies. In fact, some of the old football stars, who were heavy on the brawn, but the reverse of the brain registered in the fall for music, bible, art and poetry, attended one or two classes a week and after the football season was over, acquired an acute disinclination to continue further in the semester. Of course, in this age of radical reformation such conditions could not long exist upon the face of the earth. The college athlete is no longer permitted the privilege of representing his alma mater if his class work lags below a certain definite standard. This ruling, of course, does away with faculties' objection on the basis of the interfereing of sports with classroom duties.

There is another objection, however, which must not be too hurriedly passed by; and that is the athlete's liability to overdo things. Intemperance in athletics like intemperance in everything else looms up as a foreboding bugbear. In more instances, yes than no, the youth appears susceptible to being charmed with some particular branch of the game, rather than to acquiring an ambition to attain a general physical perfection. In other words, in keeping with the times he becomes a specialist. Few athletes are as brilliant in football as in baseball; in swimming as in basketball or in tennis as in sprinting. Each of these sports demands the development of different sets of muscles. The reader does not need to be an expert in anatomy to dope out that, in the present day athlete, some sets of muscles will be hyper-developed, while other sets will be on the verge of atrophy. This obstacle in the way of desirable athletics is being gradually removed by sensible coaching, which requires that the athlete, although he be a specialist of the first water in some one event, maintain an even all round physical development.

The early mortality of college athletes cannot easily be overlooked. Men who have struggled strenuously on the gridiron, or attained the heart-pumping ability to clip off the weary mile in phenomenal time, appear too happy to welcome the close of the hard training and let up altogether too suddenly. The result usually is the development of the athletic heart and the depositing of fat where muscle tissue has been. The individual's resistance to disease is greatly lowered, his natural immunity to infectuous processes lessened and upon the slightest exposure we find him unable to put up a man's fight for his right to live. The result is a "once was" college athlete (that is, an old-timer) over fifty is a considerable rarety.

There are some things, however, which must not be left unsaid in favor of athletics in college. It is a strange coincidence indeed that the university which finishes the season with the fewest defeats to its credit is showered the following summer with the greatest number of requests for entrance blanks. Who of us would not like to enroll at Harvard, Yale or Cornell? But who of you ever heard of Valparaiso who has no athletics? This leads one to believe that many a youth is enticed through high school and college merely by the lure of athletics. From the highbrow's point of view such a personage may not be a valuable addition to the campus; but it must be admitted it is difficult to the utmost for even the roughneckest of the roughnecks to spend eight years in the midst of learning (no matter what it is that holds him there) without absorbing some of the culture from his more blessed classmates, who are culturing for culture's sake.

Granting that athletics lure the aspirant college champion to college what makes him study after he gets there? That rule which we mentioned in the early paragraphs is the answer. Athletics teaches the young 'un to stick it out. You should give some of those lads the once over just before exams. The midnight oil that they burn over the subjects which they hate is not altogether wasted. When a man learns to do a duty which he heartily despises, look out for that fellow; the chances are that he will *arrive*. The roughneck has to become a student in order to be an athlete, so he becomes a student.

There is an additional phase which might well be considered. The athlete stands a good chance of broadening himself out of the narrowness of the "native." Intercollegiate and intersectional competition has necessitated colleges sending large teams from one coast of the country to the other, and even over seas. The present day athlete, therefore, enjoys all the inducements one reads on the "Join the U. S. Navy" placards without the accompanying discomforts. In addition to university, champion receives no mean amount of publicity. The sporting page seems ashamed to face the enthusiastic public unless it presents a likeness of the hero in what some of the laity mistake for B. V. D's.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

DOUGLASS' "BLOODY SHIRT" SPEECH

DELIVERED before the ninth Republican National Convention in June, 1888, at Chicago, Illinois. He was preceded by John C. Freemont, first presidential candidate named by the Republican party.

"Mr. Chairman: I had the misfortune last night to speak to a vast audience in the Armory, a little below here or above here, and broke my voice so that I feel wholly unable to address you, more than to express my thanks to you for the cordial welcome, the earnest call you have given me to this platform. I have only one word to say, and it is this: That I hope this convention will make such a record in its proceedings as to put it entirely out of the power of the leaders of the Democratic party and the leaders of the Mugwump party to say that they see no difference between the Republican party in respect to the class I represent and the Democratic party. I have great respect for a certain quality that I have seen distinguished in the Democratic party. It is the fidelity to its friends. its faithfulness to those whom it has acknowledged as its masters for the last forty years. They were faithful—I mean the Democrats were faithful—to the slave-holding class during the existence of slavery. They were faithful before the war. They were faithful during the war. They gave them all the encouragement they possibly could without drawing their own necks into the halter. They were faithful during the period of reconstruction; they have been faithful ever since. They are faithful today to the solid South. I believe that the Republican party will prove itself equally faithful to its friends, and those friends during the war were men with black faces. They were legs to your maimed; they were eyes to your blind; they were shelter to your shelterless sons when they escaped from the lines of the rebels; they are faithful today; and when this great Republic was at its extremest need; when its fate seemed to tremble in the balance; and the crowned heads and the enemies of Republican institutions were saying in Europe: 'Ah, aha! This great Republican bubble is about to burst'; when your armies were melting away before the fire and pestilence of rebellion, you called upon your friends, your black friends; when your Star Spangled Banner, now glorious, was trailing in the dust, heavy with patriotic blood, you called upon the Negro, Abraham Lincoln called upon the Negro to reach out his iron arm and clutch with his steeled fingers your faltering banner; and they came—they came 200,000 strong. Let us remember these black men in the platform that you are about to promulgate, and let us remember these black men now stripped of their constitutional right to vote for the grand standard-bearer whom you will present to the country. Leave these men no longer to wade to the ballot box through blood, but extend over them the arm of this Republic, and make their pathway to the ballot box as straight and as smooth and as safe as any other citizen's. Be not deterred from duty by the cry of 'Bloody shirt.' Let that shirt wave so long as blood shall be found upon it. A government that can give liberty in its constitution ought to have power to protect liberty in its administration. I will not take up your time. I have got my thoughts before you. I speak in behalf of the millions who are disfranchised today. I thank you."

HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, ex-Attorney-General of Massachusetts, a recognized authority on constitutional law, in a signed editorial in the *Boston Herald* on December 17, challenged the South's disfranchising the Negro and then counting him for representation in the Electoral College.

The distinguished lawyer said, in part:

"The people of three-fourths of the states are confronted with the direct and pressing question whether they will keep in their own hands their just and lawful share of power in the Federal Government, or will surrender a substantial part of it to the South as a reward for disfranchising the Negro.

"It now appears likely that on the second Wednesday of February, in the absence of anything done to the contrary, Woodrow Wilson will be declared elected president of the United States for the ensuing term of four years by a majority of eleven electoral votes. Election returns, though not yet strictly official, appear to give Wilson 276 and Hughes 255 of the 531 electoral votes, of which 266 is a majority.

"This result can be reached only by counting for Wilson a group of electoral votes much larger than his apparent majority, which will be cast for him, if they are allowed to be, by Southern States which have forfeited any constitutional right to them. It is difficult to believe that the country would submit to this fraud if the people understood that the South

has half-disfranchised every voter in every other state in the process of disfranchising the Negro. . . .

"At the close of the war, in order to insure for the future a just and equal distribution of Federal power among the people of the states, it was ordained by section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment that . . .

"This recognizes the right of the states to regulate the suffrage for themselves if done by impartial laws of equal operation, but says to the South in effect that if a state excludes the Negro from the suffrage it shall be at the price of a proportionate reduction in its representation. The underlying principle is that political power must stand upon political rights; wherefore the states shall not be allowed to augment their power in the Federal Government by counting in their basis of representation any class of citizens to which political rights are denied."

EXCERPTS from address of Prof. Isaac Fisher in Hotel La Salle:

"Everytime a black man is trained to fight disease, he has made life more secure, not for the black people—that is only an incident—he has made it securer for all the people. Every time a minister is trained in divinity—it does not make any difference whether a black man or a white man—he stands up and calls his congregation to the more beautiful life; every time he leads that community or congregation to see the finer things in this world, he has not only helped his own race—that is but an incident—but he has helped his own community.

Give Us Leaders

"One of two things has got to happen. Either we are going to live separate in this life, with our race life running separate from yours and mixing at no point, or else it is going to mix in American life. Either we are going to pour the best we have into American life, or we are going to be forced to spend our contributions only in the little currents in which we live.

"Whichever way you decide it, you have got to give us our leaders. If we are going to live separate, if our music, if our literature, if our science, if our knowledge of the arts, if our contributions to philosophy and all of those things are to have no permanent relation to these same elements of American life, we have got to have our leaders to prepare us to make our contributions within the race.

Contributors to American Civilization

"And if we are going to fuse—and when I say fuse, I am talking about efforts—if we are going to pour into the streams of commerce, into the streams of science, into the streams of philosophy, the best we have got; if we are going to make our contribution in music and all of the finer arts; if we are to help develop transportation and all of these things, you have got to help us. And I don't mean it in the ugly way; I mean it in the finer sense. I mean under Christian compulsion. You will have to help us develop our leaders and our pathfinders, so that in the end we shall contribute to that life which you exemplify; so that instead of being a millstone, as it were, tied to the body politic here, we shall be contributors to the highest and the best in your life; and in proportion as we lift ourselves up, in that proportion we have helped the community.

"That is the work that Fisk is trying to do. That is the work that institutions representing higher education are trying to do throughout the length and breadth of the land. Help us get our pathfinders not only for the colored people, but for the betterment and enrichment of life throughout the commonwealth."—*Chicago Commerce.*

Ever since Prof. Bassett of Trinity College, Durham, N. C., came out with a splendid defense of the colored race, a few noble and chivalric gentlemen of Southern birth and breeding have arisen, who had the courage to say that they saw some worth and value in men and women of color.

Prof. A. M. Trawick, a Southern young white man, in a recent issue of the *Epworth Era* of Nashville, Tenn., challenged the white men who profess to believe that colored women possess no purity of character, and called upon his white brothers to treat modest and refined colored women with the same respect and consideration that they accord to modest and refined white women.

This indicates that there is growing up and developing in the Southland white men of culture, character, courage, and an innate sense of justice, who believe in giving the brothers in black a man's chance. May they multiply as the descendants of Abraham multiplied.

Prof. Trawick said in part:

"There is not a more shameful page in the history of race relations than that which records the white man's treatment of the colored women. She alone of all the women of civilized lands has few defenders and but few to plead her cause. There are colored men in large numbers who are courageously loyal to the women dependent upon them and white men not a few who allow no exceptions to their gentlemanly conduct. But the blasting fact remains that colored women may be insulted without fear of rebuke, and men who do so do not fall under social condemnation on account of it. * * * It is not the vicious and degraded women alone who are accosted by white men, and it is distinctly not true that a Negro woman is not annoyed until she gives evidence that she cares nothing for her honor. The

more modest, the more refined she is, the more certain it is that she becomes the object of some white man's pursuit. The average white man professes to believe that no Negro woman possesses purity of character, and, proceeding from that assumption, he persuades himself that he is a gentleman when he maintains a courteous bearing toward sheltered and protected white women. Toward women whose fathers, husbands and brothers happen to be Negroes, without the shelter and protection of a similar code of honor, he may act as he pleases and defy resentment.

"A gentleman is a man whose courteous conduct springs out of the purity of his own heart. He cannot be courteous or discourteous according to the value he fancies a woman places upon her own life and still be a gentleman. Courtesy is the defense of the defenseless. True chivalry knows no color line, no grade, no rank; but respects, dignifies and safeguards all womanhood. Negro women are entitled to the white man's respect and gentlemanly treatment because modesty and refinement are actual virtues among them and because, above all other reasons, they constitute the womanhood of a race."

Prof. Isaac Fisher of Fisk University Brings Ringing Message to Chicago

OF more than passing significance is the fact that a group of Chicago's most influential clubs, such as the Union League, the Association of Commerce, the City Club, the Advertisers' Club, the Sunday Evening Club of Wilmette and a number of other organizations, should have had a series of powerful appeals made before them in favor of higher education for certain of the colored people by Professor Isaac Fisher, University Editor of Fisk University, a man who was trained at the feet of the great apostle of industrial education, Dr. Booker T. Washington. But the fact which gripped the audiences was the speaker's bold claim that he had not abated one whit his belief in the efficacy of industrial education for a large group of the colored people, but he purposed to help lay on the conscience of the American people the thought that there was still another group in our race which must be provided with higher education.

At Hull House, a large crowd of colored people heard him and were roused to enthusiasm by his views touching the agreement in purpose between higher and industrial education.

No Clash Between Higher and Industrial Education

On this point, Professor Fisher said:

"I have never been able to understand why any question should have arisen as to the colored people's need for higher education and for industrial education. There never has been any justification for setting the one over against the other. The race must have both. Our largest race group, at present, needs a form of training to prepare them for industrial efficiency and for high character—industrial education supplies this need. A smaller group is prepared to receive and profit by professional training so that they may do another necessary type of work for the race in other directions; and the larger group needs these professionally trained persons just as the latter need the economic support which can be given by those who have been trained for industrial pursuits. The colleges and universities are giving the necessary training in high moral character and professional skill.

"Viewed from these angles, the school of thought represented by Fisk and other institutions which give higher education can not be considered antagonistic to industrial schools like Tuskegee and Hampton; for instead of being opposed each to the other, they are complementary—supplementary, if you will. They are doing, jointly, a work which has to be done and they must stand or fall together.

"When I talk for education, I stress the necessity of employing all the forms which have stood the test of experience, and then I show, if I can, that higher education has its just claims because it has stood the test of experience as being a necessary form; and I present the claim of Fisk without bitterness and without making any invidious comparisons between different types of education. Indeed, I do not discuss the question, 'Which is the better form of education for colored people?' but I ask, instead, 'Which types of education do colored need?' The fair and logical answer to this—the answer based upon the American ideals of democracy—removes all grounds of clash between the Fisk and Tuskegee types of schools, for both are necessities."

THE LEDGER

SYNOPSIS—PROFESSOR R. T. GREENER OF DOUGLASS' CAREER

1841—Makes his initial speech at the Anti-slavery convention.

1842—Takes a humble part in the Dorr's Rebellion, Rhode Island.

1843—Attends his first convention of colored men—Northern and Eastern colored men—educated, able men, most of them. Finds there had been many such assemblages.

1845—He is in England, a lion! Writes his life!

1847—The great central figure in London at the World's Temperance convention. Returns home and becomes an editor; his paper, *"The North Star,"* then *"Frederick Douglass' Paper."* Breaks with Garrison; goes to Rochester, N. Y., to live.

1848—Makes an address at Cleveland, Ohio, on "Farming and Industrial Education," thus anticipating Booker T. Washington.

1851-2-3—Enters politics, becomes a Free Soiler. Is elected delegate to the *Free Soil* Party convention.

1856—Joins the new *Republican* Party; advocates "Fremont and Dayton" on the stump.

1858—Again editor. Issues the *"Douglass Monthly,"* which lasted until 1864. How many know of it? Has about this time an interview with John Brown. Hears all his plans, but does not approve of force; he foresees its failure; meets Shields Green, John Brown's lieutenant and hears the further plans.

1859—The outbreak at Harper's Ferry. He prudently sails for Europe to save his neck.

1860—Returns to United States. Death of his favorite daughter; a great sorrow. In December, he is at Tremont Temple, at the meeting to commemorate the martyrdom of John Brown.

1862-3—Urges enlistment of colored troops; gives two sons to the 54th and 55th Massachusetts Volunteers; stumps the country, urging enlistment of colored troops and writes patriotic articles for magazines and newspapers.

1866—Finds him on the committee of colored men who wait upon President Johnson in protest—a famous episode. September. Is a delegate to the Nationalist convention where they are frightened at the sight of him; endeavor to turn him down, fearing Southern sentiment. Makes one of his greatest speeches in defense maintaining his right as *an American citizen, not merely as a "Negro"*—wins a great victory.

1869-73—Editor again and owner at Washington of *"The New National Era."*

1871—General Grant appoints him *to accompany* the Santo Domingo Commission to Hayti.

1871—May 30, a national honor; he delivers the first Decoration Day address at Arlington National Cemetery at Washington, D. C.

1871—Becomes president of the Freedmen's Saving and Trust Company.

1872—April. At the National convention of colored men, New Orleans, to advocate the re-election of President Grant. This year he becomes the first colored presidential elector from New York state on the Republican ticket.

1877—Marshal, District of Columbia; holds over until 1881.

1879—Opposes the Exodus Movement, fearing it is merely a political move.

1881—Recorder of Deeds, District of Columbia.

1882—August 4. His wife, Anna Murray Douglass dies.

1889—Minister of United States and Consul General to the Republic of Hayti.

1893—Acting Commissioner for the Haytian government at the World's Fair, Chicago.

1895—February 20. Dies at Cedar Hill, District of Columbia.

AMENDMENT TO EXCLUDE AFRICAN BLACKS DEFEATED

ANOTHER blow aimed at the African blacks was parried in the United States Senate the middle of December. Senator Smith of South Carolina, who was in charge of the Immigration Bill, which was passed by the House in the last session, produced statistics to show that in the last ninety-five years there has only been 14,000 voluntary immigrants from Africa to this country. Senator Reed offered an amendment to exclude the African blacks from the United States, which was defeated by a vote of 32 to 37.

A NEBRASKA PROFESSOR SPEAKS OUT BOLDLY FOR THE COLORED RACE

IT is said that Truth is stranger than fiction. One would hardly expect the state that produced William Jennings Bryan, the political godfather of President Woodrow Wilson to evolve the latest champion of the colored race.

Dr. George Elliott Howard, head of the political science and sociology department of the University of Nebraska, recently uttered some bold and true words at an open forum meeting at All Souls Church in Lincoln, Neb.

He said in part: "The solution of the Southern race problem is to come through the education of

the whites. It is time that the whites emancipated themselves from mental bondage. The white South does not know the Negro, although it claims full knowledge of him. It cannot see the forest for the trees."

The brave sociologist went on to show that the whites are more guilty of relations with Negro women than are Negro men with a passion for despoiling white women.

Dr. Howard went still further and showed that Negroes were superior to Russian serfs freed in 1861. The per capita wealth of the serfs in fifty years, with only 30 per cent able to read or write, has grown to $36.00, while the per capita wealth of the Negro with 70 per cent, able to read or write has grown to $70.00.

All honor to the brave and brilliant Dr. Howard, who instead of seeking popularity by appealing to a dominant race prejudice, had the courage to speak the truth as he saw it and as it really is.

EMMETT J. SCOTT, JR., WINS SCHOLARSHIP PRIZE AT PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

IT is gratifying to the friends of Negro education to learn that Emmett J. Scott, Jr., the son of the noted secretary of Tuskegee Institute, has been awarded two scholarships in Phillips Exeter Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, which divides the honor with Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts of being the American Eton. Mr. Scott won the Bancroft scholarship of One Hundred and Forty Dollars and the Phillips scholarship of One Hundred and Fifty Dollars, making a total of Two Hundred and Ninety Dollars. He is also one of the nine "first honor" men of the senior class and distinguished himself by his brilliant work in French and advanced German. Mr. Scott graduated from Tuskegee Institute in 1914 and in the fall of the same year, entered Exeter Academy. His sister, Miss Clarissa Scott, a Tuskegee graduate of the class of 1916, is a student at the Bradford Academy, Bradford, Massachusetts. Mr. Emmett Scott, Sr., rendered valuable assistance to the late Dr. Booker T. Washington in building up his great industrial plant at Tuskegee. In connection with Lyman Beecher Stowe, he has written "Booker T. Washington, Builder of a Civilization," a valuable biography of the industrial leader. Now he is inspiring his own children with a desire for higher things.

RACIAL DANCING AMONG CHILDREN

DANCING is an art that best expresses the soul life of a people. It should be cultivated from the cradle,—not the flippant dancing of the ballroom, but those creations which unloosen the poetry and the religious aspirations of a race or a nation.

Aida Overton Walker, the famous actress, was the greatest exponent of African dancing. With her death the Walker type of dancing apparently died.

During the Christmas week, however, one of Mrs. Walker's understudies, Hazel Thompson Davis, presented at the Dreamland Hall in Chicago what she termed "The Children's Follies." She demonstrated successfully what could be done by the children of the best families so far as racial dancing is concerned. It was a delightful afternoon, and the *CHAMPION MAGAZINE* hopes that Mrs. Davis may be enabled on a larger scale to become a missionary of the Walker dancing among the children and the youth of the Negro race.

HOOSIER CHECK-MATES CONVENTION

MR. CLIFFORD S. LEE of Indianapolis, Indiana, associate editor of the *National Republican* checkmated a meeting of the National Popular Government League in Washington, D. C., on January 6th, to consider corrupt practices in elections in Indiana, Illinois and other Northern states, when he brought up the question of disfranchisement in the South. Mr. Lee said in part: "The returns of the recent election have called attention to the fact that in the State of Illinois, with twenty-nine electoral votes, there were more ballots cast for president than in the twelve states of the solid South, with 132 electoral votes. In Illinois, over 2,000,000 persons voted for president and in the solid South, only a little over 1,000,000. In all the Southern states, Negroes totaling more than a million and a half are not permitted to vote at all, yet the whites count them eagerly enough in figuring the population on which the representation in the electoral college is based. I believe that any organization with a purpose such as this one has in championing a campaign to end corrupt practices in elections, should embrace in its efforts corrupt practices in the South as well as in the North."

"CHICAGO TRIBUNE OPENS FIGHT ON UNEQUAL VOTE OF SOLID SOUTH"

ARTHUR SEARS HENNING, in a special article in *The Chicago Tribune* on January 7th says, *"The Chicago Tribune* has launched a movement in Congress for legislation to eradicate the inequality between Northern and Southern states in the House of Representatives and the Electoral College. To every senator and representative of the Northern States I addressed a letter on January 5th, setting forth graphically the greater influence in the conduct of the Government, exercised by Southern as compared with Northern voters, and

inquired of each whether he will support corrective legislation in justice to his state.

The Tribune's proposal has been almost unanimously approved. More than ninety-five per cent of the replies so far received, indorse legislation to restore the equality of Northern and Southern voters. Under the present administration, Illinois has contributed to the support of the government $182,291,784 in Internal Revenue and received $1,725,226 in Federal appropriations. Texas and Alabama have paid $10,691,449 Internal Revenue and received $7,525,725 in government appropriations. With one-fifth of the votes, but more representation, these states have obtained more than four times as much in government expenditures as Illinois, while paying only one-eighteenth as much taxes."

FATHER UNCLES TENDERED SILVER JUBILEE

RT. REV. CHARLES RANDOLPH UNCLES, the second colored Catholic priest to be ordained in the United States, twenty-five years ago, celebrated his silver jubilee in St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Barnabas Church, and St. Peter Claver's Hall in Baltimore, Maryland, on January 7th and 8th. The solemn high mass, the solemn vespers and presentation of a purse of one thousand dollars were the principal features of the celebration. Father Uncles is a native of Maryland. He taught school in Baltimore county and then entered St. Hyacinth's college, Canada, to get his scholastic training for the priesthood. He received his theological training at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., where Cardinal Gibbons was also educated. He has been an instructor at Epiphany Apostolic College, Walbrook, Md., for several years. Rt. Rev. Tolton (deceased) was the first colored American Catholic to be elevated to the priesthood.

THE NEGRO HEGIRA

THE number of Southern Negroes who have migrated North and thus alarmed the country has been grossly exaggerated. *The New York World* thus states the number who left the South for the North: From Alabama, 60,000; Tennessee, 22,000; Florida, 12,000; Georgia, 10,000; Virginia, 3,000; North Carolina, 2,000; Kentucky, 3,000; South Carolina, 2,000; Arkansas, 2,000; Mississippi, 2,000.

CHEYNEY TRAINING SCHOOL TEACHERS VERY ACTIVE

THE teachers of the Cheyney Training School for Teachers, Cheyney, Pa., of which Mr. Leslie P. Hill is principal, are taking the initiative in artistic, pedagogic and social activities.

One of the paintings displayed at the recent exhibition of the New York Water Color Club was the work of Miss Laura Wheeler, teacher of art at the Cheyney Training School for Teachers, and former winner of the Cresson prize scholarship from the Academy of Fine Arts, of Philadelphia, Pa. The painting is entitled "Heirlooms" and was one of the twelve selected out of a total of five hundred as a permanent illustration for the Water Color Club catalogue. Last spring Miss Wheeler had five paintings on exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Early in December, an Association of Teachers in Colored Schools of Pennsylvania and Delaware was formed at the Cheyney Training School. The association will take up the study of the problems of discrimination and segregation in educational institutions, industrial opportunity, retardation and the general social and civic status of the colored people of that section. The following officers were elected: Leslie Pinckney Hill, president; Clarence R. Whyte, vice-president; Miss Letitia Cottman, secretary; Rev. M. C. Spann, treasurer; Miss Narka Lee, corresponding secretary, and J. R. Paul Brock, chairman of executive committee.

SENATOR PENROSE'S FORCE BILL

SENATOR PENROSE'S Force Bill was finally introduced as an amendment to the Owen's Corrupt Practice Bill. It has evoked considerable discussion. It has revived the controversy of twenty-six years ago, when Lodge's Force Bill was the storm center of discussion.

The Mower County Transcript Republican justly says:

"Minnesota cast 260,000 votes and has 12 electors. Alabama cast 120,000 votes and has 12 electors. In this same proportion Minnesota should have 25 electoral votes. If the Negro is not good enough to vote he is not good enough to count in basing the electoral vote which would cut the solid South almost in two."

The Princeton Minnesota Union, in commenting on this editorial says: "The Federal constitution must be amended if the conditions referred to are to be remedied."

But, we dissent from this ultimatum. The Federal constitution must not be amended to remedy the conditions, which the *Mower County Transcript Republican* complains of. There is a provision in section two of the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution which will take care of the situation.

Whatever mistakes the untutored Negro may have made in politics forty years ago, he is now fast becoming a prosperous and intelligent citizen. He has

reduced his illiteracy from eighty to thirty per cent. He has 200,000 farmers, who own their own farms and 200,000 home owners. He has accumulated over one billion dollars of personal and real property. If the illiterate Negro, fresh from slavery was unfit for the ballot, it is not a logical inference that the thousands of blacks, who are graduating from schools and colleges, buying homes and farms, educating their children and supporting churches are now unfit for the ballot.

FARMERS MEET AT TUSKEGEE

THE Annual Farmer's Conference is in session at Tuskegee Institute for two days, January 17th and 18th. An agricultural parade is planned, which will show Tuskegee activities and how tillers of the soil are solving their own economic problems.

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE IS HONORED BY ASSOCIATES

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKE was re-elected President of the American Negro Academy at the session of its twentieth annual gathering, held at the Twelfth street branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. Other officers elected for the coming year were: First vice-president, Kelly Miller; second vice-president, Rev. Matthew Anderson; third vice-president, Rev. L. V. Johnson; fourth vice-president, Bishop J. Albert Johnson; recording secretary, Arthur U. Craig; corresponding secretary, J. W. Cromwell and treasurer, Rev. F. J. Grimke. Kelly Miller, J. E. Moreland, J. W. Cromwell, L. W. Hershaw, F. H. M. Murray and F. J. Grimke were elected members of the auditing committee.

Prof. Kelly Miller of Howard University made an address "Douglass from 1865 to 1895" at the session at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 27th. Judge Robert H. Terrell spoke on Douglass' work as an orator. Mr. Grimke spoke on Douglass as an anti-slavery agitator at the opening of the session, Tuesday, dealing extensively with his work in the northern cities a number of years prior to the civil war. Talks on the anti-slavery agitation prior to the advent of Douglass and on his work as a journalist were made Tuesday by Carter Woodson and J. E. Bruce of New York City.

Douglass came to Washington after the close of the civil war, where he resided until 1895, the time of his death. His four children were his daughter Ann, Mrs. Rosetta Sprague, Mr. Lewis Douglass and Charles R. Douglass. His granddaughter, Miss Rosetta Sprague, taught in an industrial school in Virginia. His grandson, Joseph H. Douglass, is one of the race's most noted violinists. Another grandson, Haley G. Douglass, became a teacher in Washington schools. The two latter, and his granddaughter, Mrs. Fredericks Perry of Kansas City, Mo., are still living. Major C. R. Douglass is his only surviving son.

NEGRO EDITORS IN SESSION

THE meeting of the National Negro Press Association, of which C. J. Perry, of Philadelphia, is president, will be held in Nashville, Tennessee, on February 7th to 10th, inclusive. Mr. Joseph L. Jones of Cincinnati is chairman of the executive committee and Mr. Henry Allen Boyd of Nashville, Tennessee, is corresponding secretary.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S SON IS DEAD

FRANCIS JACKSON GARRISON, the youngest son of William Lloyd Garrison, the noted abolitionist, died at his home in Newtonville, Mass.. some days ago. He is survived by his only son, Wendell Holmes Garrison, who lived with him, and by his sister, Mrs. Henry Villard of New York City. Mr. Garrison was named after Francis Jackson, the famous English abolitionist. He was born in Boston, October 29th, 1848 and graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1864. While a mere lad, he aided his father in publishing The *Liberator,* the organ of the anti-slavery movement. He collaborated with his brother, Wendell Phillips Garrison, in writing the biography of the abolitionist, "William Lloyd Garrison, the Story of his Life Told by his Children." He was also interested in the Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

BISHOP COTTRELL OPPOSES NEGRO MIGRATION

CONSERVATIVE estimates place the migration of Negroes from the South to the North, East and West at 150,000. Most of the colored emigrants have gone to New York, Indiana, West Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Maryland, Illinois and Massachusetts.

This hegira has roused the ire of Bishop Elias Cottrell, who recently conducted the annual conference of the Negro branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New Orleans, La. The colored bishop said: "I question the existence of any good reason for our people going North. The Northern migration ought to be stopped. There is only one way to stop it—that is where it begins. The white man, styled 'labor agent,' began it and the white man of the South should see to it that it is stopped. Talk about 'Jim Crow' cars all you wish, but remember that fifty years ago, you were walking on your feet."

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"VISIONS OF THE DUSK"—(Price 60c Net, 65c by mail)

"The dialect poems are especially excellent, strange, amusing, plaintive, appealing songs from the heart of a child-like, feckless race, done with ease and without self-consciousness."—The Bellman.

"SONGS OF THE SOIL"—(Price 50c Net, 55c by mail)

"There is originality and peculiar charm in 'Songs of the Soil,' a third offering of verse from the young Negro poet, Fenton Johnson. Many of the poems are in Negro dialect, and they are in several instances equal to Paul Laurence Dunbar's dialect songs. They have an eerie note, a curious racial differentiation, a touch of infinite mournfulness, and their inspiration is the old vanishing life of plantation and levee. The spiritual 'The Lonely Mother' is sheer wailing music. 'De Ol' Sojer' endeavors to establish the right of the black man to call the United States 'his country,' since he has been willing to establish that right in blood upon our battlefields."—Review of Reviews.

"Mr. Johnson has assumed the place held by the late Paul L. Dunbar."—Detroit Free Press.

"He has a real poet's fancy, by no means always plaintive."—New York World.

"Has depicted the various phases of Negro history with all its pathos and 'humor of a vivid imagination'."—Book News Monthly.

"Touches a real heart note."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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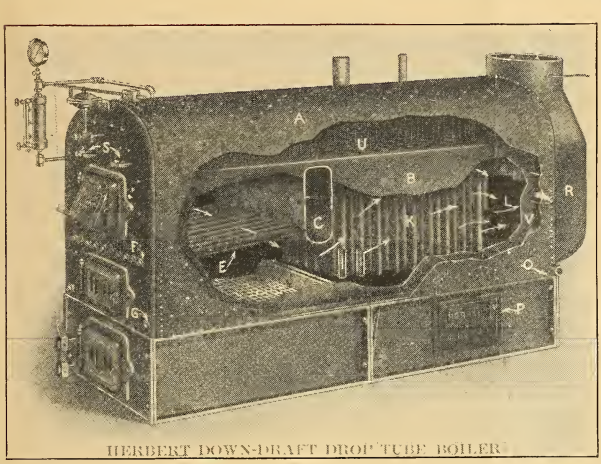

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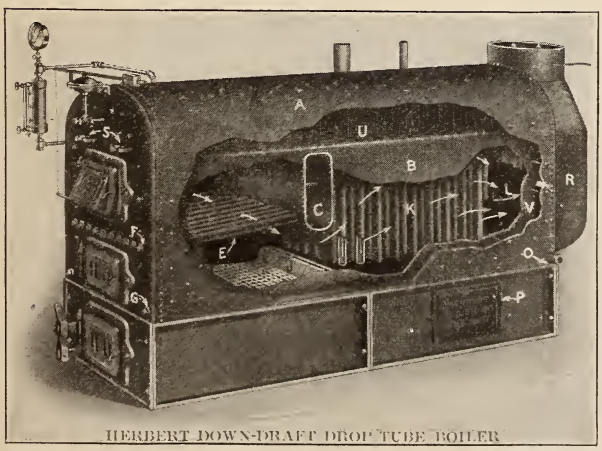

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Chicago's history can not well be printed correctly without there would appear upon the very first page the names of Beaubien and King. Beaubien was the very first white child born in Chicago and King was the first colored child, born a year later. So the lives of the two races are so closely interwoven that needs of one are the needs of the other.

Now, after years of struggle and perplexity, the Negro comes into the active arena to show to the citizens of Chicago his Industry and Thrift. Just a few short years ago, Chicago was a small village, but now ranks second and today her people are counted by the millions and the Negro population is between seventy-five and eighty thousand and proud of its growth.

In every avenue of Commerce and Industry we are standing side by side with the stronger race, with a will and determination to forge to the front and succeed, and as no race of people can live apart from another, we ask for consideration—no favors—expecting to win only on our merit, with this motto:

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Manuscripts, drawings and photographs relating to Negro life and current Negro events desired. When not available and accompanied by necessary postage, they will be returned. All manuscripts must be typewritten.

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The First Settler of Chicago

TO a Negro, a fugitive slave from San Domingo, named Point De Sable, belongs the honor of having been the first settler of Chicago. Of his escape from the island scene of his servitude to the French Settlement of Louisiana and of his subsequent journeying through the well nigh impassable wilderness of the Northwest, nothing is known: but that he was here settled in a cabin at the mouth of the river and leading the life of a trapper in 1779, is fully proven by the attention which is called to his existence in a letter written July 4th of that year by the British Commander of Fort Michilimacinas. Being prominent as a Fur Trader, he drew around him others who sought to obtain a share of the profits to be derived from the business and thus was formed the nucleus of quite a settlement of trappers and traders about the mouth of the river.

The Champion Magazine

Vol. 1 March, 1917 No. 7

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

COLORED CHICAGO

To us in our reflective moments, Chicago is a cold, gray city born of clouds and smoke. She is the feeder of the world and like most feeders, she forgets her esthetic needs. To think of Chicago as we would think of Paris or of the West Side in New York City or even of Boston would be literary folly. Her factories, her mail order houses and her stock yards are her monuments. Her poets and her artists live in the glow of her commercial and social greatness. Chicago could no more produce a Robert Frost than Boston could Carl Sandburg or Vachell Lindsay.

Colored Chicago, like similar communities, is the child of her environment. Her leaders are dreamers who make their dreams realities. The idler has no place in that community. The same spirit that led Point de Sable to build his cabin upon the banks of Lake Michigan has inspired those of this generation to found the first colored theatre, a bank, prosperous real estate brokerages, and to elect their own legislative representatives. Dayton gave us our first representative poet, New York our greatest actors, Maryland our first race leader, Virginia our industrial leaders; and Chicago is to be reckoned with as the city that has evolved the supremely great colored business man.

We desire to see Colored Chicago lift herself out of the slough of esthetic despond and both produce and encourage distinctive Negro literature and art. The same agencies that produced Harriet Monroe's "Poetry" Magazine should go into the highways and the byways and discover those who can best give the world pictures of both the realistic and the emotional side of Negro life in this unique city.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

We have said much concerning economic independence for our race. We see clearly that the safety of the Negro race lies in the development of a distinct nationality. Scattered Ethiopia must be the same as scattered Israel. We must not permit ourselves to be bleached into a Caucasian Americanism, nor must we allow America to become an off-shoot of Ethiopia. And above all, we must not become wards of our nation.

To maintain our self-respect and our integrity we must own the homes we live in, we must own and operate our enterprises and we must maintain without the aid of the other race our churches and philanthropic institutions. We must become traders in the marketplaces, thinkers in the realm of intellectual endeavor and dreamers of our own dreams in order that we may stretch forth our hand and weigh the nations in the balance.

Economic independence does not mean the creation of business institutions that must be maintained at the expense of an endowment. The child that must always be carried will never learn to walk. Work from the bottom of the ladder, obtain your capital by the sweat of your brow and maintain your business by co-operating with your fellowmen. Create your public opinion through an unsubsidized press so that it will be impossible for thieves and masters of deception to enter among you.

If you can maintain such an independence, not only white America but the nations of Europe will bow to you as a race that won its battle through itself.

WHAT OUR RELIGION NEEDS

Religion is something that grows out of racial or national aspirations and necessities. No person of sane judgment would seek to have Confucianism inflicted upon the people of Turkey or Mohammedanism upon the inhabitants of China. Luther's ideals were those of the present German

Empire; Knox gave Scotland a creed as rugged as her Highlands; Thomas Cromwell and John Wesley moulded England into faiths that best typify her home peoples. And this may account for the reason Roman Catholicism is supreme in Ireland, despite the fact that that country is a part of the British Empire.

The American Negro, fifty years removed from bondage and struggling for economic and industrial independence, is in need of a creed that will divorce him from mental slavery. We are too dependent upon the ideals of the Anglo-Saxon; we will never be a race that the world will respect until spiritually, mentally and economically we can rely upon ourselves. Why should we allow our religion to be imbued with ideals that would make us stagnant, or would fasten upon us the chains of economic slavery?

We do not mean to infer that Anglo-Saxon ideals are not proper ideals. Anglo-Saxon ideals are the most progressive ideals of this age, but they are not for a race whose ancestry dates beyond the founding of Egypt and Chaldea and whose original habitat was a tropical region.

The Negro needs a religion that will inspire him to work for himself, to protect himself and to restrain him from what would be weakness in an Occidental country. From a secular standpoint both Booker T. Washington and Dr. DuBois with their different schools of thought supplied it; but such faiths do not penetrate so deeply into the nature of a man as those inspired by his spiritual self.

The Negro is crying for a Mohammed, a Prophet to come forth and give him the Koran of economic and intellectual welfare. Where is he?

BISHOP ALEXANDER WALTERS

THE death of Bishop Alexander Walters is of greater ecclesiastical significance than political. As a churchman, Bishop Walters was in his day the greatest leader in the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Church.

Politically Bishop Walters came into the limelight about four or five years ago, as the leader of those who saw in Woodrow Wilson the second Abraham Lincoln, so far as the American Negro was concerned. His betrayal at the hands of the man for whom he fought, devoutly fought, marks the greatest weakness in the character of our President. None of us will be harsh with Mr. Walters because he thought so well of Wilson, but we will look upon him as we would look upon Cardinal Wolsey in his relationship with Henry VIII. Misplaced confidence does not always signify misplaced trust.

APPOINTING NEGROES TO OFFICE

The good will of any group of people is best held by giving it a part in its own government. The German people love the Kaiser because they have the opportunity to serve in the Reichstag; the British revere the King because they are represented in the House of Commons. So far as the Negro is concerned, America advances one step nearer the reconciliation of the races every time she appoints or elects a man of color to an important position in her government.

Illinois leads in such an honor. Chicago, with her colored alderman, State representatives, County Commissioner, assistants in the offices of the Corporation Counsel and State's Attorney, is one of the most desirable cities racially in the United States. Negro citizens have great confidence in a community that has confidence in them.

Recently Mayor Mitchell of New York City appointed Dr. E. P. Roberts, a prominent Negro physician, to membership on the Board of Education in that city. In doing this Mr. Mitchell has inspired the colored citizens of New York to such an extent that they feel that the schools of Greater New York are as much their schools as their neighbors'. It is a happy stroke and we think that Mayor Mitchell is due congratulations.

WAR

It looks as if the United States may, despite all the efforts of the President and his notes, go to war against Germany. The United States probably has good cause for war, better cause, perhaps, than any of the countries now engaged in the great conflict.

But what will be the attitude of the Negro, a large factor in America's fighting strength, regarding this war? Is he to be like Kipling's "Tommy Atkins," a hero when "there's trouble in the wind" and a footstool when peace is in the air?

It is with reluctance that we must admit that our people have not received proper treatment from the ruling generation. Our blood has stained the battlefields in behalf of the American flag; we have tramped the Mexican deserts on the trail of one who was of our race and lineage. And yet we are segregated and spat upon, lynched as a pastime and forced into crime, prostitution and economic slavery by those for whom we fight.

The quarrel with Germany is a white man's affair. White men have forced it. They sit in the executive department, the congressional halls and in every other branch of American government. The Negro has no voice in making war, whether the South is in the saddle or the North rules with an iron hand.

We daresay that when the tom-toms of war beat, the cry of patriotism is raised and the white men come to the Negro, urging him to fight for his country, the Negro will think. It will be time to think.

AN ODIOUS TITLE

New York will soon present a new play with Willis P. Sweatnam, an ex-minstrel man, as its hero. We do not know what the play is about, save that the Negro is concerned; we do not know if it is another "Clansman" or a production of the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" school. But we do know that the title is both odious and unnecessary. "A Nigger in the Woodpile" is as far fetched as "The Birth of a Nation" was for the Dixon photoplay.

A few years ago Edward Sheldon wrote a play based on the so-called race problem which he unfortunately entitled "The Nigger." Any one who witnessed the production of this virile drama readily understood the satirical use the dramatist made of this opprobious term, but many, including members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, have opposed its presentation under the presumption that owing to its title it was something attacking the interests of the Negro race. The Sheldon drama is the case of a popular appeal for the Negro lost on account of its title.

We ask the influential citizens of New York City to protest to the management against the use of the title, "A Nigger in the Woodpile." No one cares to have such terms as "dago" and "sheeney" preserved in the titles of Broadway productions. Then why allow the word "nigger" to be paraded?

THE NEGRO'S ATTITUDE TOWARD ROBERT E. LEE

Of course most of those who can boast the possession of Negro blood have not so kindly a feeling for Robert E. Lee, the Confederate Commander, as the white South or even the white North. This prejudice is due of course to Lee's position as military defender of the old slave order. His name conjures up the scenes of Gettysburg, Rappahanock, and Appomattox, the bold attempt to prolong slavery and the execution of John Brown.

It is natural that we will not look upon him as we do Lincoln and Grant. But we can at least have charity for a man who had as good a heart for the black people as any of the conservative leaders of his day. He believed in education for the Negro and in the wage system for both races. He did what he could in his way to make the racial life of his community better.

Contrast his attitude with that of our propagandist element, our Vardamans and our Tillmans, and you will find that he was far in advance of them. We would not place a halo, or even a laurel upon the brows of the Confederate soldier, but we will at least think of him as one who though he fought for an unjust cause would have given us as freedmen an economic opportunity.

VICTORY

Here, Winter waged his fight
Here, was his camp of white
Here sent he forth
Wild winds that carried fright
Yonder he goes in flight
Back to the North!

Spring's harbingers are here
There is a shout, a cheer,
Far echoes ring
Where Winter swung his knife
Now is the camp of life
Ho, for the Spring!

—Will H. Hendrickson.

A Review of Colored Chicago

Colored Chicago's population, estimated conservatively, is from seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand, about as many as dwell in Harlem, the leading Negro community in New York City, and about as many Colored people as live in any of the big cities of the East. Numerically, Colored Chicago, the birthplace of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* is not so great, but from the standpoint of achievement she holds her own.

Due to her location, she receives her greatest influx from the central and western parts of the Southland. The extraordinary good will that exists between the races in Chicago is the chief lure for the migration of men and women who could do as well or better in an extremely segregated community. Chicago has always been a city willing to give a square deal to her citizens and save for adverse sentiment caused by one or two daily newspapers controlled by the Bourbon type of Southerner, the few isolated cases of race oppression would have never occurred.

The bulk of Chicago's Colored population is to be found on the South Side, chiefly in the section between Twenty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Streets and Cottage Grove Avenue and La Salle Street. State Street is the main business street and Thirty-Fifth Street, the centre. The West Side is the second largest Colored district.

Political Status

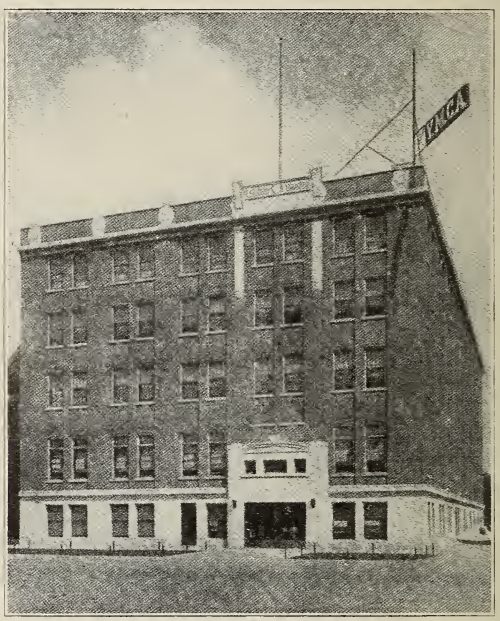
The strength of the Colored people of Chicago politically lies in their aggressiveness. When a Colored Chicagoan wants something he gets it. Today, he has two representatives in the State Legislature, one alderman, and assistants in the offices of the State's Attorney, and the Corporation Counsel, and the State's Attorney General. There have been several Colored men elected at different times to membership on the County Board.

The Second Ward is the nucleus of political strength so far as the Negro race in Chicago is concerned. It is represented in the City Council by Oscar DePriest, who has the distinction of being the first of African descent to hold such an honor in this city. The Second Ward is part of both the First and Third Districts, which are represented respectively by Benjamin H. Lucas and Major Robert R. Jackson. A few of those holding positions of political preferment are Edward H. Wright, Louis B. Anderson, Adelbert H. Roberts and others.

Business Development

The most striking feature of Colored Chicago's progress is her business development. She has gradually moulded her system of demand and supply into a machine of capable Colored merchants.

Along State Street in the Second Ward is



Wabash Avenue Y. M. C. A.

to be found the bulk of Negro business. The Wallace Baking Company, the Pullman Polish Company, and the Griffin Music House demonstrate the diversity of Negro enterprises. They are merely names we have casually selected out of a long list of Colored mercantile organizations.

The most unique of all the Chicago business institutions, founded upon Negro brains and capital is the Overton Hygienic Company with Anthony J. Overton at its head. It supplies the country with beauty preparations and baking powders, and has a very large and capable force in both Chicago and on the road. The Griffin Music House and the Frank Gale Piano Company are two Colored enterprises that are successfully making a business out of every branch of music.

In real estate brokerage, Chicago has a large number of Colored men, who have gradually made their field of activity the foremost in the commerce of their race. A few well known real estate brokers are Jesse Binga, DePriest and DePriest, Adolphus C. Harris, Anderson & Terrell, Henry T. Wells, William G. Robinson, and Chas. D. Travis. A few of those of African descent owning a large amount of Chicago real estate are Elijah H. Johnson, George H. Jackson, Edward H. Morris, Joe Jordan, Mrs. Eva Jenifer and others.

It has been truly said that the Colored people of Chicago live in better residences than in any other city in the country. The real estate men of their race have through their aggressiveness, and foresight, opened up magnificent apartment houses and private residences to their patrons of Color. The Negro keeps up with the standard of living and takes advantage of every opportunity to better his condition.

There are several restaurants along State Street owned by Colored people. William Harrison has the most pretentious. Many barber shops of voluptuous appeal are to be found on or near State Street. Goins and Buckner and J. Jones are perhaps the most popular and are certainly elaborately equipped. The express and transfer business holds her own among the Colored people of Chicago. In Evanston, a suburb, Henry Butler, a Negro, has amassed a fortune of about one hundred thousand dollars in this business and owns two large warehouses. In Chicago, the Leach Storage & Warehouse Company, B. H. Johnson, Bomar & Son, R. C. Dorth, the Murray Brothers Transfer Company, and Bacon & Sons are doing a thriving business.

Other well known business men and women and institutions are William Adams, the tailor; Bertha Hensley, the modiste; Mayme Clinkscale, Rosa Morgan and Madeline MacFarland, milliners; Grinnell, the baker; W. E. North, the jeweler; P. I. Scott, optometrist; Rankin & White, and George Porter, pharmacists; W. D. Hayes, the stationer; the Fraternal Press, the Crystal Printing Company, Harry Robinson and S. C. White, the printer.

Such activities, naturally, must have a center for the exchange of currency. Three banks make a special appeal to the business men of Colored Chicago, but the most unique of all of them is the Binga Bank, the only institution of its kind in the Northwest. This bank is the result of the genius of Jesse C. Binga.

The Professions

The professions thrive well in this city. They are to be divided into three groups: 1. Medical. 2. Law. 3. Theological. The medical group is undoubtedly the largest. Every year Chicago adds to her list of Colored practitioners.

Her most noted surgeon is Dr. Daniel H. Williams, who is known far and wide as the first of any race to be able to sew the arteries of the human heart. The best known physicians are U. G. Dailey, George C. Hall, Reginald Smith, Wilberforce Williams, F. S. Willis, Leonard Lewis, A. A. Wesley, M. A. Majors, and R. N. Arthurton. The dentists are Charles E. Bentley, Albert C. Johnson, Harry Garnes, Norwood Thorne, C. L. Lewis, Olive Henderson Officer and others.

In law, we have Edward H. Morris, who has amassed a large fortune through the practice of his profession. Col. Franklin A. Dennison, B. F. Mosely, F. L. Barnett, S. L. Williams, O. C. Granady, William Cotter, Chester De Armond, George W. Ellis, Richard N. Westbrooks, F. S. McIntyre, Jerry Brumfield, Walter M. Farmer, S. B. Turner and S. A. T. Watkins are a few of the leaders in the profession.

The December number of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* had such a brilliant survey of the churches, written by an associate in the editorial department, that we will not dwell upon that feature. We will mention the names of some of the pastors and churches our associate overlooked. St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church with Dr. J. W. Robinson, as pastor; St. Monica's Roman Catholic Church with Rev. Joseph Morris, as rector; Berean Baptist Church with Dr. W. D. Braddon, as pastor; St. John's Baptist Church with Rev. F. L. Mc Coo, as pastor, and the Hope Presbyterian Church.

The religious life of Colored Chicago does not hold the supremacy of fifteen or twenty years ago. The growth of the amusement field and the lack of co-operation on the part of certain church leaders alienated a large portion of the younger element in Colored Chicago. The idea exemplified in the Institutional Church, founded by Dr. Reverdy C. Ransom is the corner stone for any church that desires to attract the young Negro.

Literature

The Negro race en masse is just beginning to demonstrate its ability to create a literature. The Reconstruction oratory, the

Dunbar vogue and the launching of the journalistic type of magazine, have moulded the black men of America into a group prepared for good creative work. No city is ready as yet to assume the leadership, but if called upon Colored Chicago can give an account of her writers that will compare with that of any other community.

In the historical field, we have John R. Lynch, George W. Ellis, and William H. Ferris, an Associate Editor of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE*. Major Lynch is author of "Facts of Reconstruction," an authentic record of the Reconstruction Period by one of its foremost leaders. It is the best answer to the Dixon falsehoods that has ever been published. George W. Ellis is the author of Studies of West Africa that ranks with the best contemporary literature of its kind. He is also a prolific contributor to educational magazines. William H. Ferris is the author of "The African Abroad," a two volume study of the Negro historically and philosophically.

Chicago has not yet produced a Colored novelist. In the field of the short story, Patrick Prescott is doing creditable work. Two other promising writers in that field are Eloise Davis Carey and Virgil Cook. In poetry we have the Editor of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE*, William Moore, Alfred Anderson, W. H. Hendrickson and others. The editor is author of three volumes of verse.

Journalism

In journalism Colored Chicago ranks high. She has three magazines and three weekly newspapers. Her longest lived newspaper was the Chicago Conservator, founded by F. L. Barnett and edited for several years by his distinguished wife, Ida B. Wells Barnett. It lived over thirty years, its last editor being the Rev. Dr. A. J. Carey.

Its successor is *The Chicago Defender,* founded by R. S. Abbott in 1907. It was the first and only two-cent weekly Chicago has ever had. In 1910, the five-cent policy was instituted and after a brave fight, it succeeded in establishing the largest circulation of any Colored newspaper in the country. The managing editor is Frank L. Young, the city editor, Cary B. Lewis, associate editor, Alfred Anderson and the business Manager, Phil Jones.

The Chicago Broadax, edited by Julius F. Taylor, began its career in Salt Lake City. Since 1900 it has been a permanent fixture in Chicago and has waged many valiant battles in behalf of the race. Its deep sincerity has won the editor a high place among honest, independent journalists.

The Illinois Idea, edited by S. B. Turner, is a newspaper whose chief merit is its conservatism. It was founded in 1914 and has lived to see its editor a member of the Illinois Legislature. The *Idea* is valued as a newspaper of strict reliability.

Some of the prominent newspaper workers are Sylvester Russell, W. Allison Sweeney, Tony Langston and A. N. Fields. The two magazines are *The Pullman Porter's Review* and the *Half Century Magazine.*

Music and Musicians

In the field of music Colored Chicago is supreme. She has more musicians and greater musical interest than any similar community.

She has three musical schools, the Coleridge Taylor Musical College with Prof. Samuel I. Lee as president is the most representative institution of its kind in Chicago. The faculty is composed of the leading musicians of all branches and the instruction ranks high. The Jackson Music School and the Azalia Hackley Conservatory of Music are the others, both doing remarkable work.

Some of the leading vocalists are Anita Patti Brown, Maude J. Roberts, Martha B. Anderson, Antoinette Smythe, Pauline Lee, Dalpha Boger, Willa Sloane, M. Calloway Byron, George R. Garner, Jr., Marie Burton-Hyram, Andrew J. Childress, Euphemia Osborne, Charles E. Reese and others. The violinists are Harrison Emanuel, Clarence Lee, Charles Elgar, Sinclair White Tyler. A few of the best known pianists are T. Theodore Taylor, W. Emanuel Johnson, M. Gertrude Jackson, David B. Peyton, Jr., Sumner Byron, Walter E. Gossette, Mrs. Ida Stovall, Miss Nannie Strayhorn, Blanche Logan and Hilbert Stewart.

Out of Chicago have come many composers of Color. DeKoven Thompson has been the most successful in music not founded upon either African or American Negro melody. His "If I Forget" was featured by Madame Schumann Heink. B. Consuelo Cook is the composer of a ballad, "The Lost Summer," that is now a part of Schumann Heink's repertoire. In ragtime and Negro melody, the names of Joe Jordan and Shelton Brooks stand above the rest. Jordan's most successful song was "Sweetie Dear," for which Will Marion Cook wrote the lyric and Brooks is

responsible for "Some of These Days" and "Walking the Dog."

Artists

Chicago has contributed her mite to the achievements of the Negro in art. The January number of *THE CHAMPION MAGAZINE* contains a very comprehensive review of the life and work of William A. Harper, the greatest landscape painter of the race who received his training at the Chicago Art Institute and who did his best work in Chicago. During the period that Mr. Harper was a student at the Institute, he was a classmate of Jesse C. Stubbs. Although he has not achieved the fame of Harper, Mr. Stubbs has done some very creditable work.

Other Chicago artists are Thomas Downes, Francis L. Holmes, William Farrow, Georgia Osby, Charles Dawson, Lucile Annis, Tom Terrell, and Floyd Willis. William S. Scott, who is considered by many as second only to Tanner, received his American training at the Chicago Art Institute, and is closely associated with the Colored artists of Chicago.

In China painting, Margaret Anderson and Nora Lee and Ethel Worthington have been very successful. As cartoonists, Fon Holly and Louis N. Hoggart have received a measure of recognition. Mr. Hoggart is cartoonist on a Michigan daily.

Philanthropic Institutions

Considering the fact that recently a branch of the National League on Urban Conditions among Negroes was established in Chicago, it is well to take passing notice of the philanthropic institutions for Colored people in Chicago.

The Provident Hospital, founded by Dr. Daniel Hale Williams, is one of the leading hospitals in the country. It has a large staff of Colored practitioners and nurses, and other modern requirements for such an institution. The early philanthropists interested in the launching of the hospital were the late Phillip H. Armour and Dr. Webster.

The Wabash Avenue Young Men's Christian Association is housed in a One Hundred Thousand Dollar building with facilities for dormitory life, library, dining room, gymnasium and class rooms. The chief donor of this institution was Julius N. Rosenwald, chief executive of Sears, Roebuck & Company, the largest mail order house in the world.

The Home for the Colored Aged and Infirm, founded by Gabrielle Smith, is located on one of the boulevards. It is maintained through the efforts of a board, and is one of the worthiest institutions colored people have established.

Perhaps, the most unique of all of them is the Phyllis Wheatley Home for Self-Supporting Women. This institution was founded by and maintained through the efforts of Colored club women. It houses and protects Colored girls who are strangers in the city, but who are seeking honest employment. All the money for the support of this home has come from the pockets of the Colored people.

The Amanda Smith Home is an orphanage in Harvey, Illinois, which the late Amanda Smith, the great evangelist, founded. It has long filled the wants of the people regarding the fatherless and motherless.

Chicago has many social settlements for Colored people. The Frederick Douglass Centre, founded by Celia Parker Wooley, can be described appropriately as "the meeting place of white and black." The intellectual element of both races come to the Centre to discuss the welfare of the Negro and to settle differences. The Negro Fellowship League, founded by Mrs. Ida B. Wells Barnett, the famous anti-lynching propagandist, is established to do service among the young men on State Street. It maintains a reading room and an employment bureau.

PROMINENT CHICAGO NEGROES OF EARLY DAYS

The fact is not generally known that some of the Colored residents of Chicago have lived here from sixty to sixty-five years, and that there are many now living here who are the descendants of those who lived here before 1850. There is an unusually large number of Colored people here who were born in Chicago, fifty years ago. Before the Civil War, a few hundred Colored people settled on the South Side of Chicago. In 1890, this number had increased to 11,000. In 1900, it had increased to nearly 20,000. Many of the old settlers of Chicago were former slaves. In the early days of the 20th century, a very unique society was organized by Mrs. Ida McIntosh Dempsey, called the Colored Old Settlers' Club of Chicago. Its enrollment was 300 members and included those who had lived here before the great fire of 1871. The club met at the homes of its various members once a month.

Mrs. Mary Jones, who came to Chicago in 1845, the wife of John J. Jones, Mrs. Rebecca D. Boone, who came in 1863, were the leading spirits in the society of the Colored Old Set-

tlers of Chicago. Some of the prominent members were Mrs. Ida M. Dempsey, Robert C. Waring, Nancy Smith, Mrs. Valetta Winslow Drisden, Mrs. Rachel C. Grant, Lewis Isbelle, J. H. Wekly, Mrs. Charlotte Knighten, George F. Ecton, Hattie W. Perry, Carrie Jenkins Skinner, Sarah B. Reed and others.

Lewis Isbelle was the senior member of this

John J. Jones, Pioneer Citizen

society. He had lived in Chicago since 1824. Soon after Chicago was incorporated as a city, Colored men established themselves in various lines of business. J. F. Platt was lumber dealer. Jary Gray owned the first hair store; John J. Jones was the first tailor; Ambrose and Jackson opened the first restaurant. George W. Mead was the first caterer; Miss Eliza J. Campbell was the first Colored school teacher who was appointed in the public schools here. Miss Nellie Mann was the first Colored graduate of the public schools of Chicago. Rev. Abram T. Hall, Rev. Aeneas McIntosh and Rev. John B. Dawson were prominent Colored clergymen in the early days. Colored men even in the early days filled positions acceptable in large firms. William Proctore was employed by the First National Bank for more than a third of a century. Samuel H. Bond was employed by a State Street jewelry firm for more than twenty-five years. William H. Curd served in the office of the United States Collector of Customs for over twenty-five years. Dilliard W. Dempsey was employed at the Chicago Post Office; Richard E. and Joseph W. Moore served with the Adams Express Company thirty-three years, and John J. Jones was employed by the Northwestern Railway for many years. These were so loyal to the trust reposed in them. These were all members of the society known as the Old Settlers' Club.

In 1900, Chicago had her mascot. She was "Aunt Jane Allen," who was a woman of noble character. She was born a slave, in 1820, and at the age of 80 years was still hale and hearty. She wore a red bandana turban and checked gingham apron. For nearly half a century she supported herself by selling gingham aprons which she made and carried about in a basket.

Joseph Hudlin, who was employed by the Board of Trade for forty years, purchased a piece of property on 51st Street from State to Dearborn in the early days, when the only transportation to the city was the Chicago and Rock Island R. R.

George Alexander, who owned a large tract of land, running east of Rhodes Avenue to Cottage Grove Avenue, was another pioneer. Moses Arnold was head waiter of the prominent hotels.

John J. Jones was a clothing dealer who came from the South. He kept a large clothing store on Dearborn Street, and prospered in business and amassed considerable property. He was the first man of color elected as County Commissioner.

Mr. Martin French came from Kentucky. The father kept a large grocery store on the West Side. Mr. French was very enterprising, his children were bright and ambitious.

These are some of the colored men of the ante bellum days who by their intelligence, thrift, industry and character built up small fortunes, established reputations and paved the way for the privileges and the liberties which the people of Chicago now enjoy. The opportunities are greater now, and the competition is keener. But, it remains for the trained and the equipped Negro of the present day to measure up to the requirements of his day and generation as the pioneers measured up to theirs.

We Pride in Our Defense

8th Regiment I. N. G.

Officers

Col. Franklin A. Denison
Lieut. Col. James H. Johnson

Majors

Robert R. Jackson
Otis B. Duncan
Charles R. Hunt

Adjutant General

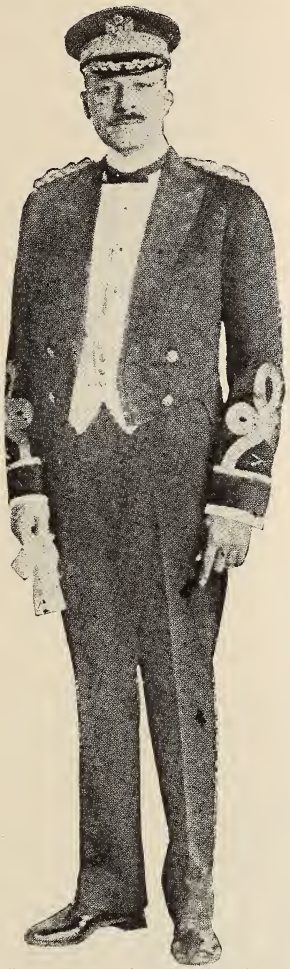
John H. Patton

Quartermaster

James S. Nelson

Captains

Stewart Betts
Stuart Alexander
James H. Smith
Benjamin Pinkney
Clinton Hill
Pusey D. Arnett
Wadsworth Holmes
Rufus M. Stokes
Robert P. Byrd
Ivan C. Harper
Will H. Beeler
Arthur Williams



Col. Franklin A. Denison

The 8th regiment of the Illinois National Guards was organized by a few men with patriotic impulses. This organization is unique in that it is the only one of its kind in America commanded throughout by colored officers. Prior to 1898, the year war was declared against Spain, the "8th" was known in 1891 as the Ninth Battalion of the Illinois National Guard. From the history of the 8th by Messrs. McCard and Turnley, it appears that the struggles of the men to get proper military training were many. "For seven years, the Ninth Battalion was the Negro's West Point. Nothing marked their Freshman, Sophmore and Junior years, save many nights of hard drill, several brilliant parades, and now and then, a solemn march when a comrade was borne to his final resting place." They actually picked up their military training, but the thoroughness of their training was shown beyond question when they answered the country's call to Cuba. In 1899, the Ninth Battalion went to Cuba to relieve the First Illinois of Chicago, which was melting away before the onslaughts of the terrible Cuban fevers in the trenches around Santiago. It was the first time in the history of America that a colored regiment fighting for Uncle Sam was to be officered by men of his own race. It was an experiment. But it was a success. The gallant boys of the "Eighth" went willingly to Cuba to relieve their fellow comrades of the First, who were dying in the trenches, and they showed the spirit of their ancestors, Crispus Attucks, Peter Salem, and the heroes of all the other wars, who made themselves active in the civic affairs of the oppressed Cubans.

About three years ago, the members of the 8th felt that a new building was needed. Believing that God helps those who help themselves, the officers of the regiment headed a subscription fund to buy a piece of ground and eventually build an armory. Three efforts were made to get a suitable location. The first purchase was made at 39th and Wabash Avenue, the second at 35th and Rhodes, and the third at Forest Avenue near 35th Street. They were unable to build on either one of the first two on account of bitter opposition. Their present location and the building they occupy compares favorably with any in the country. It cost approximately $140,000 which was largely appropriated by the State.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Young Women's Christian Association is one of our youngest local organizations. It was organized March 10th, 1914, by Mrs. Eva Jenifer in her home at 3430 Vernon Avenue. Associated with her were Dr. Fannie Emanuel, Mrs. George Hall, Mrs. W. D. Cook, Mrs. N. C. Callis, Mrs. Cornelia Curl Maxwell and Mrs. Alberta Smith. The Association supplied a long felt need, and met with a generous response from the public.

After nearly two years of self-sacrificing work by the members, the building which is now occupied at 3424 Rhodes Avenue, was secured and practical work was begun, by

housing and giving home life at a reasonable cost to the young women who are working girls, students or strangers seeking the higher ideals which the Y. W. C. A. offers.

Eighteen months ago the Association became the branch of the parent Association at 830 Michigan Avenue, which has been exceedingly liberal in the support of the work. Recently it employed Miss Edna H. Cook, the present secretary. Five of their most influential members are members of our Board of Managers.

There is no licensed employment bureau but the Association has placed numbers of young women in good positions. We come in contact with individuals of such diverse character and different needs that it means much at times to attempt to meet the situation. In many instances applicants are in no way fitted to fill any position offered as they have not been trained to be helpful to themselves or others. Many come to Chicago from distant parts, having been impressed with the idea that if they could only get here a means of livelihood would immediately present itself. But by no means are all our applicants untrained workers.

The years have been busy ones, but as time goes on and the work grows and becomes better known, the opportunities for service also increase. The Association has experienced many unusual cases this year, some of which must have been sent by Divine Providence to this place of safety.

The family group at present is composed of girls who are employed as dressmakers, maids, stenographers, music teachers, students and one city employee. The girls have organized themselves into a House Club with Miss Sophia Boaz, president.

We are renting our building of eighteen rooms which is especially adapted for the purpose. It is centrally located and convenient to two car lines. We are looking forward to the time when the community will give the work such support that we will be able to erect a new building in keeping with the needs of the Y. W. C. A. in this great city.

Miss Edna Cook, the secretary, is a graduate of Howard University, Washington, D. C., with the degree of A. B. She taught biology and English at Wilberforce for two years, took the regular training course for Y. W. C. A. secretaries, and was secretary of the Yates Branch, Y. W. C. A., Kansas City.

Y. W. C. A. Building

COLONEL JOHN R. MARSHALL

Col. John R. Marshall, the first Negro commissioned a Colonel in the United States, is one of the best known and most prominent men in the country; a man who has had many kinds of honors showered upon him and who has accomplished many things for the race; a man who is at all times, modest and unassuming. Col. Marshall was born in Alexandria, Va., in 1861. Having received a common school education in that city, he entered Hampton Institute in 1874, at which place he learned the bricklayer's trade. He came to Chicago about 36 years ago, a young man, and worked at his trade until 1894, when he was appointed in the County Clerk's office where he remained until war was declared against Spain. Being commissioned Colonel by Gov. John R. Tanner, in June, 1898, he rendered service during the Spanish-American war with his regiment of 1,400 strong and received many honors while on the island. He was appointed Deputy Sheriff of Cook County, the first and only colored man ever appointed to this position in Cook County.

The 8th Regiment Armory is the monument of his great work and achievements. He has been active at all times in the interest of his race and recently was unanimously elected as an officer in the House of Representatives—a position that is only awarded the state's most prominent citizens.

Colonel Marshall is one of the founders of the Appomattox Club, a Pythian and Mason of high standing. When he retired as Colonel of the 8th regiment, he was Senior Colonel in the State of Illinois.

PROVIDENT HOSPITAL AND TRAINING SCHOOL—CHICAGO, ILL.

By Alfred Anderson

PROVIDENT HOSPITAL and its Training School for Nurses have been in successful operation a little over a quarter of a century. The institution was founded through the united efforts of a few earnest Colored men. A building at the corner of Twenty-ninth and Dearborn Streets was rented, 14 beds were installed and its mission of caring for the sick poor regardless of race or creed was inaugurated.

In its early days it passed through gloomy and anxious periods. Several times it looked as though the doors would have to be closed, but renewed and sustained efforts on the part of the Trustees averted the calamity. The men who founded the institution were poor. The race it most sought to benefit is the humblest and most ostracized of races, yet the earnest and heroic struggles to maintain the institution won the confidence of many of Chicago's foremost men.

The splendid generosity of Phillip D. Armour, Nathan M. Freer, Herman H. Kohlsaat, George M. Pullman, George H. Webster, and others, made it possible to build and maintain a hospital which in administration, method, equipment, appointments, and convenience is equal to the best in Chicago. An idea of the value this institution has been to the community is partially shown in the last annual report, which gives the number of in-patients treated to date as 17,689 and the number of out-patients, 223,200. This vast number is exclusive of those taken care of by the Visiting Nurse Department.

Provident Hospital was founded with a subscription of $350.00. Today it represents an outlay of more than $100,000.00, and upon the property there is no incumbrance whatever. Notwithstanding the most rigid economy there is, however, an annual deficit of about $3,500 due to the fact that fully one-third of the patients pay absolutely nothing for the services rendered them. To meet this deficit an urgent appeal is made to the friends of the institution and no man, woman, or child, is too poor to contribute their mite to such a worthy cause. The institution is big and broad in its scope, it caters to no nationality, sect, or creed alone, but all are welcome within its doors. The Board of Trustees is composed of men of both races; the Medical Staff is also so constituted; while

frequently seventy-five per cent of the patients are other than colored.

The main object of Provident Hospital is to train young Colored women in the art of nursing. When the hospital was opened, no general training school for nurses in America would receive Colored women as students. It was then practically impossible for these women to be trained in the art of scientific nursing. To meet this condition, the training school was founded, the hospital being in fact a means to this end. As might be inferred there was a great deal of prejudice at first against the Colored nurse, but by their great patience, self-denying interest and earnest work, they brushed it all aside and now are more sought after than their white sisters; and their compensation is the same. Thus they have not only fixed their own future but that of the hospital.

Something over one hundred and fifty young women have left the institution fully prepared to enter the nursing profession. These nurses have hailed from nearly every state in the Union, from Canada, the West Indies, and Poland; they have found verdant fields in every part of the country. That they compare more than favorably with nurses of other institutions is attested by the fact that here in Chicago, where competition is the keenest, not one but every nurse who took the city, county, or state examinations passed with flying colors, many heading a list of seventy-five or more.

Through the social service department, the Hospital has been able to enter into a closer relationship with the patients. The social service nurse visits all worthy poor in the district in which the hospital is located, secures employment when that is needed, and, by application to charitable organizations, provides some of the necessities of life—food, clothing, coal and ice. She follows up all cases treated in the hospital which warrant such action, gives special attention to the babies, and instructs the mothers in the proper care of their infants. During the holidays hundreds of poor children are entertained at the Dispensary, and each one is given toys, candy, clothing and refreshments. In summer the children are taken out occasionally to the parks and given an airing, the doctors and business men donating their automobiles for the purpose. Over one-third of these children had to be clothed and furnished with shoes before they could attend the picnic.

A glance at the annual report of the hospital, with its detailed account of its various activities, would convince the most skeptical that it should hold a warm place in our hearts, and receive our fullest support. To those who can contribute but a penny it should be their pleasure to do so, to those with means the following is suggested—$10,000 endows a room. The endower may name the room. He may designate one sick patient at a time who shall be entitled to have full hospital service in the room. He may appoint another by will or otherwise who shall have the same right of designation. $5,000 endows a bed. The endower may designate one sick person at a time who shall be entitled to full hospital service in a ward. $250 supports a bed for one year. The contributor may from time to time during the year designate a free patient. $250 paid at one time entitles the contributor to life membership. $10 annually entitles one to associate membership. Standard always kept—to the best.

With only a very small endowment the work accomplished by Provident Hospital shows conservative management, and indicates how much more might be accomplished with ample means. It is an object lesson not only to the 70,000 Colored people in Chicago but to those in every part of the country, who are struggling upward, teaching that the best hope of rising lies in doing a thing well.

Phyllis Wheatley Home

Yesterday and Today

I had a dream not all a dream. I thought
An oldish man and gentle sat him down
To think and ponder on the ways of life
And live awhile amidst the yesteryears.
His brow was furrowed and his voice was low,
His beard was hoary like the chilling frost;
But yet his eyes were kindly, and I thought
A sad sweet smile lay bedded in their depth.
And, then, a little fairy came and stood
Close by his side—a sweet and lovely child,
With dimpled cheeks; with round and rosy lips,
Black curling hair and darkly tender eyes.
Spring tingles thru her supple limbs. She leans
With perfect pose upon the aged arm.
They make a picture—an artist's dream.
Here might a sculptor find his heart's desire;
Here might a poet find his richest theme
On Love and Youth and Beauty, Age and Death.

* * * * * * *

"And who are thou?" the old man softly asked
As gently to his side she hovered near.
"Some call me Youth; I call myself Today.
Now who art thou?"
He answered: "Yesterday.
And what thy wish, my bonnie, little dear,
Why dost thou leave thy childish play to come,
And, with bewitching smile and gentle touch,
Make 'Yesterday' do homage to 'Today'?"
"I have a book," she said, "of mysteries
And mystic page I cannot understand;
I pray that thou wouldst take the book and read
That I might learn the wisdom which it holds."

* * * * * * *

Quoth Yesterday: "This is the Book of Life.
Long have I read its strange and mystic page.
Each day I read a page and turn anew
To find a Truth I never knew before.
But this I read for thee:
Preserve thy youth
And beauty if thou wouldst attain the heights
Of happiness and live to riper years
Free from the dire infirmities of age.
Preserve thy health insured against ill luck
And pitfalls which no human may foresee;
Strive with religious and painstaking care
To be all that in nature thou canst be.
Preserve thy name of goodness and beware
Of snares and evils which beset thy ways;
Waste not thy substance, work and ever save—
This be thy motto: 'Health and Virtue First.'
Thus reads the Book of Life which thou hast brought.
Attend it well and thou shalt happy be;
Keep every precept which thou findest here.
This is the part of Wisdom and Life.

—Welborn Victor Jenkins.

Youth

By Eloise Davis Carey

A SUMMER'S twilight cast its spell of passion and of dreams over France. Far out across the broad campagna the lights of Paris twinkled, flickered, went out and then flared up again more brilliant than ever, telling in symbol the story of the throb and ache and fire in Paris' heart.

Angelé sat at her casement window brushing out her thin streaked hair and watching the steady patch of light that lay upon her garden walk, and she knew that in the next room a boy sat, weaving life into a tale of his fancy. Suddenly, from afar, she caught the sounds of music and the strains of the Marseillaise. Nearer the music came and louder grew shouts of "Vive la France!"

Breathless Angelé listened; then she arose, opened wide her lattice and looked out. Below her men were walking, running, stumbling, throwing up their hats, flinging their arms about, beating upon their breasts, shaking their heads into manes and crying out, "Vive la France!" The wildest of them they bore upon their shoulders, up the high steps of the church. There he stood and shrieked something about Alsace—something about Lorraine, which they could not hear, but tumultuously applauded. And then they bore him down upon their shoulders and carried him on toward Paris, still shouting the Marseillaise and crying "Vive la France!"

"Mon Dieu!" breathed Angelé, as she quickly shut her lattice.

Noiselessly she slipped out of her room and down the hall. Softly she opened a door and stood watching the boy. His back was to her. He was leaning far out of his window, gazing fixedly toward the great city, whither the mob was on its way. Then suddenly he turned and snatched up his hat. But when he saw Angelé he stopped and looked at her, wistfully confused.

"It means war, Rostand," she said, gently.

"Yes; it's war, Angelé," he replied.

"But you're not going out to war, Rostand," she said in her accustomed tone, half pleading, half commanding. "There is other work for you. You shall serve France, be not afraid; you shall serve France well. See, the wind plays havoc with your play, and you must have it—you have promised—pour le theatre Brilliante."

The boy sheepishly bowed his head and then answered sullenly in his usual manner of compromise.

"I'm not going with the mob, Angelé. I—I'm going out to see Marie."

Back to her own room Angelé hurried. Deftly she threw up her graying hair and over her shoulders drew a long dark cloak. She knew well the trysting place. It was under a wide spreading cherry tree at the foot of the terrace. She would not have that senseless young thing sending her boy out to suffering and mutilation and death. Rostand was dear to her as no son could have been—because a son could not have shared her childhood. The mother had had cares and children enough. Rostand had been hers. Together they had gone out into the fields and listened to the songs of the reapers. They had watched the cherry blooms burst in the Spring, and had tasted the first strawberry that peeped red and luring in its yellow bed. Together they had searched for the sweet primrose. Rostand had been large enough to lisp and she had been a girl in her first teens, but they had gone out together under the stars and counted the lights of the Dipper, and the Bear, and had seen Orion with his bright-edged belt and gleaming sword.

"But," she had told him with an intuitive doubt in her heart, "you never see the blade, Rostand. Orion keeps it sheathed."

And Rostand had understood. She had kept very near to that younger brother, and day after day had watched the growing of a spirit delicate and true and sweet. Angelé loved him for that, and she would not have that spirit seared by the horrors of war. Stealthily she crept along in the half darkness, hiding her face in her cloak. Down the steep terrace she slipped and crouched among the mulberry bushes close to the cherry tree.

Rostand soon came walking slowly, with his head bent pensively and muffled in his cloak.

It was not long before Marie came, too, swinging jauntily along, her black hair twining about her face in live tendrils, and from her swelling throat rang out clear and sweet on the twilight air:

"Allons enfants de la patrie. Le jour de gloire est arrive," with springy, rhythmic step and head thrown high she passed the cherry tree.

Rostand stepped out of the shadow.

"Marie," he called in a low voice.

"Marie," he said, "will you not stay? It is I."

The girl stopped and then came slowly toward him in feigned surprise.

"Is it you, Rostand Cuvier?" she taunted. "Is it indeed you, Mon Chevalier?"

The boy bowed his head in silence.

"It is not time to stay," she went on, "when Paris and all France are running to the Marseillaise. You coward!"

A white thing struck Rostand upon the mouth and fell to the ground. He stood watching it as it lay—a white, soft thing—her glove. He drew the back of his hand across his mouth. His lip was cut and bleeding. Then he stooped and picked up the glove. It was from her left hand, and from the third finger a solitary gleamed forth.

Angelé hastened back to her room. Soon after she heard Rostand come in, walking very slowly. He did not come to bid her "bon soir," and she missed the light from his window shining out upon the garden walk.

All the next day Rostand kept to his room, intently weaving the thread of his play. Angelé looked silently in upon him and was troubled. This was the tense, feverish working of a young mind ill at ease.

Dusk came and the light from the boy's window shone out into the garden, steady and clear.

Angelé slipped like a phantom out of the house into the fields and down the steep terrace. She drew Rostand's soft hat far down over her eyes and muffled deep in the dark cloak a face set in masculine lines of determination. Long she waited, fearing lest her plans prove vain.

A girl came out of the distance, singing a song that was full and clear and sweet. She came with every limb lithely attuned to her song, and the winds played at the ends of the thin stuff that draped her bare shoulders.

"Marie," called a voice from the shadow of the cherry tree, "Marie, stay; I must speak with you."

"I care not for what you have to say, Rostand Cuvier," the girl flung back. "Go sit at home and spin with your old sister while the men of France go forth to war."

A low branch snapped from the cherry tree and fell full across the girl's veiled shoulders. There was a gasping cry of pain and the cloaked figure caught her firmly in its arms and kissed her brow.

"Yes, go home, you beautiful young thing of fire," it said, "and learn to love men for their gentleness."

Rostand sat with his head bowed upon his arms. He had dotted the last "i" and crossed the last "t." They would have his play for le theatre Brilliante. But—he was very weary.

Suddenly there was the sound of music. Again "Marchez, marchez, qui 'un sang impur!"

The boy sprang to the window. Sure enough, the mob was coming. They were going out again to Paris. He rushed out of the room and Angelé met him there.

"It is war, Angelé!" he cried out to her as he ran past. "Do not forbid me! It is war and I am a man!"

Angelé half turned to follow, caught her breath and stood listening—intently listening. Above the shouts of the rabble she heard an old man's tremulous prolonged cry of anguish, "C'est la guerre! Mon Dieu! La guerre est arrive!"

Rostand hurried wildly out of the house and Marie came running into the garden to meet him. She stood with flashing eyes and swelling bosom, and drew back the filmy stuff from her bare shoulders.

Rostand recoiled in horror.

"Ah," taunted the girl, drawing close to him. "It is you who fear the ugly thing."

"I fear it not. See how the purple ridge spoils my skin, and still I shall go out tonight to stanch the blood of France. How could you do it, mon chere, and say you love me?"

"I—I—" stammered the boy, bending over her in sickened astonishment.

The pain was sharp. "You hurt me deep, Rostand."

"I—I—"

"But your voice—your voice, it was so changed, so full of anger and—and—of love."

"My voice—"

"And you held me as a woman might have held a child."

Somewhere from across the broad campagna went up a great shout, "Vive la France!"

The boy caught the girl in his arms and Angelé threw open wide her lattice window.

Rostand turned with an arm about Marie and, snatching his cap from his head, flung it up toward his sister.

"Vive la France!" he shouted. "We go tonight, Angelé. We go, Marie and I, to live or die for France!"

The hour of passion and romance lingered over France. The lights of Paris shone in full play; for Paris—ever young Paris—was pulsing with the new delight of a changed scene in the drama of her streets.

Angelé stood at her window, gazing out across the fields and waiting for a steady light to shine upon her garden walk to tell her that a boy sat within the next room weaving life into a tale of his fancy. Then she lifted up her arms to the open sky.

"They are drunk with their own hot blood," she cried. "They are mad. But oh, Mon Dieu! how we do love our mad youth! The thinking years come after. Let them be not hard, oh, make them not despairing with the horrors of la guerre!"

The Observer

(March)

The Observer dropped into see his friend, the Critic, to find out if his ever-ready and resourceful friend had a new brand of pessimistic and cynical talk to uncork, and he was not disappointed. After exchanging greetings, they sat down for a quiet chat. The Observer noticed that his friend seemed to be in a reflective mood.

"What's on your mind now, what's the trouble?" asked the Observer.

"I was considering the status of the Chicago Negro," said the Critic. "Look at the numerous saloons and cabarets in the Black Belt. Look at the crowd of idlers on State Street who are wasting their substance in riotous living, wasting their youth and vitality, their time and money in an endless round of pleasure and amusement."

"That remark," said the Observer in reply, "shows that you are not a sociologist.

"The class that likes the gay life and the white lights, has gravitated to the large cities from time immemorial. In ancient times, they flocked to Babylon and Rome, and they are not confined to the Negro race today. You can find that class in New York, in Bowdoin Square and Columbus Avenue, Boston. You can find them in the White Chapel District of London and in the Latin Quarter of France. Those who love the Bohemian life can be found everywhere, and the colored people of Chicago have not a corner on the market of Bohemianism."

"You are right," said the Critic. "The Colored people of Chicago are not the worst people in the world. But, the trouble with them is that they are not progressing enough. They seem only to desire a good time."

"But, my good friend," replied the Observer, "if you would look back twenty years, you would see what immense strides forward the Colored people of Chicago have made. Twenty years ago, the Colored people of Chicago lived on Dearborn and Armour Streets, from Polk Street to Thirty-third Street, west of State Street, in houses most of which were unsanitary. Today, they live in splendid tenements, houses, flats and terraces from Wabash to Rhodes Avenue.

"Twenty years ago, the heights of the average Negro's ambition was to accumulate Five Hundred Dollars, to go into the saloon business, with the assurance of absolute failure. Twenty years ago, the greatest thrift was shown in Colored coal merchants, who carried one-half of their stock on their shoulders. Twenty years ago, the Colored people of Chicago had been relegated by the Trades Union, to following vocations that made them boost as to who had the best coachman, or the best janitor's job. Twenty years ago, the most prominent Negro was the man who wore a diamond stud, the size of a hen's egg, a plug hat, a pair of patent-leather shoes, a high collar around his neck and sporting a cane. This was the example set before the youngsters going to school.

"But today, there is a large number of Colored stores in Chicago with from five to ten thousand dollars in stock. Today, there is a bank, a few theatres owned and operated by Colored men, who have followed the example of Bob Motts, the grand old man who opened the first Negro theatre in Chicago. Today, you will find hundreds of Colored people in Chicago who own their own homes, attend church, and are educating their children. I will state in passing that in the last ten years, Colored people on the South Side have purchased 1,000 buildings and homes, with an average value of $4,500; aggregating $4,500,000 worth of taxable property that they have accumulated in the past decade. Today, the Colored people of Chicago are rated over ten million dollars. In a word, during the past twenty years, there has not only been progress but amazing progress among the Colored people of Chicago. You must also remember that there are more Colored men holding responsible civic positions in Chicago than elsewhere in the world; that the churches are well attended and well supported by the Colored people. You must remember that there are Colored lawyers, physicians, dentists, writers and musicians in Chicago, who have national reputations. There is much ambition among the Colored people—ambition to secure education, ambition to rise in business and ambition to rise in politics. If you haven't observed that it pulses with hope and throbs with ambition, you have only lingered on the surface of things. Nothing is static in the world. Everything is changing, and we must look at the direction in which a race is going as well as at the position in which it is in."

All that the Critic could say in reply was, "You have made a powerful statement of the case of the Colored people of Chicago. You ought to have been a lawyer."

THE CHICAGO NEGRO IN LAW AND POLITICS

By Lawyer George W. Ellis, K.C., F.R.G.S.

Office, 3000 South State Street

"Law is beneficence acting by rule."—*Burke.*

"And sovereign law, the state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."
—*Sir William Jones.*

From the earliest times law, theology and medicine have been considered the three leading professions. But with the rise and development of modern science and industry, with the multiplication of colleges and universities on the one hand and the growth of big business on the other, there have appeared at least two other vocations of considered equal rank and dignity.

Because the practice of the law involves in the same case lawyers contending on opposite sides, with the least chance or possibility of either side concealing its ignorance or mistakes, differing in this respect from all other professions, the law has always been and still remains one of the most difficult, if not the most difficult vocation in which to achieve success and distinction. For this and other reasons the other professions have been preferred before the law, as affording more immediate and better opportunities for success and monetary reward.

So that the lawyers as a class have generally attracted the best minds and most courageous spirits of society, and when others get into the profession it does not take them long to find out that they have chosen the wrong calling and vocation. The number and success, therefore, of the lawyers of any people in any community, throw considerable light upon the progress and prosperity of that people.

Chicago Negro Lawyers

The names of 46 of the colored lawyers of Chicago have been handed to me with some important facts about them for a few passing observations and thought. While this is not all the lawyers of the Chicago colored bar, it is thought, however, in as much as the average and most prominent colored attorneys are included, that this number is sufficient for the present purpose. As a matter of information and verification it might be well to mention here the lawyers embraced in the list: Louis B. Anderson, W. G. Anderson, M. L. H. Barclay, F. L. Barnett, A. L. Bates, George W. Blackwell, T. Webster Brown, Jerry M. Brumfield, Faustin S. Delaney, Chester W. De Armond, George W. Ellis, Walter M. Farmer, O. C. Granady, Dallas Harper, Richard Hill, Jr., Louis E. Johnson, William E. King, R. O. Lee, J. Gray Lucas, William A. Macintyre, William L. Martin, Thomas G. Maxwell, E. H. Morris, B. F. Moseley, James Nelson, Lawrence A. Newby, H. G. Parker, A. E. Patterson, Thomas Pearson, Henry M. Porter, Jasper Ross, James A. Scott, R. A. J. Shaw, James N. Simms, Arthur Simms, William C. Smith, James A. Terry, Charles A. Ward, C. J. Waring, S. A. T. Watkins, Richard E. Westbrooks, James E. White, A. L. Williams, S. Laing Williams, Edward E. Wilson, Edward H. Wright.

Number of Years in Practice

My information concerning the foregoing list of lawyers is not complete, but as far as it goes it discloses that 7 of them have been in the practice over 20 years. Of these Edward H. Morris has practiced 33 years, Barnett 30, Waring and S. Laing Williams 25, Farmer 24, and Dennison and Watkins 23. Of the remaining 39 lawyers 12 have practiced between 15 and 20 years, Louis B. Anderson 20, Parker 19, White and Porter 18, Wright and Moseley 17, Scott, George, Martin, Lucas, Wilson and W. G. Anderson about 15 years. The remaining 27 have practiced 10 years and less. Brown, Pearson and Newby 16 years; Shaw and Simms 7 years; Blackwell, Maxwell, Westbrooks, Cotter, Hill, Bates, De Armond and the others about 7 years and less.

Men With College Training

Of the total number considered, 13 of them have graduated from colleges or universities and may be said to have taken in whole or in part courses in literary work which are generally considered necessary as a foundation for the largest professional success and legal attainment. Dennison is from Lincoln University, Philadelphia, Pa., 1889; Louis B. Anderson of the Virginia Normal Institute; Wright is from the College of the City of New York; Ward from Northwestern University; S. Laing Williams and Shaw, Michigan University; Farmer, Lincoln Institute, Jefferson City, Mo.; Lucas, Boston University; Martin, Oberlin College; Brown, Illinois University; Porter, Ann Arbor University; and Wilson from Williams College.

Graduates of Law School

While a goodly number of Chicago colored lawyers are men of liberal culture as well as legal learning, a much larger number of them are graduates of first-class and recognized schools of law. My information covers only 39 on this point. I have information that 37 are graduates of the different law schools of the country. Louis B. Anderson, Wright and Shaw, Kent College of Law; Wilson and White, and Blackwell, Howard University Law School; S. Laing Williams, Columbia University Law School; Lucas, Boston University Law School; Brown and Waring, Chicago Law School; Porter, Ann Arbor University; A. L. Williams, Illinois College of Law; Simms, Indiana University Law School; Hill, Mich-

igan University Law School; Westbrooks, John Marshall Law School; and while the following are from good law schools, information does not cover them sufficient to make a statement in detail. Cotter, Pearson, Macintyre, Martin, Maxwell, Terry, Bates, Ross, Johnson, De Armond, Watkins and Granady; A. E. Paterson is from the Kansas University Law School.

Studied Law in Offices

One of the interesting things about the Chicago colored lawyers is that the most prominent colored lawyer, not only did not finish from any college of arts, but did not study law in any law school. And some of the most successful colored lawyers at the Chicago bar did not study in any college or law school. It is conceded that Edward H. Morris is the leading colored lawyer in Chicago, and yet he secured his education in St. Ann's School, Cincinnati, Ohio, and St. Patricks, Chicago, and studied his law in the office of Edward A. Fisher. S. A. T. Watkins, another successful lawyer, attended Le Moyne Institute, Memphis, Tenn., and studied law in the office of F. F. Cassell. And still another is B. F. Moseley, who secured his education at Payne Institute, Augusta, Ga., and studied law in the office of F. B. Earhart, United States District Attorney, New Orleans, La. And W. G. Anderson, who at one time handled a great many habeas corpus cases, secured his legal training in the office of John Barton Payne.

Negro Lawyers in Politics

Most of the colored lawyers must more or less take some part in politics. My attention has been called to 14 whose recognition in this field gives them some distinction and which has enlarged their capacity for service and usefulness.

First among these is Louis B. Anderson, who served 16 years as Assistant County Attorney of Cook County from 1898 to 1914, and who has served 2 years as Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago. Mr. Anderson rendered important and valuable services to his race and to the City and County of Cook during his 18 years of official life. He is tactful and diplomatic. He has now the support of the 2nd Ward Republican organization for Alderman of the Ward to succeed Oscar De Priest, who was the first Negro to secure this recognition in Chicago. In official life in point of continuous service Louis B. Anderson is the premier of Chicago colored lawyers. He is growing with the tide of time.

Col. Franklin A. Dennison, for 6 or 8 years was Assistant City Prosecutor and for 8 years was Assistant Corporation Counsel. In these two positions he secured a wide legal experience and is recognized as one of the race's strongest men at the Chicago bar. Mr. Dennison managed to get a good hold on this world's goods, as Mr. E. H. Morris, as well as a good grip upon his profession. The position he has obtained is better indicated by the fact that he has been appointed recently Assistant Attorney General of the State of Illinois, the first Negro to secure such recognition in this state.

Edward H. Wright served with signal credit for 2 terms as a member of the Board of Cook County Commissioners. While in this position he secured the appointment of F. L. Barnett as Assistant State's Attorney of Cook County, the first Negro to receive such recognition in Illinois. For some years and in other positions, Edward H. Wright has been regarded as one of the race's foremost leaders in the 2nd Ward of Chicago. The durability of his prominence is further indicated by his appointment as Assistant Corporation Counsel of Chicago at the salary of $5,000 per annum, the highest amount which any Negro has ever received under the Chicago City Government.

F. L. Barnett was for some 15 years Assistant States Attorney of Cook County. While in that capacity he was not only a worthy race representative, but he was a resourceful representative of Cook County and the State of Illinois. In the branch of habeas corpus law he won a reputation of which any lawyer might well be proud and upon this branch of the law he was often consulted as an authority. Barnett is undoubtedly a strong race defender at the bar.

S. Laing Williams has the distinction of being the first Colored lawyer in Chicago to hold a Federal legal position. For two years he was inheritance tax attorney under Judge Rinaker and for a number of years has been United States Assistant District Attorney. He thus takes rank with Cobb of Washington, D. C., and Matthews of Boston (excluding Lewis as Assistant Attorney General of the United States), the only three Colored lawyers who ever held such a position in the United States. Mr. Williams is a fine scholar as well as a splendid gentleman.

S. A. T. Watkins was Assistant City Attorney for eight years and Assistant Corporation Counsel for four years. In these two positions he secured a high place at the Chicago bar and made a splendid representative of his race. His experience and knowledge of the law give him high rank among Chicago's Negro attorneys of the first rank.

James A. Scott was for four years Assistant States Attorney of Cook County. He took up the work of his predecessor, F. L. Barnett, and secured a place among the best at the Chicago bar. Since his retirement from this office I am informed that he has completed a legal work entitled "Interstate Rendition." By this work he thus adds the name of

a Chicago Negro attorney to the legal writers and authorities of the country.

Edward E. Wilson has been for the past four years Assistant States Attorney of Cook County. He is the third Negro to hold this position. Mr. Wilson has more than made good in this office. Very recently his salary was raised from $3,000 to $4,000. He is now entering upon his second term. He not only does a very high grade of work in the States Attorney's office, but he is a strong race representative and a splendid literary writer. He is more than making good.

George W. Blackwell for a time was Assistant City Prosecutor. Mr. Blackwell is one of the younger Colored lawyers who is forging to the front in pure law. Since his retirement he has devoted himself with increasing success to criminal law and is making a signal progress and development in habeas corpus law. In securing the release of persons unlawfully convicted of some offense he is making a specialty. His past success predicts for him a great future.

W. G. Anderson at one time was Assistant City Prosecutor. In that position he acquired the foundations for his subsequent prominence as a lawyer. He has been associated with many important cases and is widely known as an habeas corpus lawyer.

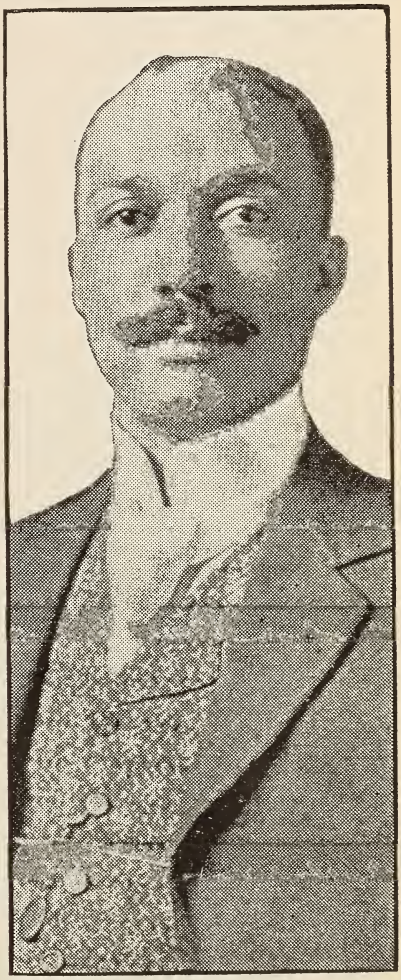
Jerry M. Brumfield is a young attorney of strong parts and political connections. For some time he divided his time between his practice and service in one of the departments. After swinging out for a while in the open field as practitioner, he came prominently to view as a Colored legal leader in the quality of Assistant City Attorney of Chicago. In this position he is making good for himself and his race.

The foregoing Colored lawyers have been particularly mentioned because in competition with the white bar they secured and won recognition along the lines of their profession and achieved something for themselves and the race. I now call attention to another class of lawyers who secured other important political recognition, which marks them as men of parts and talents. S. A. McElwee, now deceased, was a member of the Tennessee Legislature for eight years and a delegate to two National Republican Convention. John G. Jones, now deceased, and William L. Martin, both served the race with credit as members of the Illinois Legislature. William L. Martin is a brilliant orator, a brave defender, and a good lawyer.

James Nelson has recently been appointed Assistant City Prosecutor. For some years he has been at the bar with success. He has both influence and money and is among the high grade Negro lawyers of Chicago. He is now to make a legal official record.

Negroes With Distinction in Pure Law

Aside from lawyers already mentioned I beg to call special attention to some lawyers who have won and secured distinction in law apart from the assistance of political office. While Edward H. Morris served ably and well as a member of the Illinois



Hon. Geo. W. Ellis

Legislature from Cook County, I include him first because his distinction at the bar is so pre-eminently based upon his knowledge and wide grasp of the technical as well as the fundamental principles of the law. He is easily regarded as one of the best and shrewdest practitioners of the Illinois bar and ranks high as one of the eminent lawyers of the United States. Few lawyers of any race have surpassed Mr. Morris, either in their eminence at the bar or in their ability to win difficult cases, which command lucrative fees and wide public confidence.

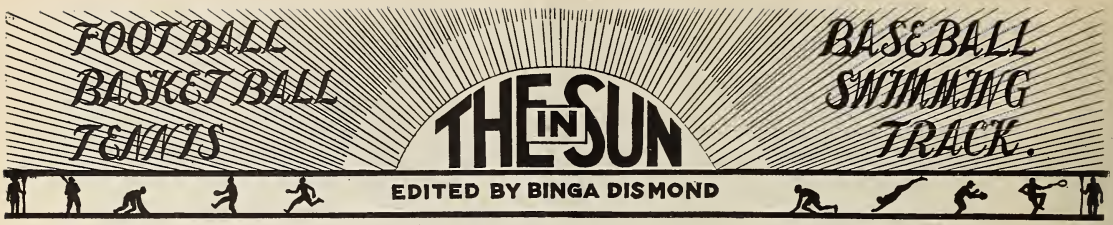
(Continued on page 358)

WHOS

MOVE?

Mohammedan Warriors Kneeling in Prayer Before the Mosque

Municipal Pier, 3,000 Feet Long, Cost $4,000,000



One Verse Classic

The man with the "stay" is the man who will win,
The man who will stick 'though he knows he's all in
His eyes may grow misty; his tongue parched and dry
But still he's determined to hang on or die;
Now, "pep" is all right and speed to begin
But the man with the "stay" is the man who will win.

Gym Gems

It requires an unusually clever person to be able to retire ahead of the game, without at the same time appearing to be a "quitter."

* * *

A "safety first" policy while thought to be extremely prophylactic presents suspicious symptoms of being infected with bacterium cowardice.

* * *

If Lee Jefferson is as long-winded in a conversation as he is in his five-mile races, we extend our sympathies to the young lady who is forced to hold her tongue, awaiting an opportunity to ease in a word edgewise.

* * *

Strange to say, the race's three fastest sprinters are grass widowers. Did these speed artists lose their amateur connubial standing because of their speed, or did they develop their sprint in getting away?

Anything worth doing is worth doing well; if doing nothing, do it the best you know how—learn all Chicago's latest dances.

* * *

The difference between dancing the Cock-a-doodle Strut and running a quarter mile is, if you win the quarter, you get a prize.

* * *

And, furthermore, if you are at a good gym, you may get a shower.

* * *

Roy Morse tells me he always sings just before entering a race. He insists it works like a charm, especially if his opponents can hear him. This is one of the advantages of possessing an anesthetic voice.

* * *

Just because this happens to be the "Windy City" number, don't too hastily conclude that this issue is full of wind.

* * *

And, furthermore, everything in the stock yard town is not "bull."

* * *

Wild men I have known: The athlete with the long hair and the tortoise-shell rimmed eye-glasses, who gets to the race just in time and finds that he has left his spiked shoes at home.

CHICAGO CHAMPIONS—PAST AND PRESENT

AS regards size and population, Chicago is second to New York. But when it comes to turning out athletes of championship calibre, the Western metropolis is able to boast the distinction of being absolutely second to none. This is especially true of colored athletes. Every encouragement has been given them to show of what sort of metal they are made, and they have lost no time in proving that their brilliance is accompanied by the requisite metallic ring. Some of these are still busily engaged in writing athletic history, but must be called back out of the past. If you will but pause a brief moment, I shall attempt to summon Chicago champions, past and present, back INTO THE SUN.

In the year 1908, two athletes of color accompanied the team which so gloriously represented the United States in the Olympic Games at London. One was that most admired of all quarter-milers, John Taylor of the University of Pennsylvania, and the other was Francis Leroy Holmes of the city by Lake Michigan. Holmes was an all-round man; a sort of athletic "jack-of-all-trades." He was most brilliant in the jumps and performed marvelously in the standing high and the standing broad. He was also a

sprinter of no mean ability and in the other events, was able to beat many of the specialists at their own games.

Whenever one thinks of Chicago athletics, one's mind is most certain to revert to the Pollard family. Four sons of this illustrious house have played their way into the football hall of fame, Leslie, Fritz, Hughes and Sid. All four were state wide heroes in high school. Two, Leslie and Fritz, acquired nation wide fame on account of their brilliant accomplishments in Eastern universities, and one, Fritz, attracted world wide attention by creating for himself, a berth on Walter Camp's All-American Team.

Next to the Pollard Brothers, Chicago people like to talk about Sam Ransome. This wonderful gridiron hero was a teammate of the renowned Walter Eckersall. He was considered by many to have been the peer of his more fortunate contemporary, if not his superior. During Ransome's time, his school, Hyde Park, enjoyed the distinction of winning the National Interscholastic Championship from Brooklyn by a decisive score of 121 to 0. Pop Gilbert, another colored youth, was a member of the world-beating aggregation. In addition to this feat,Sam's high school team performed the unheard of thing of defeating the Varsity team of the University of Chicago.

Not content with the hair raising feats of Sam Ransome, Hyde Park acquired the service of an unusually versatile performer, "Dusty" Parker. Parker was a champion in football, basketball, baseball and track. He won four H. P.'s each year. He attended the aristocratic school. After his enviable work in the preparatory school, Parker made a name long to be remembered at both Illinois and Northwestern Universities.

"Heavenston" has turned out just as good athletes as Hyde Park. In proof of this assertion, allow me to introduce Dr. Roy Young (he was plain Roy in those days), was one of the best and most consistent players the Conference has ever known. His introduction to the college gridiron was at Illinois, where he towered head and shoulders above his teammates. His brilliancy was equally noticeable when he changed schools to wear the purple colors of Northwestern. Young has been of inestimable value to the Evanston University as assistant coach since his graduation. Johnson, a colored youth who had enough Indian blood to quarterback at Carlisle, was pilot of the victorious Northwestern team at the same time Roy was performing.

There were runners in those days as well as football heroes. If you doubt me, ask the alumni of Wendell Phillips if they remember Burke. Burke was a sprint king and he piloted his Alma Mater's relay team to more than one victory, for which they had given up hope. His most noticeable accomplishment was steering his team to an admirable victory at the Pennsylvania relay games and winning for himself a solid gold stop watch.

In the old days, church baseball occupied a definite position IN THE SUN. The Entire city was fanatic over amateur baseball and the church league attracted a lion's share of attention. The Grace Presbyterian team was the most popular and drew larger crowds than even Rube Foster could pull out. The most famous Grace team consisted of Bowles, first base; Berni Irvin, second base; Gus Williams, short; Louis Green, third; Renfroe left field; Julius Green, center field; "Snake" Sykes, right field; and Al Johnson was doing himself proud behind the bat. The pitchers were Baker, Halfacre and Herb Lewis was the star.

Among the present day athletes who are doing creditable work in the Windy City, Gibbs, Lewis and Sam Peyton are the most sensational. Gibbs and Lewis are Crane Tech boys and made the Cook County all-star teams. Both are brilliant and consistent performers on the inter-scholastic track. Peyton boasts of Englewood as his Alma Mater. He also made the All-County team. Elmer Brown, a freshman at the University of Illinois is an athlete of championship calibre. Elmer is a former Lane youth. Butler, formerly of Hyde Park is one of the speediest youngsters in the country. Sheppard of Hyde Park is an excellent high jumper.

Almost as distinguished as the Pollard Brothers are the Bluit boys, "Doc" and Virgil. Virgil is the more consistent trainer of the two, and is therefore more in the limelight. But both of these lads have helped to write athletic history in the Windy City. It is nothing unusual for the older of these two brothers, without any conditioning at all, to go "pot hunting" to the various athletic games staged during the indoor and outdoor seasons and return loaded down with first and second place prizes, and even occasionally with point trophies. The younger, Virgil, is one of the best basketball experts who has ever gym-graced a court.

The latest addition to the athletic world is the crack distance man, Lee Jefferson. Lee is at present a law student at the University of Chicago. He leaped into the Sun at the Second Regiment games held last month in the Windy City. Jefferson surprised the gathered hero-worshipers by the ease with which he ran away with the five-mile handicap. The sturdy lad outdistanced the best long-winded men in the West, including the famous Joie Ray.

We shall not attempt to explain why it is that Chicago athletes have made for themselves such a prominent position IN THE SUN. Is it the exhilarating Lake breezes, or is it because they consume raw, red beef, fresh from the Yards?

THE CHICAGO NEGRO IN LAW AND POLITICS

(Continued from page 351)

Walter M. Farmer, while never holding any political position, has yet tried and won many large cases and earned considerable finance and professional reputation in the strict practice of the law. He might have had office, but his practice has always been such that he could not give it up without considerable sacrifice and inconvenience.

B. F. Moseley has held no political office, still he has acquired and built up a large and well paying practice without regard to race, and is a busy lawyer. Moseley has made quite a reputation as a lawyer and trial attorney and has made considerable money as well.

J. Gray Lucas is a good lawyer and a splendid advocate at the bar. At one time he was a member of the Arkansas Legislature. He has had many important cases and is undoubtedly a splendid lawyer.

R. A. J. Shaw brought to his profession the significant degree of Ph. D. He holds some official position, which divides his time with his profession. He, without doubt, has the most liberal foundation for a great legal career. He is besides being a good lawyer a forceful and entertaining speaker.

James A. White, a very modest and retiring gentleman, is yet a deep student of the law. Mr. White is a careful and painstaking lawyer, and is highly regarded by all who know a real lawyer.

Richard E. Westbrooks is perhaps the most prominent of the younger men who have recently come to the bar. He has most excellent legal abilities and is exceedingly active and forceful. He gives promise of a great legal career. He is a pure student of the law and loves it as a duck loves water. In his brief career he has won the respect and admiration of the bench for his legal abilities and attainments. He works with Mr. Blackwell in habeas corpus matters and has been given the highest commendation for his good work.

James G. Cotter comes next to Mr. Westbrooks of the younger legal recruits to the Chicago Colored bar. Mr. Cotter is a good speaker and a most splendid advocate. Like Mr. Westbrooks he loves the law and studies it. He gives assurance of a successful and high legal future.

William A. Macintyre and Faustin S. Delaney equally deserve to be mentioned among these worthy young Colored attorneys who are making good. Mr. Macintyre is a fine advocate and his devotion to his profession promises him rich return at some future time.

Charles A. Ward prepares his cases well. He pores over his books in the Law Institute and makes himself felt in the trial of a case. He is a good lawyer and a close student. His health is the only bar to vigorous and aggressive practice. His friends often wonder what he would accomplish were he as strong in body as he is in mind and heart.

Albert B. George is a fine type of lawyer. He is quiet and unassuming, yet strong and vigorous in the law. He is a student of the law and a good trial lawyer. He is honest and straight forward and relies on law and not tricks for success. He is bound to succeed.

I have been obliged to leave out some who ought to be included among those pointed out in particular. I have done so for two reasons: (1) because I did not have sufficient information to be accurate; and (2) to keep within the space limits of the magazine. I hope to cover this subject in this article only in some of its general lines. At some future date I may consider it with more investigation.

I think I have given enough to justify the conclusions, that no Colored person in Chicago need go outside of the list of Colored lawyers to have protected most amply any right, whether involving life, liberty or property.

The Cook County Bar Association

The Cook County Bar Association often talked of by many was actually organized mainly through the special efforts of Richard E. Westbrooks and James G. Cotter, assisted by the writer. Among the main objects of the Association is to enlighten the Colored people as to those judges who are unfair and who discriminate in their decisions against Colored people on account of race and prejudice.

Most of the strongest members of the Colored bar are in this Association. Edward H. Wright is president; Westbrooks, George and Hill, vice-presidents; Harrison H. Ferrell, treasurer; and the writer is secretary. The Executive Council is made up of nine of the strongest members.

James G. Cotter is Chairman of the Public Service Committee; W. A. Macintyre of the Public Entertainment Committee; and George W. Blackwell of the Committee on Judiciary.

Richard E. Westbrooks is Chairman of the Committee on Grievances; J. Gray Lucas on Legislation; Jerry M. Brumfield on Criminal Defense; Henry M. Porter on Membership; James N. Simms on Memorials; and the writer on Political Action.

Henry M. Porter is a good lawyer and a quiet and modest gentleman. Interested in all racial matters he is associated with the city's counsel against the Birth of a Nation.

In this Association are Negro lawyers familiar with almost every branch of the law and Colored people desiring legal assistance may consult the Association with profit and especially in cases involving questions effecting the rights of the race.

Prejudice at the Chicago Bar

I will not say that there is no prejudice at the

Chicago bar, but I will venture to say that it is not sufficient to prevent any Negro from securing justice who employs a Negro lawyer, able to protect his rights under the law, and who knows not only the law but the means of securing its protection. Experience at the Chicago bar shows that there is a great deal of favoritism practiced, more political than racial, and many cases are disposed of out of court otherwise than upon the merits. But in all of this the Colored lawyers in many cases are the recipients of these favored practices and their Colored clients are often the direct beneficiaries of the same.

One very important fact that has been brought to light is that while a considerable number of Colored lawyers have forged to the front ranks of the legal profession in Chicago, it is pleasant to recall that so few of them have been unable to handle successfully such matters as have been entrusted to their care.

And it is encouraging to reflect that any race or people who can give to the city, county, state and Federal bars of a great state like Illinois, such splendid and able lawyers as are found in the Colored bar of Chicago, not only has little or no reason to despair, but should thank God and take courage and hope for the future of the race and of all mankind.

Provident Hospital Training School

The Literary Mirror

WHEN Tennyson, England's poet laureate, died, it was an easy task to select Swinburne as his successor. Paul Lawrence Dunbar has been dead several years. Since his death, many Negro poets have arisen like Wm. Stanley Braithwaite, J. W. Corrothers, D. Webster Davis, Hiram Holland, W. H. Hendrickson, and Margaret Brewster, who have produced pure English or Negro dialect poetry, some of which is nearly as good, if not quite as good, as Dunbar's work. But thus far, no colored poet has been acclaimed as the poet laureate of the colored race.

There are two reasons for this: In the first place, when Dunbar sent forth his "Lyrics of Lowly Life," more than a century had elapsed since the death of Phillis Wheatly, and he was thus the first real poet that the Negro race has produced in one hundred years. Consequently, there was a novelty to him. But now there are so many good colored poets that no one is a Lone Star in the firmament of African poetry. And to attract the attention that Dunbar did, a colored poet must be not only as good as he, but a great deal better.

Then, there was a novelty to Negro dialect poetry,

in which Dunbar did his most popular writing, but now the novelty of Negro dialect poetry has worn off. Dunbar's vogue is passing and the next colored poet to attract attention must be able to take the lead in the white man's own field. Still the colored poets are casting their offerings at the Muses altar.

The works of two colored poets are here before us: "Poems of Peace and Pleasure," by John Wesley Fentress, and "Lowly Songs," by C. H. Douglas Este.

Mr. Fentress is an instructor in the State Industrial and Educational Institute, Topeka, Kansas, and Mr. John E. Brown, superintendent of the United States Indian Industrial School, Phoenix, Arizona, and formerly Supervisor of Indian Schools, writes the appreciation for the book of verse. He admires the poems "To a Negro Youth," "For a Little Maid," "Literary Treasures" and "To One Discouraged."

These poems are characterized by a courageous spirit and by a philosophy of life, which urges one not to go down beneath the first defeat. But as pure poetry, we enjoyed "The Breezes," "Tuskegee, Queen Mother" and "Circus Day" the most. There seems to be a fresh inspiration to these poems. They seem to well spontaneously from the soul of the poet. When he sings in "Tuskegee, Queen Mother,"

"Beneath thy tall pine trees, on carpets of straw,
How oft have I lingered with rapture and awe!
Thy great grassy campus, and beautiful halls,
Thy bell and thy whistles and loud bugle calls."

we can picture Tuskegee.

But we regard "Circus Day" as a gem, because it catches the enthusiastic spirit that sweeps over a place when a circus strikes the town.

"'Tis circus day, and down the crowded street
A gilded pageant goes sweeping past;
The spectacle is dazzling, and the blast
Of lively music fills the air. 'Tis sweet

"To hear the trampling of a million feet,
Mingle and murmur onward, till at last
A sense of something mighty, thrilling, vast,
Crescendo like, swells up to where two ideas meet.

"Little, it means to me—'twill be forgot
Before the dying of this summer day;
Only the boys who in yon vacant lot
Gather in laughter and in happy play,
Inscribe it on their youthful hearts and brain
For future races to behold again."

"Lowly Songs," by C. H. Douglas Este, are printed by the *Witness Press,* Montreal, Quebec.

Mrs. Eveline Gray writes that he is a young man, working as a hotel porter. From his poem "My Native Land," he was evidently bred and born in Antigua, British West Indies. The poems are very uneven. Many are prosy in thought and expression and lacking in melody, but there are a few gems in the book.

"In the Cool," "The Lily of the Valley," "Rose of Sharon," "Midnight," "In the Twilight," "Thoughts," "A Dream," and "My Native Land" are characterized by true poetic feeling, noble sentiments and beautiful phrases. Whatever "My Native Land" is lacking in perfect melody is compensated by its nobility of sentiment.

THE LIFE CULTURE REVIEW

(Edited and published by J. Andrew Patterson. Office, 552 S. 9th Street, Louisville, Ky.)

The New Thought Movement has gained considerable headway in the intellectual circles of the country, during the past twenty years. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the late Prof. William James of Harvard University, Prof. Henri Bergson of Paris, Horatio Dresser, Dr. Orison Swett Marden, Thomas J. Hudson, Ralph Waldo Trine, James Allen, C. D. Larson, Mrs. Mary J. Eddy, Elizabeth Towne and the leaders of the Emanuel Movement have been the various sprays in which the surging wave of New Thought has broken.

The Negro's humanity is attested by the fact that his heart has responded to these New Thought waves. And now J. Andrew Patterson of Louisville, Ky., a Colored author and lecturer, has published *The Life Culture Review,* a monthly magazine devoted to the Science and Philosophy of Living, with offices at 552 S. Ninth Street, Louisville, Ky. The sub-title says: "This magazine will deal with practical and applied psychology, physical culture and whatever tends to human improvement and the increase of life and health."

The first issue contains thirty-two pages of interesting reading matter, presented in an attractive form. Articles appear upon "How to Live Long and Live Well," "Vegetarianism," "Deep Breathing," "Keep the Mind Supreme," and similar themes, with poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Allen and others.

RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

"The New Negro. His Political and Civil Status and Related Essays." By William Pickens, Lit. D. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

"The Black Man the Father of Civilization." By Rev. James Morris Webb, A. M.

LET US GO FORWARD—A PLEA FOR A WIDER VISION

By C. V. Roman, M.D.

SO far as any other earthly inhabitant is concerned, MAN is the master of this world. The squat Esquimaux and the lank Patagonian, the blanched European and the scorched African, the yellow Asiatic and the black Australian, share alike this common glory of man. Whether panoplied in all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, he drenches Europe with his own blood; or naked and unashamed, he lies contented

"Where Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sands,"

still man is the supreme occupant of his environment. No other creature can molest him or make him afraid. His body is the acme of territorial mechanics and his mind the epitome of universal power. He has bound the secret influences of the Pleiades and loosed the bands of Orion. BUT he has not obtained his heart's desire, nor attained the ideals of his own philosophy. WHY? There is but one answer—

"Man's inhumanity to man."

The supreme tragedy of civilization is the inability of mankind's choicest spirits to co-operate. This has made the history of the world the martyrdom of man, and the history of man the martyrology of women. Men have longed for liberty and dreamed of justice, but always with a circumscription that precluded attainment. In vain has Nature spread the stage for the drama of human happiness. Man's ability and desire to make his brother mourn makes every scene a pain and every act a tragedy. Man against man, woman against woman, class against class, race against race; each succeeding in the mad desire to create misery for the other. Belgium rapes Congo, and is in turn herself outraged. The agony of the Congo is answered by the wail of the Rhine. The sons of those who enslaved the unhappy blacks are themselves led away in chains.

Nature is as obdurate as man is unjust. She has unalterably decreed that man shall never HAVE justice until he is willing to BE just. She will bless men as they obey her and curse them as they disobey her. She is nobody's ally. It is written with blood in the annals of the human race; man will never be blessed except in his brother's welfare. He that would save his life by oppression shall lose it; and he that loses his life for justice and altruism shall find it. (Illus. "Just Call Me May.")

Conceived in no spirit of racial exclusiveness, fostering no ethnic antagonism, but born of the exigency of American environment the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has for its object the advancement of colored people by advancing mankind.

Prejudice is always narrow, always ignorant, always mean—but there are degrees of narrowness, ignorance and meanness. In our efforts at racial advancement we have been narrow in that we have thought too exclusively of ourselves. We have been ignorant in that we have been too much influenced by outside opinions; have imitated and sought too much the ideals of others. Imitation is flattery, but flattery seldom brings either confidence, friendship or respect. We have been mean in that we have continually fought each other. But we have never been narrow enough to want to deny the other fellow the right to live on the earth; nor ignorant enough to think we alone have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; nor mean enough to make race a test for citizenship. (The Negro established free schools in the South.)

While these facts are consoling they are not conserving. Why should the Negro desire to imitate the white man? Comparions are odious and the white man is an ethical failure. His creeds have utterly failed to control his conduct. His civilization is spiritually atrophied and morally bankrupt. His justice is tyranny, his liberty license, and his brotherhood is slaughter. As the trustee of human progress and happiness he has proven corrupt, incompetent and unworthy. Let us profit by his mistakes but not follow his example. Let US go FORWARD.

President Wilson said in New York the other day: "Peace is going to come to the world only with liberty." Truer words never were spoken. As long as men refuse to be just so long will Nature deny them justice. As long as men desire to oppress, so long will men suffer oppression. Justice and liberty are for all or for none. Let us help the white man to find freedom and justice; for where his is, there is ours also.

According to the philosopher, Kant, there are three kinds of judgments: Problematic, Assertory and Appodictic. To reach the truth we must be careful not to confuse these different kinds of judgments, for they are of very different evidential value. In plain American newspaper English, they are GUESSES, OPINIONS and FACTS. While everybody recognizes a guess, many intelligent people confuse *facts* and *opinions*. A disregard of facts is usually joined to a tenacious adherence to personal opinion. Out of this position grow most controversies. The present condition of Europe is a splendid illustration. It is evident that the value of a fact depends upon its inherent worth and has nothing to do with the character or intelligence of its discoverer or presenter. Now the very opposite is true of *opinions*. The value of a man's opinions depends not only upon his honor, but upon his intelligence—not only upon his *willingness* to tell the truth, but his *ability* to do so. (Illus. Mississippi Hardshell Church.)

I ask the American public to scan carefully the character of negrophobes. Personally, I have never found one that was both intelligent and honest. These qualities are plentiful among negrophobes, but they are always separate. As soon as you mix them, negrophobia disappears. The honest ones are ignorant and those that are not ignorant are not honest. Compare Senator Vardaman and Honorable Henry Watterson on the race question.

Our sense of justice is often like the little girl's. "Little Bess and her father were several blocks from home.

"'Do you think we had better take a car or walk?' he asked her.

"'I'd rather walk, if'oo will carry me,' replied little Bess."

To live appreciatively in the world requires perspective. The chief constituent of social efficiency is intelligent sympathy or good-will. Sympathy as a desirable quality is something more than mere feeling. It is a cultivated imagination for what men have in common and a rebellion at whatever unnecessarily divides them. Segregation is an enemy of progress. In the 17th and 18th verses of the 16th chapter of his letter to the Romans, St. Paul says:

"Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offenses contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned; and avoid them.

"For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple."

Segregation is one of the oldest weapons in the arsenal of tyranny. It is a backward step toward slavery. Segregation says to its victims, "Thou shalt not go where I object." Slavery says, "Thou shalt go where I will." In fact, segregation is negative slavery. All it needs is a secure footing to become positive. The identity of segregation and slavery is clearly proven by the attitude of certain communities and peace officers toward colored people leaving those sections. Montgomery, Ala., and Macon and Savannah, Ga., are good illustrations.

The fight against segregation is a fight against slavery. That is, according to President Wilson, a fight in the interest of peace, for, as I just quoted, the President says, "Peace is going to come to the world only with liberty."

Conservatism is always fortified by ominous apprehensions. The request for liberty is always met by the prophesy of disaster. "All is well, no improvement necessary," is the cry of success. "Stand pat" is never the slogan of the man whose corns are being stood on—however much the standpatter may object to moving. Justice was not overthrown in England when they stopped flogging women to death; neither will society be overturned in the South if Negroes live on paved streets with modern sewerage.

Culture has been defined (Dewey's "Democracy and Education") as "The capacity for constantly expanding in range and accuracy one's perceptions of meanings."

The Negro's perceptions of meanings are increasing in range and accuracy. In other words, he is becoming cultured. This is disturbing to those unacquainted with the facts and to those interested in *suppressing* the facts. Let us get concrete and take a practical example from real life.

Mr. A owns a tract of unoccupied suburban land. Mr. B owns some unsanitary, dilapidated alley property from which he is deriving a handsome revenue. Rev. C is a colored minister, interested in the moral and hygienic welfare of his parishioners. He advises them to move out of those undesirable quarters, but is informed that there are no other houses that colored people can rent. Not to be balked, Rev. C finds Mr. A and shows him the advantage of putting up rent houses on his unoccupied land. It looks good to Mr. A and he proceeds to act. Mr. B hears of it and sets about to keep his tenants. He at once elicits the aid of all the saloon keepers and other merchants profiting by this trade. Other landlords similarly situated are natural allies. These form a nucleus for an organization "to prevent Negroes from encroaching upon the residental portion of the city," etc., etc. Mr. A is cajoled or browbeaten from his project—or a campaign of segregation is inaugurated under the banner of "Race Purity"—and the bar sinister is raised against anyone who would dare speak of justice, fair play, democracy, or humanity, when "White supremacy is at stake." The facts are absolutely ignored. The innocently ignorant play into the hands of the heartlessly avaricious.

I know a city that has a Jim Crow street car law. The people did not want it, and the company did not want it. The politicians knew this and used the threat of such a law to extort money from the company. This continued until it became unbearable. The company got a law through to get rid of the grafters. Injustice and not color is the danger threatening our democracy. The white man may search in vain for the jewel of liberty in the ashes of the Negro's hope destroyed. Democracy is hopeless as long as United States senators are elected to repeal the war amendments. To seek liberty by robbery is as morally wrong and finally disappointing as to seek gold that way. No man has ever found liberty in the ownership of slaves. To steal another man's liberty to add to yours means the loss of both. Tyranny plus slavery does not equal liberty—though many people think so. Progress can-

not come through hindering others nor peace through provoking pain. The Civil war was the price America paid for leaving the Negro out of the Declaration of Independence. Europe is now collecting interest on past cruelties, at home and abroad.

Teaching children cruelty and injustice is undermining the public welfare. But that is what is happening in America every day, by color discrimination in courts of justice and in civic and economic administration. Think of the moral atmosphere of communities thus described by a Georgia editor:

"In the counties of Randolph, Calhoun and Jasper of our own state, the mobs have not been satisfied to lynch men, but have lynched innocent women. It is reported in Putnam County that a two-year-old child was destroyed in the home of a Negro woman because the mob could not find the woman whom they desired to lynch." (Ed. "The Plain Truth," Atlanta, Independent, December 16, 1916.)

In all seriousness, I ask the American people if they regard that atmosphere as favorable to the perpetuity of the republic. I ask no fanciful elevation of my people. I ask only this: when you think of the general welfare consider us. I am willing to accept Abraham Lincoln's solution. "All I ask for the Negro is this, if you don't like him, leave him alone. If God gave him but little, that little let him enjoy."

Geographic propinquity does not necessarily imply ethnic identity. The Bretons of France, the Highlanders of Scotland, the Welch of England, the French of Quebec are all illustrations of this fact.

Co-operation does not necessarily connote racial fusion. The culture of justice will not destroy, but safeguard individual rights. Let the white man continue to teach at his peril that race is preferable to merit as a qualification for citizenship. Let him glorify meanness and dignify ignorance. He is "riding for a fall."

LET US BE JUST AND FAIR TO ALL MEN.

Our advance must come as a part of a general advance. Emancipation included the master as well as the slave. The white man has as much right to celebrate this glorious American day as we have. He sees it now, as it were "Through a glass darkly." He honors the man for making the day, though he will not yet honor the day. He dedicates a monument to Lincoln, but never says a word about the Emancipation that Lincoln made and that made Lincoln. (Illus. "He is under conviction. Let us pray he will come through.")

Blind alley ethics characterize some of our latter day democratic professors. Justice for the white man only, means justice for the Englishman only, or the German only, etc., etc. That is, in final analysis, justice for nobody. Justice is for all or for none. That great and good, as well as patriotic and eloquent Irishman, Daniel O'Connell, understood this when in his old age he thus appealed to his fellow countrymen in America:

Dr. C. V. Roman, M. D.

"Irishmen! Sons of Irishmen! Descendents of the kind of heart and affectionate disposition, think, oh! think only with pity and compassion of your colored fellow creatures in America. Offer them the hand of kindly help. Soothe their sorrows. Scathe their oppressors. Join with your countrymen at home in one cry of horror against the oppressor; in one cry of sympathy with the enslaved and oppressed,

"'Till prone in the dust slavery shall be hurl'd,
Its name and nature blotted from the world.'

Irishmen, I call upon you to join in crushing slavery, and in giving liberty to every man of every caste, creed or color."

He knew that Ireland could never be free while Irishmen were willing to burn down orphan asylums because they sheltered helpless children whom they were pleased to call "naygurs."

Oh, my people! I call upon you not to make the blunder of thinking there is any permanent advancement for the colored people that does not include the white man's advancement also. Let us go forward, believing that ALL MEN have a right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

During the American Revolution, Dr. Johnson said contemptuously, speaking of the Americans: "Why should drivers of slaves yelp so loudly about liberty?"

If we are ever to reach full citizenship in this country we must cultivate a broader vision. The colored man's voice is too seldom heard in behalf of the general welfare. Injustice is rampant, but we are not interested until it hits us. The same unfairness that discriminates on account of COLOR will discriminate on account of CONDITION. The framers of the 15th Amendment to the Federal Constitution very wisely included CONDITION as well as RACE and COLOR as targets for tyranny. The same discriminating injustice which because of RACE sends to the gallows or penitentiary girls and boys before they reach their teens, will because of CONDITION make like discrimination. The crime of prostitution in the poor and friendless, becomes a disease, nymphomania, in the wealthy and influential. Under similar circumstances, drunkenness becomes dipsomania; and theft, kleptomania. Now different names mean different management. Crimes mean policemen, guards, prisons, etc. Disease means doctors, nurses, hospitals, etc. Crime needs *punishment,* but disease needs *treatment.* Not one of these injustices will survive or perish alone. We must help the white man fight CONDITION discrimination if we expect him to help us fight COLOR discrimination. Democracy must find its true expression not in the man that is white, or the man that is black, but in the man that is a *man.* We must not permit the persecutions and discriminations with which we are daily confronted to limit our horizon until we see only ourselves. This is OUR country—ours to love, to honor and to defend. The "Stars and Stripes" is our flag. Let us do our part to see that this is a land of the free and a home of the brave. Injustice sometimes perverts the vision, the victim suffering no less than the perpetrator.

The Negro's patriotism has been sorely tried. After the glories of the American Revolution he was lead away into Wilderness of Slavery to be tempted of the Devil of Oppression. But when the lurid flame of Civil war obstructed the pathway of freedom, the Negro's heart was still pure. Thank God for an unbroken line of hero-patriots from Crispus Attucks of Massachusetts to Sergeant Bigstaff of Kentucky. It is OUR flag and symbolizes not the ills we are now suffering, but the ideals of civilization. It stands for all that good men have hoped and dreamed of—*justice* and *equity* and *brotherhood. hood.*

America is a goodly land, and Dixie is its fairest portion.

"Are you from Dixie? * * *
Well, I'm from Dixie, too."

As one of her distinguished sons has said:

"It is a land that has known sorrows, it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with her tears: a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, and a land of hallowed and heroic memories."

She is now suffering the birth-pains of freedom and thinks she has ethnic indigestion. She will know better when the child, Liberty, is born. Nemesis hastens labor. So the Northern migration is a favorable portent. So long democratic in name, the South will yet be democratic in reality. Let us go forward —doing our part—injustice and not race is the present danger in the South.

Female suffrage, child labor and temperance are not essentially race problems, nor will they be settled by repealing the war amendments. Syphilis, cancer and tuberculosis are the unconquered enemies of civilization with no regard for racial lines. Why even lynching is not purely a Negro problem —as so many would have us believe. The first people lynched in this country were Indians, then white people, and finally Negroes. But like tuberculosis, when it did strike the Negro, he got more than his share. Between 1882 and 1903 there were 3,337 people lynched. Two thousand and sixty were colored people—forty of them colored women. This is an awful record, yet the proportion of white women to the total number of whites lynched is just about the same as the proportion of colored women. Twenty-three white women lynched in twenty years! Surely mob-law is not entirely a Negro problem. Life and death are not race problems, but human problems. Why our large death rate is only an item in the national death rate. American mortality returns nowhere show any lethal disease peculiar to the Negro. Nature is as impartial as inexorable. Conduct and condition, not race, are the determining factors in disease and death. INFANT MORTAILITY is inextricably bound up with *adult mortality.* The gain in the last 50 years of 26 per cent in the longevity under 35 is more than offset by a loss of 16 per cent in the longevity of those over 40. It is worth a good deal more to the nation to keep a trained man of forty effective for twenty years than it is to bring a diseased infant up to 20. Physical preparedness and health effectiveness are national, not race problems. Let us broaden our vision and go forward.

Don't be discouraged. Ours is not the only problem. The last national verdict was not against us, but on other subjects. Things move fast sometimes. It seems but yesterday that Hon. Wm. J. Bryan was laughed at for his temperance views.

The world has come to him. A pronounced capacity to resist the inroads of knowledge characterize many of those who essay to discuss the race question. To make available knowledge effective for human good is the problem of the ages. Let us not be deflected from the landmarks of justice and our historic kindness of heart.

There is no principle of ethics more clearly established than that one should exemplify the virtues which he demands that others show. They that demand equity must do equity. Just conduct should characterize him that seeks justice. The victims of race prejudice will never find emancipation from their oppression by the practice of that vice. I am not unmindful of the lex talionis—eye for an eye—tooth for a tooth—fighting the devil with fire—doctrines: I mention it but to condemn. They that use the sword shall perish by the sword. St. Paul knew this when he said to the Romans:

"Recompense to no man evil for evil. * * * Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." (Rom. 12:17-21.)

The good heart of the Negro has been his salvation in times past. It is his surest and sanest hope for the years to come.

Born on the earliest down of time,
We shall be till time is o'er;
We've sung our songs in every clime,
And dwelt on every shore.

I believe the colored man's destiny in America is to reduce brotherhood to practicality and make kindness an active principle in civic life. Let us avoid the white man's vices and emulate his virtues, remembering that mutual respect and mutual interest form the only basis for lasting peace and co-operation. Let us respect the white man and try to win his respect. Pity is easily aroused and the largesse is easily called forth. We pity the hungry beggar and give him the price of a meal, but neither respect his personality, nor sympathize with his feelings. We look with no regard upon him nor have any fellow-feeling for him. We have no thought or desire of co-operating with him to better the condition of society. He enters not into our consideration of things, except to contaminate. He mars the horizon and blurs our prospect. He is a source of irritation and a hindrance to progress. It is astonishing how much righteous indignation stirs up in our manly bosoms. We speak sometimes flippantly, sometimes seriously, and sometimes even feelingly, but always contemptuously of the *problems* of the unemployed, the ignorant, the inefficient, the unsuccessful, etc., etc. Aye! We speak condescendingly of our brothers and sisters as PROBLEMS. Something to be solved, not to be sympathized with, cooperated with, respected and helped! Solved! Solved! Solved! And yet we profess to be followers of that Galilean peasant, the pale carpenter of Nazareth, whom the classes crucified, but whom the masses heard gladly. What we call problems, He called harvest of opportunity, and exhorted His disciples to pray the father to send workers into the vineyard, for the harvest was great but the laborers were few. As long as man regards his fellowman as a problem instead of respecting him as a brother, so long will life indeed be a problem and democracy a dream. We are by no means guiltless of this class snobbery within the race, and the white man has by no means a monopoly on disrespect as applied to other races. The white man's racial egotism leads him to mistake compliance with the exactions of tyranny for admiring homage paid to greatness. He thinks that because on the oppressor's side there is power, it necessarily follows that on the oppressed side there is admiration. Why it amounted to a national insult when the white people found out that the Japanese had a disgust for the personal bouquet contaminating the atmosphere surrounding the average white American. It is amusing though tragic to see what a wry face we make when forced to take the same medicine we have been smilingly giving the other fellow. (Illus. C. V. Roman, Colored.)

Let me give you an illustration of mutual racial disrespect that came under my personal observation. A certain white man with political ambitions, realized those ambitions by abusing Negroes. His wife enthusiastically endorsed his views, that Negroes had no morals, honor, etc. Professional duties brought me in contact with the colored employees of that household. I was surprised and pained to find the feeling of disrespect and contempt felt toward that household and the race it represented. The employer's feeling was thoroughly reciprocated and the jobs were accepted just as they were given, because nothing better could be done. We who lay claim to either intelligence or patriotism, to say nothing of honor or Christianity, are incurring a dreadful responsibility if we encourage the growth of racial disrespect in this glorious southland of ours. Let US GO FORWARD.

The words of David Lloyd-George in the British Parliament on December 19, 1916, exactly fit our case here in the South.

"I wish it were possible to move the misunderstanding between Great Britain and Ireland which for centuries has been such a source of misery to one and an embarrassment and weakness to the other. I should consider it a great victory for the allied forces. * * *

"I tried once to remove the misunderstanding between England and Ireland. I was drenched with suspicion of Irishmen by Englishmen and of Englishmen by Irishmen, and, worse, and most fatal of

all, suspicion by Irishmen of Irishmen. It was a quagmire of distrust which clogged my footsteps and made progress impossible. That is the real enemy of Ireland. If that could be slain, I believe it would accomplish an act of reconciliation that would make Ireland greater and make the United Kingdom and the Empire greater than they ever were before. That is why I have always thought and said that the real solution of the Irish problem is largely one of better atmosphere. I am speaking not merely of myself, but for my colleagues when I say we shall strive to produce that better feeling."

Here in the South we are geographically one people, but ethnically two races. Let us respect and help each other. The great choragus and master of Life and Death, GOD, has placed us on this stage together. Let us play our parts like men and women, neither fighting like dogs nor crying like children.

Once upon a summer's day a vigorous and rather stout lady with a large hat on was walking briskly down a shadeless, hot and dusty road. Becoming conscious of some one near her she looked around and saw a boy, who was keeping her pace exactly; and though he offered not in any way to touch her nor molest her, he went neither faster nor slower; whatever her pace he kept near her. This was annoying and she angrily bade him to go about his business and leave her alone.

"Please ma'am don't send me away," he pleaded. "I got to go down this road, and I won't bother you; and there are some dogs down this road, and I know 'em, and will keep 'em off you. Please let me go and keep the dogs off you," he said, in a final and successful effort to reach the mother-heart which every boy looks for, and rarely fails to find in every woman. Reading in her countenance the success of his entreaties, he added innocently, "I'll be good and help, 'cause YOU'RE THE ONLY SHADY SPOT ON THIS ROAD."

They moved on together, the woman furnishing the shade, and the boy furnishing the safety.

The colored American is journeying from SERFDOM to CITIZENSHIP, and the white American is journeying from OLIGARCHY to DEMOCRACY. They are nearby stations in the same cities on the same road. Let us go forward shading and protecting each other. The old friendships are passing away. Abolitionist and pro-slavery advocates have received alike from our impartial mother, Nature, the last cold kiss that awaits us all. A new age demands a new adjustment. The principles of ethics and religion remain the same, but every epoch in human history needs its own interpretation. The ex-slave and the ex-master have passed their case to a higher court. "Massa's in de col' col' groun'," and the gentle voices are calling "Ole Black Joe." If their children will not respect each other and come to a mutual understanding

"Then my old Kentucky home, good night."

America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood from sea to shining sea.

THE BRAITHWAITE "ANTHOLOGY"

By Fenton Johnson

God placed upon my tongue the singing fire,
But idle singing was too dull for me.
I went into the highways in the night
And taught my brother how to sing his song.

O Star, that lights the paths of Cambridge Town
Lead to thy shrine the Wise Men of the Earth
That this, our New World song might thrive an age.

About four years ago, William Stanley Braithwaite, literary critic on the *Boston Evening Transcript* and contributor to various literary periodicals, published in a modest manner his first ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE. It was the outgrowth of Mr. Braithwaite's annual reviews of magazine verse in the *Transcript,* and immediately attracted attention. Each year since then his anthologies have increased in popularity and owing to the spiritual awakening caused by the Great War, their value has surmounted their purchase price.

The Braithwaite "Anthology" is not a mere collection. It is the stamping of permanence upon what would otherwise be ephemeral. It is the gathering of the great spirits of this age who have, through prophetic insight, gained the right to interpret life. Braithwaite is their judge; he selects or he rejects according to standards New England has long fostered and which have been broadened by the evolutionary ideas of the Chicago poets and critics. I would not call him infallible any more than I would Howells or Chesterton or the late Stedman. If it were possible for a man to be perfect in his judgment then the magazines would not be publishing so much bad stuff and rejecting so much that is good. His right to dictatorship lies in the fact that he is the only man who has been reading and judging for years all the current verse.

The "Anthology" for 1916 has a goodly company of known and unknown poets, though the known far exceeds the unknown. Harriet Monroe, the Chicago high priestess, whose poetry magazine in a blustering fashion trumpets the discovery of Tagore, Lindsay, Sandburg, and others, is not included and in the introduction receives a justly severe criticism. He fails to see in Sandburg the fulfillment of his promise. Imagism is mildly berated, the anthologist explaining that wherever that school has a star like Amy Lowell or Edgar Lee Masters, it is a case of the real poet surviving the experiment. The only good he sees in the revolution among the poets is the strength and independence gained by ignoring the threadbare ideals of the late Victorian period.

Mr. Braithwaite discovers no Imagistic poets. That task he leaves to Miss Monroe and her trumpet magazine. He only seeks that which is poetry. And to him poetry is whatever reflects life in an elevated style, whether it is the life of Hellas or the brothels on the Bowery. The finest realistic gem in his collection is "The Son," by Ridgely Torrence, published originally in *The New Republic.* A touch akin to that of Thackeray is to be found in these lines:

> "It feels like frost was near
> His hair was curly.
> The Spring was late that year,
> But the harvest early."

"The Shepherd to the Poet" by Agnes Hendrick Gray, originally published in the Boston *Transcript,* will appeal personally to many of us. It is what the commonplace world is saying every day to those who aspire to sing as Israel sang:

> "Th' time y're afther makin' rhymes
> O' leppin' waves an' sea,
> Arrah! ye should be selling then
> Your lambs upon th' quay.
>
> "Sure, 'tis God's ways is very quare
> An' far beyant my ken,
> How o' the selfsame clay he made
> Poets an' useful men."

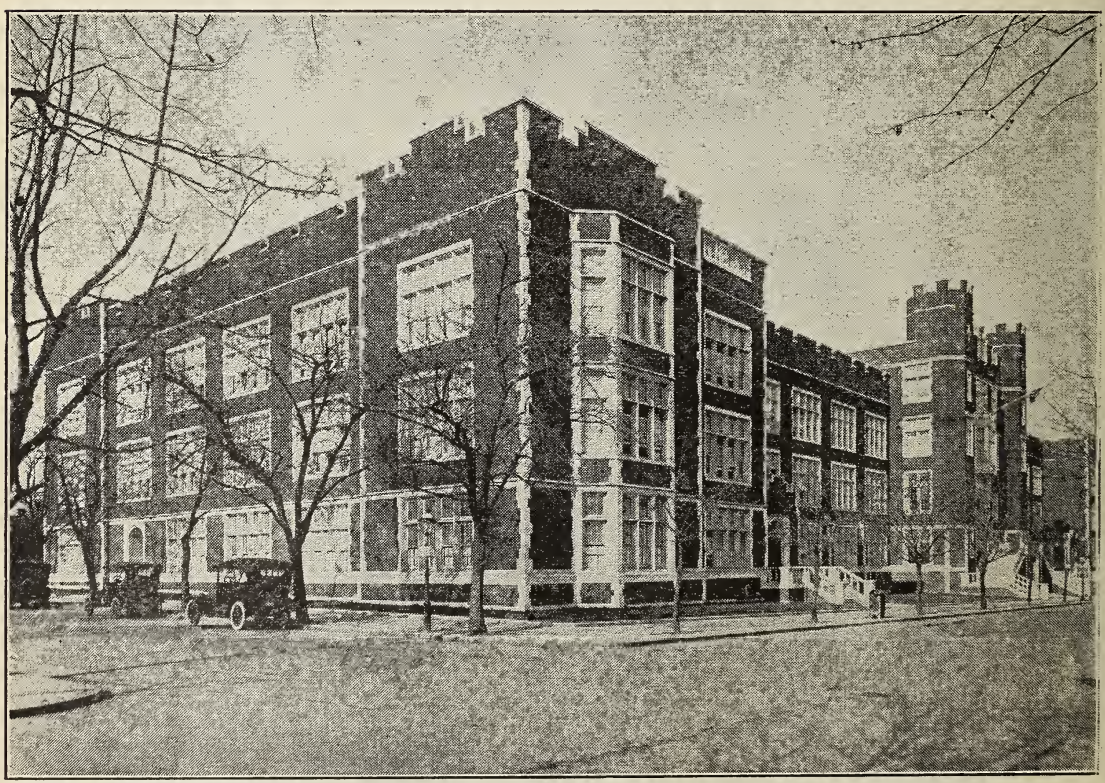
We could go on and on quoting from this heavy volume of 266 pages, finding everywhere a richness in spiritual manifestation, a naive lack of self-consciousness and a growing power in the use of dramatic and narrative forms. America is at her highest poetic level, a renaissance due to both the Great War and her social growth, but the world would not be aware of this condition if it were not for these Braithwaite anthologies. Nor could our glorious country maintain it without such a stimulus as offered herein.

I can imagine the meeting of Braithwaite and James Russell Lowell in the Elysium of the poets. Both New Englanders and both lovers of whatever is genuine Americanism,

they bring before the throne of Jove the big bards and the little bards of their day. Each has his Miranda talking of the infinite as if the infinite were literature, but Braithwaite's bards and bardlings are very near the goal for which Lowell in the "Fable" was urging the men of his day to reach. There are no American Noyeses, no Yankee Kiplings, no Masefields born and reared under the Stars and Stripes. The Braithwaite poets are fresh with the breeze of American waters and American lands in everything they write. They go into the streets of New York or the stockyards of Chicago or rove along the farmlands, giving us the emotions of the street girl or the factory hand or the farm hand. They do not rattle away on any old kettle drum until they are as old as Methuselah, but present their pictures of life as faithfully as they can, leaving us to do the sermonizing. If I could pray to that Deity that grants immortality it would be that literary Mr. Braithwaite could live forever and retain his youth. He is rendering America the greatest service that a man of peace could render her. He is stimulating for her a sane poetry that will make her as immortal as the Athens of Pericles or the England of Elizabeth. Let Joyce Kilmer, Harriet Monroe, Jeanne Robert Foster, Jessie B. Rittenhouse, Amy Lowell and others who hold in their hands the destiny of American poetry uphold him in his mighty task.

And you who dwell on this side of the color line be proud of his achievements. His intellectuality is the greatest monument to racial efficiency that I know of, for he is a self-educated man. Perhaps that accounts for his democratic taste, his freedom from academic ideals.

Every library, every home and every school should have a complete set of the Braithwaite "Anthologies."



The Dunbar High School, Washington, D. C.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

THE Monticello, Illinois, *Bulletin* states the position of Congressman William Green of Massachusetts, regarding the citizenship of the Negro:

"Wants Constitution Obeyed

"Congressman William S. Greene of Massachusetts is one of those who favor the revival of the question of the disfranchisement of the Negro in the South in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. Forty years ago the matter was much agitated, and the enforcement of the amendment was one of the prominent policies of the Republican party. The Southern Democrats, however, have been allowed to encroach upon it until at present Negroes in that section of the country are practically denied the right to vote. 'They are native-born citizens,' observes Mr. Greene, 'and in the Civil War and at other times have rendered valiant service in defense of the country. They have a far higher right to vote than naturalized foreigners who have recently come to this country.' While it may not be wise, in Representative Greene's opinion when the electoral votes are counted on February 4th, to attempt to throw out those fraudulently obtained by the disfranchisement of the Negro, nevertheless Mr. Greene feels that a determined effort should be made by the Republicans during the next four years to educate the people to the great injustice of the Negro and the country that has become established in the Southern States."

THE old saying is that "Straws indicate the way the wind is blowing," and if the editorial from papers of standing in the country indicate anything, they indicate a growing sentiment, favorable to the colored people. The Burlington, Iowa, *Hawk-Eye* says, in part:

"Our relations to our fellowmen and our duties toward the less fortunate are always in danger of being overlooked or underestimated.

"In this article, we use the term fellowmen, in comprehensive sense, meaning creatures of God, like ourselves. America has some twelve millions of sable folks that come within this purview, if the language of the rare scholar and chief of apostles, St. Paul, in Acts 17:26, means anything, and if for one race to serve another for two hundred and fifty years without compensation, as compared with fifty-three years of trammeled opportunity among a people who have had more than nineteen hundred years of splendid and growing opportunity, makes it the less fortunate. This is unquestionably the relative situation between the black and white races in this country.

"It is a cheering fact that the best minds and the most progressive people, both in the North and in the South, are more and more coming to realize that the weal of the races is inseparably interwoven and, therefore, no matter what aspect of the whole question is under consideration, the fact remains that what is good for the one is also good for the other, and what retards the one will retard the other.

"It must also be admitted that the negro has made rapid and even marvelous progress since his emancipation. This is to be emphasized if one considers the depths from which they have risen in the face of the greatest odds—odds such as no foreigner or alien race experiences or has experienced among us.

"A comprehensive view, i. e., a Christian and patriotic view, requires the assimilation of the Negro in citizenship, not by absorption; not by any offensive social equality, but in the sense that gives the Negro a man's chance on the basis of merit, in the industrial, political and economic spheres of life.

"No matter what his ambitions have been or are now, the Negro's freedom has been too short and his opportunities too limited for him to be equal to the exigencies of our times and of our advancing civilization, but he is conscious of his deficiencies, and is making commendable efforts to overcome them. These deficiencies are not such as he would not overcome, but rather such as he could not in so short a time and without larger industrial and economic opportunities overcome.

"He aspires worthily, but he must be helped; helped for his own sake and helped for our own sakes.

"It is an impressive fact that these people have only two appeals. They depend upon religion and education as a specific compound for all their ills. In this they are quite right, for practical Christianity, coupled with cultural and vocational training, will do for any people about all that is needed, provided especially that they be given rightful opportunity to use this two-fold education.

ZOE BECKLEY, in a special article in the *Evening Mail,* New York, N. Y., pays a tribute to Miss Eva D. Bowles, colored secretary of the National Young Women's Christian Association. In her article, quoting Miss Bowles, she says:

"Experience shows us the southern colored girl

is eager to learn and be efficient, if it is made worth her while. By that I mean very largely the attitude the white woman takes toward her. If this attitude is kindly and friendly and without prejudice regarding tradition or color, the girl's natural sunniness of disposition and willingness to serve come out and develop.

"Experience has taught me also," smiled Miss Bowles, "that all girls are the same the world over, no matter what the color of their skin. They all crave life and companionship, pretty clothes and a chance to be happy. The colored girl is even more social than her white sister. She simply must have friends and good times.

"The foreign girls who used to have almost a monopoly of domestic service, were more content to drudge and save, drudge and save. They had no gaiety of nature, no marked love of music as the colored girl has.

"But the war has cut off the supply of these immigrants. This is the chance for our native Negro girls to come into their own. I think we owe it to them, and I know they will repay our interest."

We were sitting in Secretary Bowles' sunny office at 600 Lexington avenue (she says she picked out an extra sunny one because some of her problems were so "dark"). While she talked, I was thinking how cruel it is that she had so often to use the word "prejudice" in connection with herself and the thousands of eager girls she so ably represents.

College-bred (from Oberlin, Ohio), and highly intelligent, sensitive and alert, eager and capable, energetic and thoroughly equipped, delicate-featured, tastefully gowned, music-voiced and gentle-mannered, Eva Bowles is a striking sample of what the colored girl inherently is. What she shall become seems largely up to us—and our prejudices.

Factories and offices are fast losing whatever prejudice they may have nurtured against the colored girl. In St. Louis, the Armour meat-packing industry has recently employed some 400 of her. Never before have they had any but white help. One hundred more have gone into a box factory in the same city and the number is to be increased.

In New York city several fibre factories have taken them on in considerable numbers. And the employment departments of the Y. W. C. A. have difficulty in filling the demand for colored stenographers in offices and shops. Employers say "They don't waste time flirting, and they do their work quite as well as the white girls." Four thousand colored girls have been placed in employment in families and elsewhere by Miss Bowles' department in the past year.

"Give the colored girl a real chance," pleads their representative earnestly, "first by trying to understand her. Second, by arranging her hours on a business basis. Third, by helping to further movements for her entertainment, education and social life—music clubs, reading rooms, etc. And fourth, by taking a reasonable amount of time and trouble to teach her. We, on our part, will stimulate the girl's energy and interest in every way possible, and bolster up their domestic equipment wherever needed. Let the colored girl do your work!"

THE Freedmen's Aid Society of the M. E. Church is initiating an educational campaign in the Southland. The *Christian Advocate* of Pittsburgh, Pa., says:

"As a result of a great forward drive 'for schools and souls' during which Dr. L. M. Dunton, Bishop F. D. Leete, and others visited and conducted rallies in an average of four Negro churches a day, $11,500 was raised by the Negro people within the South Carolina Conference for the Freedmen's Aid Society, as reported at the last session of the Conference. Ten thousand dollars of this amount is for endowment for Claflin College. Toward this amount one negro farmer gave $1,000. The result of the campaign was further seen in addition to the churches and increased attendance upon the college.

"What Lincoln did for the Negro was not done for one race only, but to save the Union. Referring to the words of Garfield, already quoted, Lincoln 'believed that without the Union permanent liberty for either race on this continent would be impossible.' Therefore did Lincoln do much for the Negro in order that both the white and black race might enjoy permanent freedom on this continent.

"Reference to the recent utterances of leading Southern educators will reveal how truly the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society is a direct continuation of the work which Lincoln so nobly began.

"The Honorable S. W. Sherril, state superintendent of public instruction in Tennessee, was present on October 19, 1916, at the inauguration of Dr. George W. Hubbard as president of Meharry Medical College, which institution prepares Negro physicians, surgeons, trained nurses, pharmacists and dentists. Mr. Sherril spoke upon the higher education, and he declared that education was the only solution of the race problem.

"Recently the Southern University Race Commission held a three days' session on the subject of race relationship and the solution of problems growing out of these relations. The Commission issued a manifesto to the people of the South. In it were these significant words: 'The good results thus far obtained, as shown by the Negroes' progress within recent years, prompt the commission to urge the extension of his educational opportunities.

"'The inadequate provision for the education of the Negro is more than an injustice to him; it is

an injury to the white man. The South can not realize its destiny if one-third of its population is undeveloped and inefficient. For our common welfare we must strive to cure disease wherever we find it, strengthen whatever is weak, and develop all that is undeveloped. The initial steps for increasing the efficiency and usefulness of the Negro race must necessarily be taken in the schoolroom. There can be no denying that more and better schools with better trained and better paid teachers, more adequate supervision, and longer terms are needed for the blacks as well as the whites. The Negro schools are, of course, parts of the school systems of their respective states, and as such share in the progress and prosperity of their state systems. Our appeal is for a larger share for the Negro on the ground of the common welfare and common justice. He is the weakest link in our civilization, and our welfare is indissolubly bound up with his.'

"This utterance of these representative educators, constituting the Southern University Race Commission, is worthy of being styled another emancipation proclamation on behalf of the Negro race. How completely does it demonstrate that the work of the Freedmen's Aid Society is a true continuation of the work which Lincoln began!"

GEORGIA ROSE

—Eulalia Yola Osby.

My Rose is a blossom divinely fair,
With her sun-kist face and wind-blown hair,
And her lips, with warm kisses trembling there,
Rose, my Georgia Rose.

My Rose blooms not among kindred flowers;
Her form is not seen in woodland bowers,
But, hid in a secret nook of ours,
Blooms my Georgia Rose.

For me alone this rare flower blooms,
Sweetening the dusk with her incensed perfume,
And opens her heart that I might find room
To rest near Georgia Rose.

For I am a butterfly, handsome and gay;
Among other flowers with pride do I sway;
But I flutter away at the close of the day
To rest near Georgia Rose.

When weary of flowers that men call more fair
I flutter away from the garden air
To the place that no other idler may share—
The heart of Georgia Rose.

And there in the dusk, while the moon upward swings,
I forget the day's cares as I droop my gay wings,
And dreamily sip from ambrosial springs—
The lips of Georgia Rose.

O Rose! Unknown to the world's curious stare,
I would tonight I was resting there
With you, in our garden of dreams and desire.
Rose, my Georgia Rose.

THE LEDGER

DEDICATION OF THE DUNBAR HIGH SCHOOL

FROM the days when the Egyptian kings built pyramids and Memnonian colossi to the present time, men have sought to immortalize themselves and their friends and heroes in bronze and stone. The friends and admirers of Paul Lawrence Dunbar have sought to perpetuate his name. On June 2, 1909, a monmument was unveiled in his honor in Dayton, Ohio. Dr. W. S. Scarbourgh, president of Wilberforce University, uttered these words: "And I am more and more convinced that, after all, the possibilities of any race are to be finally determined by the heights reached by its men of intellect, of brain, of genius—men of power who are able to touch the hearts and stir the pulses of the world by their marvelous ability for delineation by pen, brush or chisel—men who rise in the realm of the fine arts and command the world to listen, to gaze, to admire, to respect, to praise their efforts." Recently, a public school was dedicated to him in Baltimore, Md., but the greatest tribute to his fame came in the week beginning January 15th when the new $550,000 high school at Washington was dedicated to him. It was fitting that his mother, Mrs. Matilda Dunbar of Dayton, Ohio, should be the guest of honor, being entertained by Prof. Garnet C. Wilkinson, the principal.

During the five evenings and one afternoon elaborate programs were rendered in honor of the occasion. Mr. Harry T. Burleigh of New York sang at the organ and voice recital on Wednesday night. Hon. R. P. Claxton, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Hon. Louis Brownlow, Dr. John Van Schaick, president of Board of Education, and other distinguished citizens delivered addresses. Dunbar's poems were recited and the "Pilgrim's Chorus," by Wagner, Mendlesohn's "Nocturne," S. Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha," Dett's "Listen to the Lambs," and other famous productions of composers of both races were rendered by choruses during the week. Miss Angelina W. Grimke composed this beautiful sonnet, which was recited at the closing exercises:

"And she shall be the friend of youth for aye;
Of quick'ning youth, whose eyes have seen the gleam;
Of youth between whose tears and laughter stream
Bright bows of hope; of youth, audacious, gay.
Who dares to know himself a Caesar, say,
A Shakespeare or a Galahad. The dream
To him is real; and things are as they seem
For beauty veils from him the feet of clay.

How holy and how wonderful her trust—
Youth's friend—and, yet, how blest. For down the west
Each day shall go the sun and time in time
Shall die, the unborn shall again be dust;
But she, with youth eternal on her breast,
Immortal, too, shall sit serene, sublime."

COLORED CONDUCTORS AND MOTORMEN EMPLOYED IN TORONTO, CANADA

FROM Toronto, Canada, to Birmingham, Alabama, is a long leap. And yet, we find Oscar W. Adams, writing on "What Negroes Are Doing," in Birmingham, Alabama, *News* of January 21, stating that at present thirty-five colored men are employed as street car conductors and motormen in Toronto, Canada. J. R. Whitney, a colored American, who worked his way through the State University of Ohio and came to Toronto, Canada, seven years ago, was the pioneer in blazing a path for his people. Mr. Whitney founded one of the leading colored newspapers of Canada and rapidly forged to the front as a public-spirited citizen. He assisted the Canadian government in organizing a Negro battalion, which was mustered into military service for construction duty on European battlefields. He then used his influence in having thirty-five colored men hired as motormen and conductors. They proved so capable, efficient and gentlemanly that the white men who were in the service gladly took them into the union.

SOUTHERN WOMAN URGES HELPING COLORED PEOPLE

GRACE CARLISLE SMITH, in the course of an article in *The Commercial Appeal,* Memphis, Tennessee, of January 28, under the title of "The Hoosier Tragedy and Some Remote Causes," says: "We have found fault with sudden emancipation because we realize that the mass of Negroes were deficient in the training needed for freedom, but what have we done to supply that training? That the problem is not of our making is no answer. The Negro is easily led and there are few among them who, if properly directed, would not become industrious and well-behaved people. Unless the South makes its 10,000,000 Negroes efficient and law

abiding, their presence will be a weakness and a menace. These people are a part of our community and we cannot move forward if they lag too far behind."

WEST VIRGINIA COAL COMPANY DESIRES TWO HUNDRED COLORED WORKMEN

THE Charleston, West. Va., *Observer* informs us that the Carbon Coal Company, operating at Cabin Creek, W. Va., is ready and willing to open its doors of opportunity to 200 stalwart Negroes. It has already put up two community houses for their colored employes, containing reading rooms, moving picture halls, etc.

THE *Birmingham News* tells us of the "Barbour Plan for Staying the Negro Exodus":

"What appears to be a most practical method of staying the exodus of negroes to the North is described by *The Montgomery Advertiser,* in a news story copied on this page today.

"Barbour county has launched a campaign designed to awaken the rural negro to the opportunities that lie about him, to the results that may be achieved by intense cultivation of the soil, to the latest methods adopted for fighting the weevil, and, altogether, to make him more prosperous and contented. In order that the negro may not misunderstand the purpose of this campaign, or be led to believe that his white neighbors have a purely selfish reason for wishing him to stay in his native South, the work of enlightenment is to be carried forward by negro leaders under the auspices of the Tuskegee Institute.

"Such a campaign should be of incalculable good both to the negro and to the South. The negro belongs in the South. The more thoughtful blacks understand this well. The News, for its part, does not believe that the mooted ill-treatment accorded the Southern negro is by any means widespread, nor that it would be allowed to continue in any respectable community. Probably some of the negroes who have gone North bear incurable grudges against some Southern whites, but a very great part of the exodus to the North, especially from the rural sections, may be traceable to crop failures and encroachment by the boll weevil.

"It is encouraging that the aid of the negro leaders from Tuskegee has been enlisted in this effort to divert the negroes to a more thoughtful appreciation of the soil and to teach them how best to wrest the utmost yield and how best to destroy their chief enemy, the weevil. The eyes of the South will be turned toward that experiment in Barbour county.

"Another thing which *The News* has mentioned from time to time, and which it would impress now upon the negro leaders of the South, particularly of the cities, and more especially of the Birmingham District, is this:

"You would do a real God's work if you diverted some of these hordes of city negroes to the rural sections. It would be a godly task: this leading the blacks back into the field."

ACCORDING to the *Atlanta Constitution,* the South is beginning to recognize its great debt to living ex-slaves and to make some material recompense for their services.

"At a meeting of the campaign committee of the leading colored citizens of Atlanta to raise funds for the ex-slaves who are unable to support themselves, it was decided to raise a subscription list of $1,000.

"There are more than 500 ex-slaves in Atlanta and many of them have no relatives living to help support them and depend upon the public for support. The chief object of the committee is to see that no old person suffers for the necessities of life.

" 'This work should cover the south,' said B. R. Holmes, in making an appeal for funds to an audience of colored citizens in Cosmopolitan A. M. E. Church Sunday morning.

"Donations will be received by B. R. Holmes, secretary-manager of ex-slave fund, 324 Fort street, or call Bell phone Ivy 4360-J."

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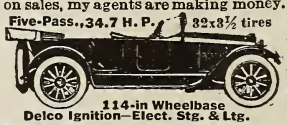

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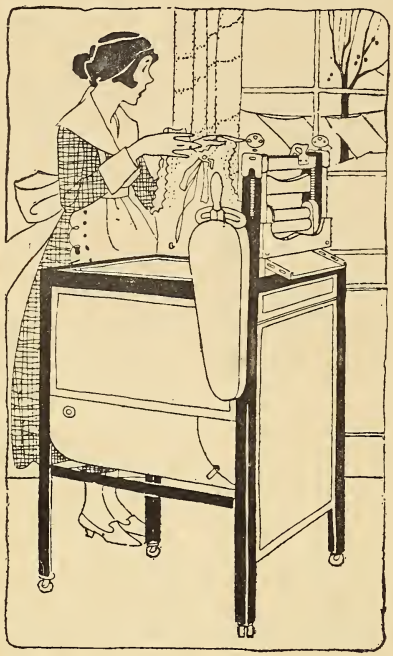

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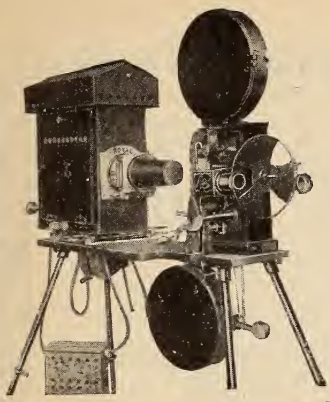

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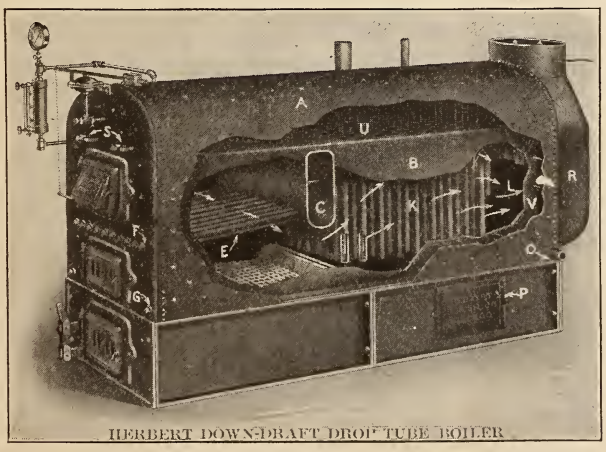

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The Champion Magazine

A Monthly Survey of Negro Achievement

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The Three Marys

By H. O. Tanner
EASTER THRU THE VISION OF A NEGRO ARTIST

EASTER IN ETHIOPIA

Hiram H. Holland

Wake! sable maiden, for morning, into noon, is melting night, and doth from every flower distil a dewy shower within a bowl of light, fine seasoning it with the spring, faint stirring it with the croon of the wind; and the soul of this day shall be deep in thy song, for thy majesty and delicacy, my daughter, in both lamentation and laughter, long since were wed and to birth have brought, at last, this jewel of joy: arise and rejoice!

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Vol. 1 April, 1917 No. 8

THE EDITOR'S BLUE PENCIL

EASTER

Easter is the annual festival which is celebrated throughout the Christian world in commemoration of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The name is derived from Eostre or Ostara, who was the Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring. A corresponding festival among the Hebrews is called the "Passover" in memory of the great "Preservation" when the angel of death passed over the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt when he smote the Egyptians.

The spirit and significance of Easter, however, cannot be contained exclusively within the confines of any ecclesiastical organization. Its manifestation is world wide and its meaning is universal and eternal. Easter is, indeed, the time of resurrection and rebirth, for it is the budding anew of the spirit of eternity, whch ever and anon becomes eclipsed by the chilly cloud of death. Through Easter, life is immortalized, love is justified, and faith is confirmed. It is a time of gladsome return and reflection, of thanksgiving, of renewing old resolutions, and of going again toward the goal.

To the Negro race, at this time, Easter is pregnant with a meaning of particular and peculiar import. We who have long been sleeping have heard the resounding trumpet of the resurrection. Rousing from our deep and deathly rest, we came forth, and found that Faith and Imagination were rolling the stone from the door of our tomb. We saw them at work. We saw them in the twinkle of an eye liberate the souls of those who had lain captive for centuries. And, we have not been disobedient unto the heavenly vision and unto the demonstration of the heavenly agents—Faith and Imagination.

These are still with us and it is well that they are, for there are many stones still to be rolled away. Among these are the stones that hinder our way to health, to shelter and sustenance, the training of our children, and the preservation of our rights as citizens of the world's greatest republic. This is Easter. This is the time to come closer together that we may not perish during the stress of pestilence; that we may be preserved and enabled to press on to the hills our fathers trod.

In the near future, we must at least enter the portals that swing before the palace of our own Art and Literature. To do this, we must encourage the producers of art and literature by learning who they are and by purchasing and pondering their works. In these we shall see ourselves, as we are, as we should be, and as we may become. Thus we shall be reborn to the beauty and sanctity of black, brown and sallow manhood and womanhood, and, in time, we shall realize again the heights to which we had attained long, long ago before we fell asleep. For this is the time of trumpet and thunder. This is the resurrection and the renaissance. This is Easter.

MUSIC

Music is the art through which the whole soul of existence seeks expression. The circulation of all creation, the pulse and potency of all things moving, dreaming and dormant, vibrate in the voice of music. It is the tongue of feeling and the language of life.

Through all the ages, the contemplation of the universe has presented to the

consciousness of man the sensation of pain. After searching for the source and meaning of himself and the world about him, man finds himself foiled, deluded and delivered to pain. So with voice of wailing quaver he asks the queston, "Why?" This query, with more or less success, music is ever striving to silence.

She offers a mirror for all the myriad moods of man and his mother, Nature, letting him look and discover something of himself and his mother. This discovery of self-knowledge is pleasure; and the mind is ever desiring more and more. Thus mankind puts forth, thru the aid of music, the will to live and learn in spite of pain. Music is maternal, eager to bestow her blessings and her bounty is exhaustless.

Hence, as a source of spiritual consolation music stands highest in the hierarchy of the arts. Its idiom is universal and its import is of eternity. All races use and understand it, each in its own way, but the message and meaning of music are the same the world over. Some peoples, nevertheless, seem to possess the gift of music in a greater degree than others—seem to sense its meaning more. Among these, the Negro is conspicuous. The commentary literature regarding his gift is varied and voluminous, and presents, in some places, much contention and confusion. In spite of controversy, it is generally conceded that of all the arts, Music is the Negro's greatest gift. As far back as we can learn anything of the great Negraic branch of mankind, it has been spoken of as a musical people. In all lands to which the race has gone as captive and slave it has left the impress of its soul upon the music of the conqueror. This fact is significant. It has been well said, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who make its laws." Without subscribing to the second phrase of this epigram, let us make much of the first. Already we have given America and the world a new music. As Negroes, as a race born to rhythm, let us exert our strong soul power against the artificial barriers that now block our progress and though they stand stubborn, in time, they are bound to break. "Whoso has more soul than I have masters me." Emerson's word is peculiarly pertinent to our case today, for we are the men and women of "oversoul." Let us list to the song of the soul and let us sing while we march to build high the Temple of Music —Queen of the Arts.

THE MIGRATION MOVEMENT

Colored people in large numbers continue to leave the South and press Northward. A migration movement such as this is unmistakably a momentous affair. Here are people so harassed and hard-pressed in the land they love as home, that today, for better or for worse, many of them are leaving it forever.

The facts which explain this far reaching exodus are not far to seek. Low wages, legal injustice, lynching and race repression have done their work. They have cut loose from its moorings the most loyal economic and industrial element in the South today and set it adrift. Coexisting, however, with the recent reactionary trend toward ostracism and oppression in the South are many social symptoms that seem to reveal the presence of a remnant which will restore and preserve in the Southland peace, prosperity and inter-racial understanding, at least, to some extent.

Many agencies and societies in the South are beginning to consider and study the colored people, and the striving of the Southern Sociological Congress is deeply significant. Nevertheless, much of this good will and good work has come too late to stem the tide of unrest and migration on the part of the neglected and oppressed.

In the North the newcomers will find a situation to which many are absolute strangers. They will find a cold climate, a cold competition and a cold criticism which will challenge their energies and

tax their resources to the utmost if they are even to eke out a meager existence. Especially will this be the case with the mass of untrained menial labor unused to Northern conditions. Yet, it is true that the war has opened up many industrial opportunities to the Negro which have heretofore been denied him, and it is equally true that the Negro has been swift to seize his economic chance, giving as a general rule satisfaction to all concerned. If he can continue to meet its physical and economic exactions, he will gain in the North, many of the benefits of civilization. Still the coming of the Negro to the North in such large numbers is considered a civic problem of deep gravity. It is feared that an aggravation of such social problems as vice, crime and disease will follow in his wake because he is unused to urban conditions.

In consideration of all this, the duty of the Northern Negro is near and clear. He must co-operate with civic agencies in every honorable and effective way toward bringing about a healthy assimilation by the community of its new constituents. This he should do for humanity's sake, and for charity's sake. But, whether he respond to the call of these or not, finally, he must do it for his own preservation. Let him get busy now and not wait the inevitable.

THE HIGH COST OF LIVING

Africa is in the tropics and her people are tropical in temperament. This is to say, they are full of life and the joy of living, spending themselves and their substance with a care free and lavish hand. This is natural in Africa, for it is a land of perennial plenty. Outside Africa other conditions prevail. We must take sharper notice of the coming and going of the seasons, of the time for sowing and reaping.

Here in the north temperate zone, the element of economy must seriously enter any system of living that expects to meet the exacting conditions of the climate and endure. At the present time, on account of the war and many other economic exigencies, the cost of living has advanced abnormally. This is a condition which we must meet and survive. To us in a Northern climate, wholesome food and comfortable shelter are matters of first importance.

It would be a false economy to minimize or dispense with either of these. But, many other matters should be diminished and discarded altogether, at least for a season, until more normal and stable conditions prevail in commerce and industry. Only by sacrificing temporarily some of our comforts and conveniences can we continue to educate our children, discharge our civic duties and keep abreast of the vanguard of progress.

HOTELS

As a race, we represent nearly twelve million people here in the United States, and despite a high death rate, we are still growing. Our progress along many phases of group development has been truly remarkable, yet, along some roadways, we are lagging far behind.

There is a lamentable lack of first class public provisions for our traveling public. We have few first class hotels. Very often it happens that people of prominence visit a city and depart before their arrival becomes known because of the irregularity and inadequacy of our ways and means for reception and entertainment.

Again, such hotel accommodations as we have are often far inferior to standards of living which prevail in the private home life of our guests. Seldom made welcome, and often made to feel that we are not wanted, at the best hostelries in the north, our only alternative is self-reliance, and after all, this is probably best.

Let us build better hotels for the housing of the better class of our people. Standards of physical living are hardly separable from moral and educational standards. The modern hotel should be a center of civilization

Negro Manners and Music in West Africa

By George W. Ellis

"Dwells within the soul of every artist
More than all his effort can express."

AFRICA is a great continent. It is great in size and great in the natural beauty of its fields and forests, its mines and mountains, its rivers and its lakes. In African flora and fauna and the gorgeous phenomena of the continent nature was at her best. No visitor ever escaped the fascination of its magnificent forests, the beauty and music of its birds, the life and flow of its mad rushing rivers, its waving palms bowing in the tropic zephyrs, and its scenic sunsets that gild the mountains and paint the heavens as the clouds are forming and floating by.

Africa is a land of natural wonder. Before Egypt knew the silent gaze of the Sphinx and the immortal art of her pyramids, catacombs and columns, her mighty Negro sons had laid at Meroe, in the upper valley of the Nile, the foundations of those arts and learning which have made esthetic Greece, proud Rome and powerful modern Europe famous in both life and letters.

We know even today so little of Africa. And yet we know that as rich and glorious as is the continent, no continent excels Africa in robust and splendid native races. More than any other place Africa is truly a land of sunshine and of happiness. The common expression is that when the sun goes down all Africa dances. Whether this is true or not the Negro shows in Africa in every tribe that by nature he is an artist. In the poetry of motion, the harmony and cadence of sound the Negro has no superior and for talent in music no race in the same numbers has shown itself to be anything like his equal.

Music Writers in Negro Africa

Those who have given even the slightest study to Negro life in Africa were soon convinced of the Negro's special predilection and talents for music and religion. In the African Black Belt are to be found numerous writers on music and theology. In a Negro muslim's library on the West Coast were found 150 volumes. Fifty of these volumes were by Negro African writers. Five were on science and medicine, seven on law, seven on grammar and rhetoric, fourteen on music and seventeen on theology. So that in the Negro's native and original home his authorship in music is now definitely known and authoritatively established. These works are written in Arabic and when they are translated they will shed additional light upon the already known rare and exceptional talents of the Negro in music, one of the richest and most intoxicating of the fine arts.

Place of Music in Negro Africa

The sociological explanation of musical talent among the Negro people is to be found in the wide and universal practice of the dance with its music. The dance is perhaps one of the most fundamental of institutions in Negro Africa. Almost every social incident, ceremony or function from the birth of a child to the crowning of a king has the swooning revelry of the African dance, with the melody of its singing and the enthusing harmony of Negro music.

The heri is an institution for the training of Negro males and the sande is for the education of girls. Under different names most all Negro tribes have similar institutions. When these native schools open and close and at various

other times, the people are called together in what they call a "Big Play" with its dance and its music.

When a boy or girl graduates from either one of these schools, when any one dies, when there is a marriage, when the king is coronated and at all social gatherings there is to be found the Negro dance and music.

During the dry season when the nights are lovely the native squares in the Negro cities are crowded with the dancers and the singers. A favorite form of singing is where a leader sings a verse and a chorus answers and joins the leader at certain intervals.

It is the custom on beautiful evenings for troupes of singers, sometimes male and other times maidens, to form and go from house to house of the rich and upper classes and sing the most entrancing songs and dance the most intoxicating dances until the early hours of the morning.

When the Negro kings are visiting one another or returning from a triumphant war there is such music, which, if once heard, explains the deepest and most soul-stirring strains ever heard in any American Negro cabaret.

Negro Musical Instruments

If one saw the common looking instruments from which the Negro African musicians wring such sweet and touching music, he would hardly require more evidence of the Negro's native ability in music. It is to be noted that the Negro not only makes the music but that he also makes the instruments upon which he plays. It might be of interest to mention some of the more common instruments to be found among Negro Africans.

A NATIVE AFRICAN BAND

They have various kinds of drums made from logs hollowed out, with tanned hide fastened with palm fiber over one end.

The women make music with sassas, composed of gourds covered with shells

on threads and which strike against the gourd when shaken.

They have certain drums called King's drums and are used by the King's drummers. They are small drums made of wood with both ends fastened with tanned hide and are carried under the arm and beaten with sticks made for the purpose.

They have an instrument made of a sheet of iron rolled so as to be left hollow, and this hollow part is held in the palm of the left hand; there is an iron ring on the left thumb which is struck against the iron sheet after each beat made by a stick in the other hand.

They have another instrument consisting of two small baskets containing round pebbles which are shaken one in each hand.

They have what is called a war horn and it is supposed to belong to the King and is made of ivory and ornamented with silver and gold.

From the gourd they make an instrument with holes in it and finger it like a fife.

Like a ladder they make another instrument with small sticks tied across two long bars, from which are suspended below gourds diminishing in size.

They make a certain harp with a sounding board below made of calabash.

Certain tribes like the Mandingo use a native piano or xylophone, made of slabs of resonant wood.

The Buzi and Mandingo peoples are noted for making flutes.

They make trumpets from the horns of the bongo tragelaph or the elephant tusks, and often from wood in imitation of the better kind.

They make music from tapping certain iron bells or gongs or shaking rattles filled partly with seed during songs and dances.

The drum, to be sure, is the basis of all popular African music. Made in varying shapes and sizes, it is carried by itself or attached to the body.

In the Kru country may be seen many little hand drums, with exterior red and blue strings attached.

On many an African evening the step of the traveler is quickened and his spirit renewed by the far off sound of the African drum, whose subdued and touching beats are softly wafted upon the tropic breeze.

And while we have only touched the subject of African music, still, when we have learned all we could and told all we know, the chances are we would feel very much like the poet who said:

"No musician,
But be sure he heard, and strove to render,
Feeble echoes of celestial strains."

Negro Folk-Music as a Basis of an American Music

By John W. Work

AMERICA has no national music, that is, America has no music which embodies and expresses American life. This is explained by the fact that our country was settled by people who came from European countries, highly developed and civilized, with their own peculiar habits, customs, literature, art, laws and ideals. These in no sense were American. It has been the hope and expectation that all these different races thrown into our great melting-pot would be fused into a new race, American. This much-to-be-desired result has

not come to pass, and it will be a long, long time yet before the world beholds a real American, the assimilation of all the different racial qualities into a new music. It is understood, when the term American is used, United States is meant. Since, therefore, we have not had an American we could not have an American music.

There are faint indications, however, none the less definite, though they are faint, pointing to the birth and development of a music which will be a true and comprehensive expression of our national life. A great national music is naturally based upon that nation's folk-song. America has no folk-song in the broad sense of the expression, but there is a folk song in America, expressing the very soul of a people and a phase of American life. It is the folk-song of the American Negro, born in the hearts of slaves, telling the melodious story of the plantation, the fields, the streams, hills and skies; shouting on the mountain tops of ecstacy and weeping tears of sorrow in the deep valley; singing in peculiar and characteristic melodies, every experience of the Negro Soul, as it has been influenced and impressed by American surroundings.

When Anton Dvorak announced to the world that the only original American music was the music of the American Negro, he caused no little surprise, and furthermore there came forth protests and efforts to disprove his theory. He stood his ground, however, established his theory as a fact, and gave it great support by composing his New World Symphony with the Negro folk-song as an inspiration and basis. There is much of peculiar beauty in this symphony and when, at the Music Festival in Worcester, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1896, it was played for the first time, it was received with a great deal of interest, and it may be stated, with curious enthusiasm. It was a bold departure in musical composition. Dvorak, while he could not possibly have interpreted the Negro soul, nevertheless gave the world a big and powerful motor idea and set a milestone in musical art. When, however, he had successfully maintained his position and proved his theory, immediately there arose those who announced the theory that this music, commonly termed Negro folk-song, was not of Negro origin at all, but had been appropriated by the Negro, a super-imitative being, from other peoples; the Portuguese, the Scots and the Indians. These assertions have been most satisfactorily dealt with and now this very strange, characteristic, and interesting music is never thought of, by serious minded people, as any other than the folk-song of the American Negro, and other eminent composers have based some important works upon it—Schonberg and Chadwick among them.

What justification can there be for the claim that the Negro's folk music is the proper basis for an American music? Has not the Indian folk music? and is not the Indian a real American? It is true that the Indian has his folk music, and also true that he is the real American, but a comparison of the Indian's music with that of the Negro will show that to the Negro music naturally belongs the better right to form the basis for an American music. If, however, there were no Negro music, the Indian music would have the indisputable right, because it would be the only folk music in America. The Indian's music does not comprehend any features of this new composite American life. His folk-song was born before he ever saw a white man, and is the expression of his own self alone. It is beyond doubt a real folk-song but too restricted to be termed American, in the sense in which the word is now used. On the other hand, the folk-song of the American Negro expresses not only the Negro soul, but interprets that soul in terms of American life as it was in the South during two and a half centuries. This expression is broad, deep and lofty. It comprehends manners, customs, religion and history.

The history of such songs as "Steal Away to Jesus," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," "Many Thousands Gone," and "Great Camp Meeting," gives a picture of a phase of American life on the plantation; some of those snatches of music called play songs give another phase, and it is a fact that a relatively accurate history of the social and religious life of the old South can be read in these plantation melodies.

It is not too much to state that the Negro scale has received an addition of one note here in America, the flat seven, which is not an accidental, but a natural, converting the pentatonic scale of the African into a sexatonic scale of the American Negro. The original scale of the Negro when he arrived in this country in 1619 was 1-2-3-5-6-8, in which we note the absence of 4 and 7. The African music was built upon that scale, but during the Evolution of the Negro from African to American, his scale also underwent a change, and the flat seven was adopted. It is a new note of surprise and wonder, which is very evident whenever and wherever struck. We find this in such songs as "Roll, Jordan, Roll," and "Great Camp Meeting." This new note of surprise can be explained in no way save that the newness of the new world found spontaneous expression in this note. These melodies, in their smooth and luscious flow, their rich intervallic relations, their delicious cadences, embody and express the poetic ease, carefreeness, and the languid charm of the Southern life; in their raptuous and irresistible outbursts they express the consuming enthusiasm of the Southern nature; in the leaps and flights of their clarion calls, they express that ever readiness to meet a challenge.

It is to be borne in mind that there is made here no claim for this music to a full expression of this whole composite American life. On the other hand, the claim is made that the Negro folk music expresses generously a considerable part and important phase of American life, and is the fittest and most appropriate basis for the construction of an American music.

So it was quite natural and gratifying that such composers as have already been named should make the beginning of this structure as they have.

No Negro has as yet done anything so ambitious as are the productions of Dvorak, Schonberg, or Chadwick, but what they have done in this field is of the finest quality. They have understood and expressed the real spirit of the folk song in terms of Americanism . Coleridge-Taylor wrought well his transcriptions and in no other of his efforts did he show his art to better advantage, but of course his expression of Americanism is necessarily somewhat indefinite. It has remained for our own American Negro writers, the Johnsons, Cook, Dett, Diton and Burleigh, to lay the first stratum of this new structure of American music.

Some of these have used the characteristics of the Negro folk-song in their compositions, while others have developed and evolved some special ones of the old melodies, but whatever method they have used, whatever course they have followed, their work has been positively constructive and clearly prophetic.

America is some day to have a national music expressing the great American life; it will breathe out the power of virtue and the grandeur of Democracy, and it will rest upon, as its foundation, the Folk Song of the American Negro.

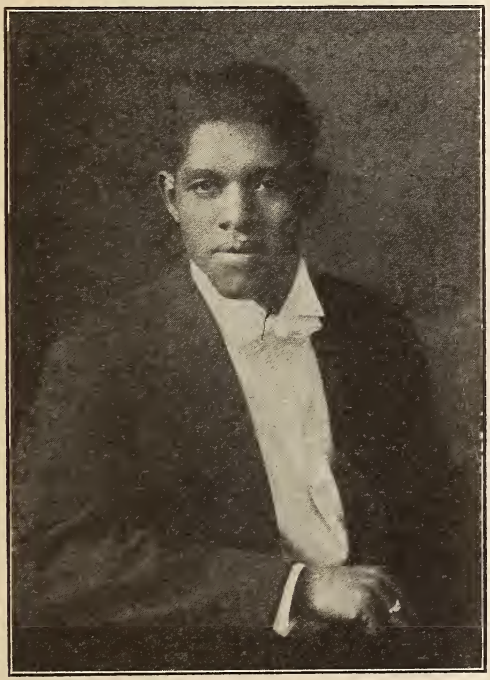
Modern Progress In Musical Development of a Truly Gifted Race

ATTAINMENTS OF ARTISTS.

By Sylvester Russell.

PROGRESS in musical development during the past month has been met by glowing appreciation. Those of the primitive rank in the classical arena have disbursed their ardent duty and showered their dower of talents upon

us with careful effusion. The Maud J. Roberts recital of Wednesday, March 14th, was the second annual hearing of a series inaugurated last season at Abraham Lincoln Centre, one of Chicago's exclusive concert forums, and reveals the fact quite plainly of the positive advancement in America's original music and artist-work of the Afro-American people. In the Roberts evening of song, Roy Willfred Tibbs, a pianist, was also heard and the two artists were commendably praised the next day by Herman Devries, one of the prominent musical critics of the Examiner and Evening American staff.



ROLAND HAYES, Tenor

Miss Roberts is beyond question a distinguished soloist. Mr. Tibbs is a teacher of D. C., and a former pupil of Isador Phillip of the Paris Conservatory in France. In the Chicago Conservatory we have had several products in the classical element of schooling. Anita Patti Brown, the sweetest of coloratura sopranos, need not be spoken of at length at this period. Florence Cole Talbert, who won the diamond medal of the Chicago Conservatory one season past at the Auditorium, is one of the latest rising sopranos, and Marie Burton, another realistic artist, has earned an equal record, and Sinclair White, the violinist, piano at Howard Univerity at Washington, is also a graduate from the musical college mentioned.

Promiscuously among other artists who are rare in musical attainments are Antoinette Smythe Garnes of the Detroit Conservatory, a gifted singer and a student of violin and piano, who continued her studies at the Metropolitan Conservatory of Music at Indianapolis, Ind., and later came to Chicago, where she entered the Chicago Musical College, graduated and received her voice diploma last June, 1916, and she expects to graduate from piano in June, 1917. Mrs. Garnes, who has a charming personality, appeared last October as a soloist at the Chicago Musical College and the Music News was lavish in speaking of the singer, as follows: "Antoinette Smythe, a pupil of Mabel Sharp Herdien, gave the Strauss Primavera and displayed a true light of flexible coloratura. It has been predicted for this artist a brilliant career."

The Roland P. Hayes recital at the Wabash Auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association, Thursday, March 15th, was another demonstration in racial progress in the realm of song. It is equally true of George R. Garner, Jr., the baritone tenor who has made rapid progress in his art. I was delighted with a glance at some of his British newspaper comments, which I offer as follows:

Wellington White, in the Moose Jaw Times, declares that Garner has a voice of wonderful flexibility and in his rendition of "Celeste Aida" he had thoroughly captured his audience. Here is another from the Vancouver World: "Mr. Garner sang the music of 'Don Ottavio' beautifully and with taste and skill. It is in such music that his vocalism brings the finest rewards. In 'Dalla Sua Pace' and 'Il mio tesoro' he achieved marvelous results." The Herald at Calgary spoke as follows: "It was a wonderful voice with which this great tenor electrified his audiences, remarkable in its purity and great range."

Harrison Emanuel, the violinist, is another artist of whom the press has been speaking most highly. Of his last concert at Kimball Hall, the Music News announced that he is steadily growing in technical equipment and and that his musical gifts are of the best. His "Adagio" movement of the Vieuxtemps Concerto (op. 31) was of exceptional beauty.

T. Theodore Taylor, a splendid pianist and accompanist, is bringing his tonation up to the highest standard. Clarence Lee, the very young violinist, has been showing true sparks of talent. He is the son of a teacher of piano and has had good fundamental teaching from his father. His mother is an artist painter. Notice was attracted toward the Lee boy by his skill, shown at the J. Rosamond Johnson recital. His eyes, which picture a romantic nature, were fixed upon his instrument and his inherited instinct in bowing, which incited tone production, captivated.

Martha Broadus Anderson, the prima donna singer, is another worthy graduate. She is now a teacher in her own conservatory. In Mrs. Anderson, society has long since found a lady of culture in whom they could confide for social and moral care in the musical training of their children, and it is most encouraging to note that all these artists are tolerant victors. Two contralto singers who might next be spoken of in a passing way are Delphia Boger, who was heard a few years ago to excellent advantage, and Pauline James Lee, whom Madam Hackley discovered and first exploited from her Normal and Vocal Institute. W. Henry Hackney, the excellent tenor, educated in the classics, need not be dwelt upon in this ramble. Most people understand that such rare artists are always reviewed individually, as their category naturally occupies space, something more than the mere mention which is salvation to so many others of lesser talismanic relation to the public. What is pleasing to the public is that these artists all sing after such rare composers as Coleridge-Taylor, H. Lawrence Freeman, Will Marion Cook, Harry T. Burleigh, J. Rosamond Johnson, Nathaniel Dett, DeKoven Thompson and a host of others.

Walter Gossette and Prof. Ed Morris, who must not be overlooked, bring us closer to sacred relationship; they are rare organists and Gossette's work has been especially harmonious in Episcopal and Catholic music and as a choir boy trainer. In speaking briefly of pianists, the mention of Hazel Harrison, Helen Hagan and Nora Douglass brings us to a high estate. Directly after her finished course of completion Miss Harrison made her first notable appearance at Orchestra Hall, and judging there her broadened development, all who attended were assured of what her trip to Europe had meant to her ascendency. When Helen Hagan of New Haven, Conn., or rather rated as a Boston pianist, first appeared in Chicago, I was present to study and consider the merit of her exercises and was most agreeably surprised at the perfection she exhibited. Nora Douglass, another fine pianist, is also a composer and one of her compositions was seen on the Roberts-Tibbs program. Maud Cuney Hare, the pianist, who appears

A. CHARLES ELGAR, Violinist

in recitals with W. H. Richardson, the baritone, can also be mentioned.

Most notable of composers of recent date, J. Rosamond Johnson and Harry T. Burleigh have been signally patronized in short story songs of semi-classic form. The Boston Transcript recently devoted two columns to the history of Mr. Johnson's composition work and it is taken that the prestige of comment coming from that newspaper will do much to advance the sale for his recital at Hibernian Hall on April the twelfth. Mr. Johnson is now at the head of the New York Settlement music school, where he will issue his future compositions. Of the days of Harry T. Bur-

leigh's childhood, when sparks of genius warmed his soul, a joyously pathetic but delightful story is told. His mother was employed in a wealthy family in whose home musical artists of great renown would play when they visited the city, Erie, Pennsylvania, his birthplace. Little Harry was not admitted. Once in order to hear Rafael Joseffy, he stood by the outside window, knee deep in the snow, where he contractd pneumonia. When questioned by his mother the truth of his exposure was revealed. His mother conveyed and confided the secret to her mistress and asked if Harry might not help in the house when artists perform. The lady's heart was touched. People of wealth and culture who are of good breeding are generally moved by the power of anxious ambition and seldom fail to respond to its pathos of yearning. So the dear, sweet lady allowed Harry to "open the door" on the next informal occasion.

"He opened the door
Where the guests came in,
While genius was burning
His soul within."

In speaking of schools of music and musical organizations, the Clef Club of New York is one which has made wonderful progress. James Reese Europe, Carl R. Diton, Will Vodrey, Will Tyers and other music composers, are among those who have been active in linked musicianship. The Tempo Club can also be spoken of, according to Frank Tate, the violinist formerly of Chicago, and George Reeves, the greatest of all trap drummers. In Chicago the Jackson Music School, including an instrumental music store, now has a reputation almost universal. Prof. W. L. Jackson is a teacher upon all kinds of string and brass instruments. His tuition is rare and he has few if any superiors in the large conservatories. His wife is a teacher of piano and parents of the children have spoken highly of her valuable service.

Prof. James E. Miller, senior of the Musical Millers, his family, who hails from Washington, D. C., is a most scholarly arranger and an exceptionally well educated, accurate and experienced musician. I called in to interview him one day while he was busy taking down the air of Medell Thompson's new song "Keyhole." Mr. Thompson, who is the youngest new original type of Bert Williams' old time character pictures, writes his own lyrics and hums his own tunes to the composer. Prof. Miller is a fine cornetist and bassoon player. He has been a teacher, is 43 years of age and is an authority on everything in the musical line and the father of four children, three boys and one girl, who are all musicians, and his

HELEN HAGAN, Pianist

wife is a musician also. As an indication of Professor Miller's proportions, he is to arrange all of the music for Cunningham's Colored Circus, which is to open in Chicago about May 1. According to Manager Chester Cunningham, Prof. Miller is looked upon by him as the only real salvation he will have in incidentals, such as band management and side show music.

In the Windy City, where we have song writers by the score, there is perhaps none quite so popular as Shelton Brooks, the partner of Clarence Bowen, the little dusky Caruso. Brooks, whose "Some of These Days" made him famous, is not perturbed because the song field abides in plenty. Will Dorsey has crossed the ocean and the prestige and following he had created fell to Dave Peyton, leader of the Grand Orchstra, who now has an office down town, where his business is established. Sidney L. Perrin, author of "Dinah," a good com-

poser and song writer, is napping on the job. Clarence Jones, one of the best composers in the medium field, is now an arranger with the McKinley Music Company. His late ballad "Just Because You Won My Heart" is fast becoming popular. W. Benton Overstreet, the young pianist and composer whom Billy King brought out as leader for his company, is now a musical fixture in the musical cabinet. Joe Jordan is now at home to the music world. He wrote his last good song in Scotland, I am told, came home rich and brough some baggage. Edward W. Bailey of the States theatre is another promising musician. He had exploited Will Tyler, the violinist, in his orchestra for a time. Frank Jordan Woods, who is now violinist in the Grand Orchestra, is also a pianist, fully educated and equal to any leader. It would not be proper in this subject to overlook the energies of bands and choruses. The Choral Study club under the direction of Pedro Tinsley was something Prof. James Mundy's chorus, almost perfectly valuable for its benefits in chorus work, and trained and with such accompanists as M. Gertrude Jackson, Blanche Logan and others are worthy accomplishments. The Eighth Regiment Band, the Tuskegee Band and the Hampton Band are bands that have proved their value.

W. HENRY HACKNEY, Tenor

Music and Drama

The recent engagement of the Smart Set, at the Grand Theatre, re-introduced Salem Tutt Whitney, Homer Tutt, Blanche Thompson and a well drilled and excellently trained chorus and supporting artists. The most encouraging thing about the Whitney organization is that the two brothers are talented writers, composers and producers. "How Newtown Prepared" was a name in title only, if we are to compare it with the splendor of the production. What is usually rich of the Smart Set productions is the quality of the music and

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Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

By William Moore

Thy harp was gold; thy song's a joy that throbs
With beauty brought by life-winds from a land
Of pearl and purple light. Ah, holy is
The thought we hold of thy sweet, tender life;
And tender is the love thou gav'st to us
For that heart yearning of the finer soul.
Life's Music Vision clear was thine and far
Like hope it flowed into the heart of life
And melted distance into nothingness;
Like dreams it kissed the stars and hovered near
The haunts of flowers.

Music! Music! Life
And Love and measure of
God's laughter when
The dance is on! The dance
Of youth, the dance
Of age, of death perfumed
with memories;
Of pallid morns blanched
with the fear of loss.
But noontides come—noon-
tides of yearning
dreams
And love—blood-red, some-
times, and pulsing with
A strength of iaht so gentle,
yet so true,
The day dies brave amid the
murmurs of
The singing dusk. For day
is living breath
Of light as night is silent song of rest,
Of rest that came to thee at end of one
Sweet day when God had said thy work was done,
Thy work but not thy song.

He sings the best
Who lives with beauty as his mate. He dreams
The truest whose full love for life lies deep
Within his soul. But when one sings the note
Of tender exaltation, then the stars
Break into chorus and the angels God
Hath known will bring him treasure rich in faith
And fine old gold of love. Thy song will live.
For thou wert gift of Afric's bluest skies
To Europe's sullen dawns—a deep red rose
That blossomed fragrant with life's song and
held
Communion sacred with the harmonies
Of earth and sea and all the heavens.

Shall
The grand old mother race that gave thee song
To sing find pow'r again? Will gardens bloom
Once more in Timbuctoo? And will the plains
Beyond the far headwaters of the Nile
Mother the Sphynx and give the world great
kings,
And marvel venture-lust of
virgin youth
Again? "The stones are very
hard." But hope
Is haunting ev'ry byway to
the sea
And music pure, the music
of thy harp,
Shapes tenderer the shadows
of the night,
And mellows e'en the stri-
dent voices of
The blatant, willful day.

Love, listen! Hark
Ye to the quiver of the
Autumn leaf;
Hark ye unto the far and
fainting song
Of summer eventimes; list ye unto
The thund'rous murmurs of the Winter sea,
And to the soul-drenched melodies of Spring;
Life lives with thee, with thee and him who gave
To Hiawatha being in a song
So beautiful he now is child of all
The world. Nor dusk of skin, nor darkened
dream
Of ages dipt in pool of tropic blood will know
Him else than brother, brother of the god
Who fathered beauty, brother of the faith
That bears the burdens of the lowly one
Today, tomorrow and forevermore.

Rock Hill Circuit

By Jesse H. Ferguson

WELL, it was just a little old village anyway. A mere skeleton of a town—made up of a few scattered, thatched-roofed houses, an army of pyramidal cedars which now were laden with the copper-colored cedar "balls" and an abundance of the useless, hard, blue berries that are often the munitions of the wrathful rustics on their way from the little old lop-sided school house above the mill. More than that, it was a sort of mausoleum, where in the long, long ago, ere the woods rang with the noise of gunshot, many a solemn funeral was held, many an aboriginal "Prince in Israel" was laid to rest in the stone-hewn sepulchre on the hillside. And the plentiful boulders, some of which bore on their rugged surfaces mimic carvings and ill-shaped images done by the artists of that early day no doubt, to the honor and station of the great and the deceased nobleman, attested to the great number of death-entranced souls laid there to rest.

It was just a little old village—Rock Hill Circuit—and to this day perhaps it stands as mute, as backward, as rich in the lore of ancient days as it ever was—even as great, still, or yet greater, may be the richness of its scenes and the picturesqueness of the mighty panorama of the surrounding hilled and valleyed country, that girts it about on all sides and incloses it in a sort of "lap" between many hills, yet standing higher than the highest neighboring valley Perhaps, but that's a "new situation" which must find solution in the triumph of faith over timidity and conjecture.

And even though it stand not now, its memory is indelibly impressed upon the minds of us all—that is, as our leading villager and chief seer would say, "We 'uns of Afric's sunny land, who live, who bleed, who die, that a new civilization may be nourished for those yet unborn." And that is agreed to by us all, even if for no other reason than that. But far more than that are other things which we might consider if it were not for their heterogeneous nature. Thus, to avoid complications and heresies, it is far better, for more expedient, to leave off these things which, after all, would not add nor detract one iota from the story we attempt to tell.

Elder James Davis was the presiding elder of Rock Hill Circuit, and a right good and brainy man he was, with a very fluent tongue, a capacious stomach and a more than voracious appetite. He came to us with the special blessing of the Bishop resting upon him, aside from that august personage's instruction to "Git more dollar money outa them." But if he did, nobody knew it but he. He had a fixed custom in the conducting of his ministerial duties. He never failed to be present fully ahead of time for the holding of his Quarterly Conferences. It was a way he had, and a very advantageous one it was, too. It was one that meant profit in a most self-gratifying fashion, but great loss to his male constituents, who, down to a man, secretly hated him; but who dared not disobey his every beckoning.

But the Sisters and even the young women, all liked him in the highest sense of the word. Without reason, or for some exalted one, it is not safe to say, but it was a self-evident fact that the Sisters liked him, and liked him to his teeth. In this he counted himself great and exceedingly fortunate. He regaled himself in the superabundant hospitality of a good sister while the brother, and her husband, was at the woodshed cursing his eldership for what the men generally termed his asinine impudence. But what cared Elder Davis for the "quibbs" of these old bucks, as he called many of them?

Ensconced in the liberty that his position as presiding elder had given him, regaling in the hospitality of the energetic sisters, acknowledged as leader by the petulant whiners of the local church, it does seem that this divine's life was filled to overflowing with the sweets of ease and contentment. Moreover, he was not wholly dependent upon the genuine friendship of the sisters, as one might presume. He had a friend after his own kind, and a mighty man was this friend. Brown Thompson was his one male friend who espoused every cause inaugurated by the prince of divinity.

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Poetry of Paul Lawrence Dunbar

By Charles Eaton Burch,

Tuskegee Institute

ELEVEN years have passed since Dunbar ceased to give to the world the lyric of the plantation Negro. In his own day he was appreciated and honored by a large circle of men and women, both in Europe and America. Speaking of his work, William Dean Howells says: "So far as I could remember, Paul Dunbar was the only man of pure African blood and of American civilization to feel the Negro life aesthetically and express it lyrically. It seemed to me that this had come to its most modern consciousness in him and that his brilliant and unique achievement was to have studied the American Negro objectively and to have represented him as he found him to be, with humor, with sympathy, and yet with what the reader must instinctively feel to be entire truthfulness." It is doubtful whether the large mass of the people of the United States fully appreciate the contribution which he has made to American literature. For in a very peculiar sense his verse bears the stamp of America. Among the great host of America's sons and daughters, Dunbar felt the kindly presence of his own race and in his poetry represented the Negro as a sympathetic, humorous, faithful and worthy factor in the life of the nation.

In what estimation is the poetry of Dunbar held by the American people of today? One fact is clearly established. Dunbar has become the favorite poet of a great mass of the Negroes in America. A visit to the church social, the village festival or the Negro school will confirm the statement that a large group of people have learned to value his works. Two forces have been at work in bringing his works into popular esteem among Negroes. The first is to be found in the recognition of the truthfulness with which he has represented the Negro of the plantation. In his dialectical poems every phase of the plantation life has been presented. The hours of mirth give place to the pathetic strains of the weary toilers, returning from the corn fields; and the whole story of the religious life of the Negro slave is embodied in the "Lyrics of Lowly Life." The other reason for the increased popularity of Dunbar's works among Negroes is due to the influence of the Negro colleges and schools. Few of the leading educational institutions of the Negro fail to include in their courses of study some space for the consideration of the history of the Negro in America. From this intelligent group of Americans comes the encouragement to the masses an appreciation for the poetry of the man who sang the song of the childhood of the race on American soil and uttered prophetic strains of the new day which would slowly but surely come.

The transplanting of the native African from his land of wonders to the cotton fields of the South was destined to be more than an economic blessing to America. There followed in his wake a deep current of life which has left its impress upon the music and literature of the country. The full story of his contribution to the development of the nation has not been fully told, but when the historian undertakes the task of recounting the forces which have blended to create a music and literature peculiarly American, no small space will be devoted to the influence of Negro life on these arts. The poetic temperament of these children of the Tropics early manifested itself, especially in their crude efforts to create the religious poem. The following lines are representative of this attempt at poetic expression:

D'ere's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas Morn,
Rise up Shepherd and foller,
It'll lead t' de place de Saviour's born,
Rise up Shepherd and foller.

It was left, however, for Paul Dunbar to take this primitive poetry of emotion and imagery and present it to the world in graceful literary form. Aside from preserving the dialect of the plantation, he has given us a true picture and an honest interpretation of the "lowly life" of the black man of the plantation who toiled and sang during the busy hours of the day and grew not tired of song when the evening bell called him to rest. The following poem selected by Mr. E. E. Stedman for his "Anthology of American Verse" and regarded by him as one of the poet's best compositions is a beautiful and sympathetic account of the relations existing between master and slave:

On the wide veranda white
In the purple failing light,
Sits the master while the sun is slowly burning,
And his dreamy thoughts are drowned
In the softly flowing sound,
Of the corn songs of the field hands slow returning.

Oh, we hoe de co'n,
Since de ehly mo'n;
Now de sinkin' sun
Says de day is done.

O'er the fields with heavy tread,
Light of heart and high of head,
Though the halting steps be labored, slow and weary,
Still the spirits brave and strong
Find a comforter in song,
And their corn song rises ever loud and cheery.

Oh, we hoe de co'n (etc.)

To the master in his seat
Comes the burden full and sweet,
Of the mellow minor music growing clearer,
As the toilers raise the hymn
From the silence dusk and dim
To the cabin's restful shelter drawing nearer.

Oh, we hoe de co'n (etc.)

And a tear is in the eye
Of the master sitting by,
As he listens to the echoes low replying
To the music's fading calls,
As it faints away and falls
Into silence, deep within the cabin dying.

Oh, we hoe de co'n (etc.)

In his "Deserted Plantation" we have another true poetic expression of the love which the Negro slave had for the plantation. The scene of his labors and struggles was dear to him and he cherished it with that devotion which seldom finds its analogue among peoples living under similar conditions. A few lines from this selection will show how fully Dunbar entered into the inner life of his people:

Oh, de gribbin'-hoe's in de conah,
An' de plow's a-tumblin' down in de fiel'
While de whippo-will's a-wailin' lak mounah
When his stubbon heat is tryin' ha'd to yiel'.
An' de big house stans all quiet lak and solemn,
Not a blessed soul in pa'lor, po'ch, er lawn;
Not a guest, ner not a ca'iage lef' to haul 'em,
For de ones dat tu'ned de latch string out air gone.

Dey have lef' de ole plantation to de swallers,
But it hol's in me a lover till de las',
For I fin hyeah in de memory dat follers
All dat loved me an' dat I loved in de pas'.

So, I'll stay an' watch de deah ole place an' tend it
Ez I used to in de happy days gone by.
'Ry well do othah Mastah thinks its time to end it,
An' calls me to my qua'ters in de sky.

A study of the early institutions of the Negro in America easily discloses the fact that the religious meeting was the center of social life. The large place which Dunbar gives to the religious element is an evidence of his careful selection of subject matter. In his "Ante Bellum Sermon" he has introduced the parson who was without doubt the Pope of the plantation. He is one of Dunbar's most interesting characters. A few

lines from this poem will serve as an introduction to this leader of black bondsmen:

We is gathahed hyeah, my brothas,
In dis howlin wildaness,
Fu' to speak some words of comfo't
To each othah in distress,
An' we chooses fu' ouah subjic
Dis—we'll 'splain it by an' by;
An' de Lawd said, Moses, Moses,
An' de man said, Hyeah am I.

To exclude the musical element which entered so largely into the life of the Negro of the plantation would be eliminating one of the really significant contributions which he has made to American life. The plantation melodies which have been preserved and cherished by many who passed from bondage to freedom are evidences of the musical talent of the Negro slave. In the lyrics of Dunbar, the several phases of this musical atmosphere are strikingly brought out. We hear the sorrow songs and the shouts of joy, the music of the banjo and the mirth of the festival. It is in these humorous and sometimes pathetic scenes that the art of the poet is most clearly recognized. "The Ol' Tunes," when Malindy sings, are typical of the music interest in the dialectical poetry of Dunbar.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar more than any other figure in American literature, has given us the poetry of the blackman of the plantation. The limitations of the life of the slave and the freedman necessarily limited the range of his subject; yet in this little world he found the fields of the South and its darker sons and daughters, followed them to their evening rest, sought them out in their joyous festivities and entered with them in their religious service. It is to him that we are indebted for the lyrical grace in which he has preserved this wonderful period of the Negro's life in America. His series of dialectical poems may be regarded as the lyric of a life made beautiful by its simplicity, noble by its devotion and pathetic by the tragic incidents which were thrust upon it.

Charles Eaton Burch,
Tuskegee Institute.

The Kaiser's Negro Band-Master

By Hiram H. Holland

For excellence in the composition and teaching of music, Germany is, perhaps, the most celebrated country of the world today. From all ends of the earth swarms of students gather in her cities, hear her music, study her methods and leave with something of the inspiration of energetic and incessant labor in a cause of love which is so singularly a characteristic of the German master of music.

It is not, however, the aim of this article to tell of a German, but of a Negro, master of German musicians. He is conductor of the First Grenadier Guards of the Imperial German Army, whose commander-in-chief is the erratic, but efficient war-lord, Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Sabac-El-Cher is the name of the Negro bandmaster of the Kaiser and he is German born, although his parents were natives of Cairo, Egypt. Prince Albrecht, uncle of the present Emperor of Germany, was the incidental instrumentality by which the world was permitted to partake of great esthetic enjoyment, by bringing the boon of opportunity to an obscure and ill-situated family which possessed, as has been proven by its offspring, the potentiality of genius.

The prince was prospecting in Northern Africa, when he came in contact with a Negro whose charming personality took him captive. Here he felt he had found

an ideal attendant and incidental companion. So he at once besought the black man to pack bag and baggage and join his pilgrimage back to Germany.

The amiable African was evidently equally impressed with the manner and mien of his royal visitor and when the latter insisted that he accept the invitation to visit Germany as an attache of his household, the native was convinced of the earnestness of the prince and with voice of sorrowful tone, informed him that he would be delighted to travel with him, but having recently taken unto himself a bride, he felt that he could not con-

SABAC-EL-CHER
Band-Master of the First Grenadier Guards of the Imperial German Army.

sider the generous and pleasing offer of his royal friend, as this would take him from the side of his spouse.

The prince, much amused and charmed with the simple fidelity and honesty of the black man, soon assured him that his wife would be as welcome as himself. This settled it, the pact was made, and from that moment dated the beginning of Germany's great musical debt to Africa.

Sabac-El-Cher, the son of this African couple was born on the grounds of the Royal Palace in Germany and was soon discovered to be a musical prodigy. At nine years of age he was playing in public on the violin and, being given an excellent musical education, he began to rise rapidly to positions of prominence in his profession. At the age of twenty, he was performing in the regimental bands, playing an oboe and trombone. He continued to climb until, in 1895, he became bandmaster and the lustre of his genius shone round the globe.

Both the African and the German are intensely musical and the success of this African boy thoroughly trained in the musical methods of Germany should occasion no amazement. But, to those who are disposed to descant upon the innate opposibility between the Teutonic and the Tropical temperaments, this incident may form an incentive to further speculation. After all, it would seem that the world presents many paradoxical contrasts and that life itself is, at last, nowhere logical. The case of the Kaiser's Negro bandmaster should prove stimulative and suggestive to the Negro in the United States. Music sways the soul of the world. Music is our greatest gift —a gift of the spirit through which we shall conquer if we faint not nor falter.

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Brown Thompson, a big, black-visaged, sober man of some forty odd years, was the chief promoter of all of "Eldah" Davis' plans. He saw to the latter's safe arrival from the little country railroad station, even if he did often quit his plowing in the fields to drive over after the elder. It was never any trouble to him and he never accepted apologies. He was "Doin' his dooty," and that's all there was to it. Never mind about the other things; it was his "dooty." Even though he had a large family to feed; even though he was allotted the largest tract of ground to till; even though his house was but a "shanty" of two

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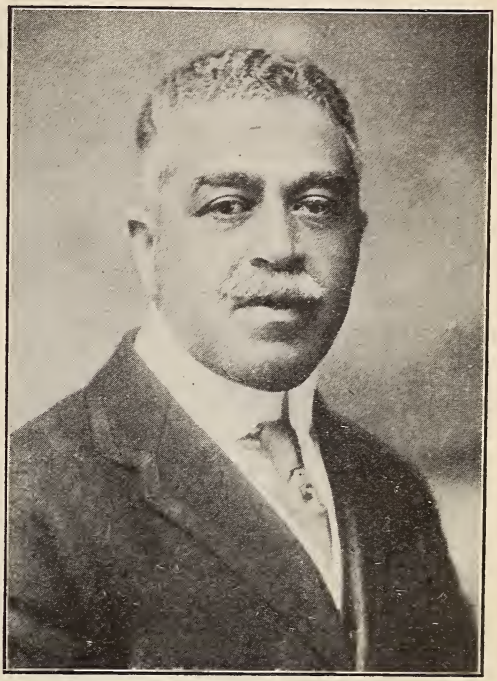
NEGRO COMPOSERS AND NEGRO MUSIC

By W. H. Ferris.

AT NO period in the Negro's history has he been subjected to so close a scrutiny as at present. During the ante-bellum days, he was regarded with mingled feelings of pity and contempt. From the close of the war to 1895, he was regarded as a mascot and ward of the nation. From 1895 to 1915, he faced a spirit of growing hostility in the North and in the South. In 1915 we entered upon the fourth phase, the age of critical study, observation and dissection of the Negro. The microscope, the magnifying glass and the X-Ray have been turned upon him. He has been poured into the crucible and subjected to the fire and acid test. The analysis has disclosed some favorable and some unfavorable things. Among the favorable things disclosed is that the Negro race has made a real and distinct contribution to the world of music.

Madame E. Azalia Hackley is writing a book on this same theme. Mr. J. Rosamond Johnson of New York, who has attained fame as a musician and composer, and Mrs. Maud Cuney Hare of Boston, who has won an envied reputation as a musician and musical writer, brought to the knowledge of the Chicago public this winter the tributes which the world's masters of song have paid to Negro Music. Mr. Johnson in his recital surprised the audience by stating that the motive of "Walk Together, Children," was developed by Antoine Dvorak in the Symphony to the New World, which is played every year. He also stated that Dvorak said that the Negro melodies were the only original American music and that the motive in "Go Down, Moses," was as strong as the motive in Siegfried.

Mrs. Hare's talks on the "Influence of Afro-American Folk Song and Musicians" of color were a revelation to the audience in Quinn Chapel. She told of the tributes that Dvorak, Percy Grainger, and Walter Damrosch paid to Negro Music and showed how Grainger, Cadman, Walter Damrosch, Powell Scott, Fisher and Homer have developed Negro themes. She also spoke of the careers of Joseph White, H. T. Burleigh, Will Marion Cook and James Weldon Johnson. She said that J. Rosamond Johnson has written songs for Anna Held, William Russell and other operatic stars and that Beethoven contemplated dedicating one of his masterpieces to Bridgetower, the colored violinist. She said



HENRY T. BURLEIGH, Baritone-Composer

that Beethoven may have had Negro blood coursing in his veins and that a book in the Royal Library of Berlin describes his grandfather as a man of brown complexion with heavy Negro features.

Mrs. Hare developed the ideas which she had so brilliantly sketched in her recital more elaborately in her article in the Musical Observer for February. She said in her article, "Modern ragtime is supposed to have originated in the South and West, later becoming popular in New York and the country at large. However, according to Ernest Newman, it has been made use of from time immemorial. He gives many examples of its use in works of classical composers. The passage, 'How Vain is Man,' in Handel's 'Judas Maccabeus;' Schuman's, 'Promenade;' Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 28 (1st movement) 'Waltz,' and Tschaikowsky's fourth and fifth symphonies. One might add the fourth movement of Glayonnoff's Symphony in B."

The odd progression of Negro Folk Songs, including the raised sixth in the minor key which occurs in "Weeping Mary," and "Ain't I Glad I Got Out of the Wilderness," has been used by no less a composer than Beethoven.

But, by claiming that there is something in the rhythm of the Negro melodies that is basal and

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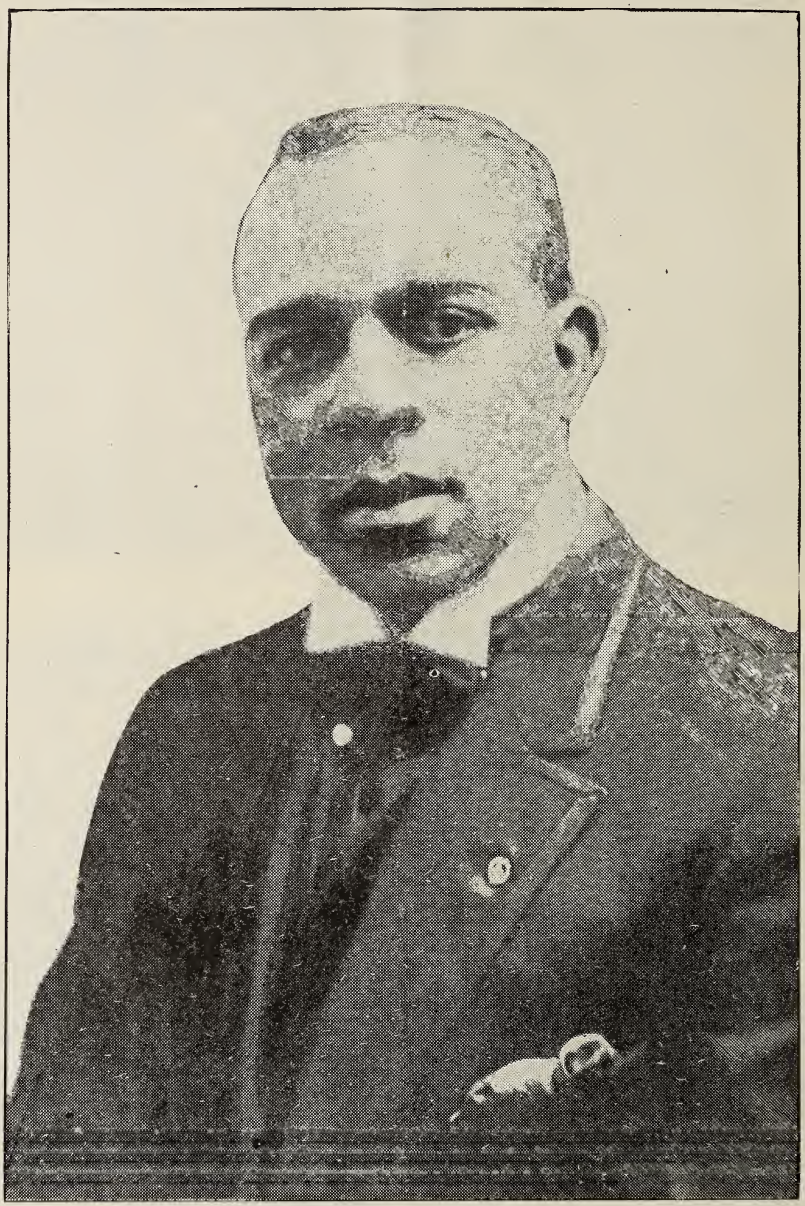
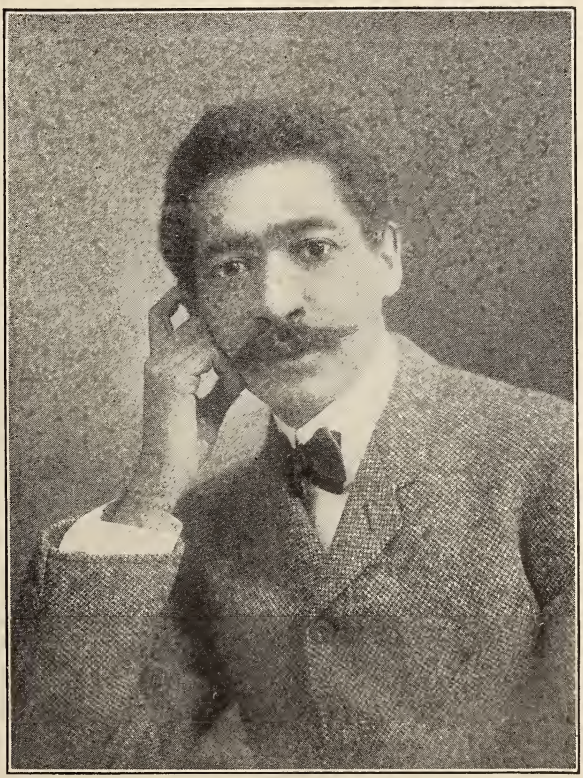
The Pictorial Review



J. ROSAMOND JOHNSON
Composer.

fundamental and worthy not only of preservation but also of cultivation and development, Mrs. Hare is not defending what she terms, "The ordinary songs of today, the so-called popular songs, written in ragtime set in execrable rhymes.'

Mrs. Hare closed her illuminating article by referring to the wonderful tributes which Dvorak and Mrs. Kemble paid to Negro music. Dvorak said, "There is nothing in the whole range of composition that cannot be supplied with themes from this source." But, Mrs. Kemble in her "Life on a Georgia Plantation," went a step further. She said, "With a little adaptation and instrumentation one or two barbaric chants and choruses might be evoked from the songs that would make the fortune of an opera."



WILL MARION COOK
Composer

At a time when the Negro's possibilities and capabilities are discussed, it is of interest to know that the Negro has evolved a form of music which, when pruned of its corruptions, and developed, contains wonderful possibilities. The Negro melodies and plantation songs were first called to the attention of the cultured people by Col. T. W. Higginson, in an article in the Atlantic Monthly in 1867. They became popular when the Fisk Jubilee Singers began their tour of America and Great Britain in 1871. But, before that time, individual colored musicians attracted attention. Bridgetower, a colored European violinist, was a contemporary and friend of Beethoven. Brindid de Salas, another colored violinist, played before and was decorated by the crowned heads of Europe. Chevalier Sainte Georges, a man of color, was called the Voltaire of equitation, fencing and instrumental music, and was knighted by Louis 16th of France. Abbe Gregoire says of him, "Some of his concertos are still held inestimable."

Will Marion Cook and Cole and Johnson, have done some clever composing in the lighter vein. Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has eloquently said, "In later days, Cole and Johnson, Williams and Walker, lifted minstrelsy by sheer force of genius into the beginning of a new drama, the next step will undobtedly be the slow growth of a new folk drama built around the actual experience of Negro American life." But, we must not let this talk about developing Negro music, Negro drama and Negro art draw us too far afield. There is something in art that makes a universal appeal to the human mind, and we may well ask the questions, "Is there race in music?" "Is there race in art? Have not Americans, colored and white, crowded the Boston Theatre in Boston, Mass., to hear Wagner's Trilogy, Lohengrin, Tanhauser and Tristan, and Gounod's Faust, Gounod's Romeo and Juliet and Verdi's Aida, which were the production of German, French and Italian composers? And, did not a colored chorus in Boston under the direction of Prof. Theo. Drury creditably render Verdi's Aia in 1907 and Faust in 1908? Did not the same Prof. Drury stage "Carmen" in New York in 1900? Is it not true of great music, as of great poetry, great painting, great sculpture and great architecture, that it makes a universality of Homer, who has sent his name down the ages for twenty-five centuries so that he has appealed to lovers of poetry of all races? Is it not the fact that his poetry appeals to Germans, Frenchmen, Jews, Italians and Negroes,

as well as to Englishmen, that stamps him as the world's greatest poet?

The great musician, poet, dramatist, painter, sculptor and architect gets his inspiration at first from the native soil and makes his first appeal to men of his own race, as did Robert Burns. But, if he is to live in literature, art or music, there must be something about his poetry, art or music that makes a universal appeal to the human heart as Burns did in his "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "A Man's a Man for A' That," and Handel in his "Hallelujah Chorus."

The Negro in slavery, untutored as he was, could only pour forth the longings of his soul in simple melodies. Must we say then, that Negro musicians trained under German, French or Italian masters, cannot produce masterpieces? May we not hope that other men of Negro blood will do in music, poetry and drama what Pouskine did in poetry, what Dumas did in novel writing, and what Tanner did in art and what Coleridge-Taylor did in music? We further hope that within the next twenty-five years, a colored dramatist will arise in America who will so interpret the Negro's experiences, that he will make an appeal not only to men of his race, but to the world at large; not only to men of his own day and generation, but to men of all time.

The world of literature, art and music knows no color line. William Stanley Braithwaite of Boston became an authority upon magazine verse, by his sympathetic interpretation and criticism of current poetry, and became known as the reviver of poetry in America. Genius will ultimately win recognition, even though it shines through a dark complexion. Let the ebony hued painter paint a picture that the world wants to see. Let the ebony hued poet sing a song that the world wants to hear, and let the ebony hued musician by his rhythmic cadences, in the striking words of Carlyle, "Lead us to the edge of the Infinite and let us for moments gaze upon it," and mankind will forget the color, hair and features of the genius who lifted it to the Mount of Transfiguration. Now, to the toiling, struggling, striving colored artist poet and musician, I would say, "Light the torch of your inspiration upon the heights of Mt. Parnassus" and through you the world soul will speak a message to all mankind.

(Continued from Page 398)

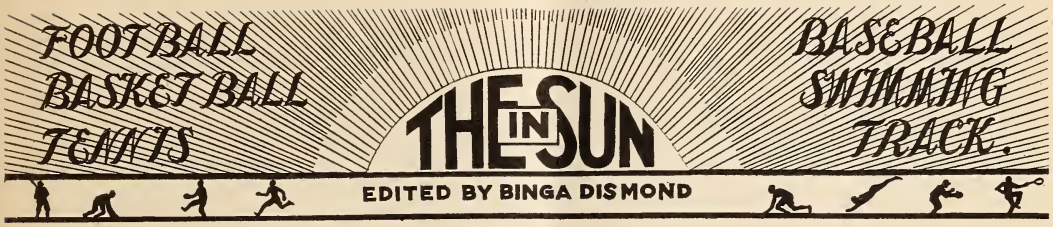
rooms; even though thieves and varmints were continually harassing his fulsome hen-roost—the p'sidin' eldah must eat, sleep and tell tales at his house first! Get it? Well.

Two great men were these—at least they deemed themselves as such. And it is hard to say which of the two gained the most pleasure from their mutual companionship. It is quite natural, though, to assume that the lot enjoyed by the young brown-faced doctor of divinity was more enviable than the role played by his big-hearted host, nevertheless, there was enough to spare on both sides. To them both it was a most profitable conjugality, though the nature of their respective profits was as widely different as were their respective vocations. And these profits were never put in comparison by the two men either in self-secrecy or openly together, thus evincing their complete satisfaction in their respective lots.

As a natural consequence of his loyalty to the young doctor of divinity, Brown Thompson was elevated from the seat of the mediocre to the bench of the pre-eminent in church circles. Inevitably following upon this act of favoritism on the part of the presiding elder, and piece of exceedingly good luck to Brother Brown Thompson, came that envy which usually is most assertive in the cowardly and less diligent. And, don't you forget it, "Brother Brownie," as he was generally called by the acquiescent sisters, came in for his share of this most contemptible brother-hate, and more.

Hitherto, on the first Sundays, when those who were not too cowardly to arise from their pews poured forth in voluminous and excited tongue their "trials and conquests on the Christian road," Brother Brownie had stood, the awakener of the deeper emotions in the souls of his brethren. They always waited for the firing of his great gun, which, as they so often asserted, and that with great man-tears in their eyes, "het" them up. But now, it was a different aspect. Brother Brownie was looked upon in a far different and not altogether glorious light. To them he was both usurper and traitor, a brand of God's creation worthy of the stigma placed upon the forehead of the first homicide. But do you reckon Brown Thompson cared for this? Tut, tut. Not a whit, so long as the sisters acquiesced; so long as the young presiding elder praised him publicly and considered him "first among the brethren."

(Continued on Page 410)



IN THE SUN.

One Verse Classic

The man who can lose,
And still can smile,
Is the man I'd choose
To be worth while;
He stands for the "gaff"
With no replies;
And returns a laugh,
Not alibies.

Gym Gems

With the passing of the ice and sleet, one might remark that there is many a slip between October and April.

* * *

Without even getting our consent, the boss of this bright little magazine went skating last month for the first time in twenty-seven years; and to our chagrin he didn't register a single fall.

* * *

Evidently he did not let the knowledge of how not to slip slip his memory.

* * *

Whoever invented insomnia certainly had it in for the athlete.

* * *

Many a champion has appeared like a "has been" in a contest, just because the Sandman neglected to come around the night before.

* * *

It is to be concluded from the above that Rip Van must have been in wonderful condition after his little snooze.

* * *

The University of Chicago track team returned from the Illinois Relay Carnival laden with gold watches which had been offered as prizes; before meets now the Midway boys, instead of using their maroon blankets, can keep warm between the *ticks*.

* * *

Your humble editor was lucky enough to be one of the fortunate; so from now on you may expect "In the Sun" to be up to the minute.

With cabarets now gone out of style, and some out of business, with the Dreamland dancing parlors closed, the question is: what form of diversion will now attract the State street speed kings?

* * *

If Howard Drew and Roy Morse decided to venture into the jewelry business after retiring from active competition, it would be altogether unnecessary for them to invest much in stock; They only have about five hundred prizes between them.

* * *

And they ought to do well in the phonograph business, for they both have a number of records.

* * *

According to all indications, Lee Jefferson is made "right," that is, his nose smells and his feet run.

* * *

My idea of a frequent caller is a certain young sprinter who calls upon his lady friend so often that when he walks up to her stoop he absent-mindedly pulls out his keys.

* * *

Research work: Why do they call runners' pants trunks? May be it's because they use them while traveling.

* * *

The University of Chicago quarter-miler, according to the Chicago Evening Journal, is B. Disment; Chicago Herald, Biga Dismond; Chicago Tribune, Bunge Dimond; Chicago Daily News, Jingi Desmond; N. Y. Mail, Bingo Desmond; a Chicago student, Bringa Diamond; N. Y. Globe, Dinga Bismond; San Francisco Chronicle Bing Dismon; 1st Regiment programme, Binga Dismond; an Oakland, Calif., speaker, Mr. Bingamon Dismal; and his mother named him Henry Binga Dismond.

* * *

Wild Men I Have Known: Sol Butler's brother, Ben, after Sol has competed in five events in the same meet, and brings home nary a first.

THE ASSOCIATION.

When the right sort of a fellow goes to New York he ultimately finds his way to 2283 Seventh Avenue. Water has a way of seeking its level; even in the congestion of Gotham this law holds good. The crowded corners of the metropolis are no places for the young men to pass the time of day. It is therefore only to be expected that somewhere in Harlem there is a "stopping off" place where the "decent" fellows of that overcrowded district can dodge the hustle and bustle of the New York streets long enough to catch their breath and spend an hour or so with the "boys." Such a place is the Association.

Back in the days when Williams and Walker productions were playing to Broadway audiences, Bert Williams showed his gratitude to his venerable father by making him a present of the barber shop and poolroom now fondly referred to by the select as the Association. In the good old days when everybody was humming "Bon Bon Buddy," 2283 was frequented almost exclusely by the stage-folk. There were such brilliants as Jesse Shipp, Henry Troy, Will Marian Cook, Creamer, Jim Europe, Copeland, Peyton, Bojangles, Cole and Johnson, Walker, Hart, Cecil Mack, Christ Smith, Joe Jordan, Harper, Will Rogers, Will Tyers and a royal galaxy of other celebrities. As time passed, however, the footlight people thinned out and younger fellows began to visit the place more and more frequently. Jesse Shipp bought out the business and finally gave it over to Jesse, Jr., whose "goodwill" at once established the place in the hearts of young Harlem. The strong rivaling athletic clubs of the neighborhood, the St. Christophers, the Alphas and the Salem-Crescents, found it a place of armed neutrality, where bloodless word battles could be fought. The Association gradually became the shrine of hero-worshiping, and their enthusiasm has grown to such proportions that they keep track of every race athlete on the map; and no matter where one is performing, those bugs are onto it and are pulling for him to come through. It is worth a trip to New York to lamp the pictures they have on the walls. When you give those walls the once over you'll get a close up on many lads you thought you had forgotten. The stage stars as well as the gods of the athletic world are represented. Some are cut-outs from the Theatrical Notes and some are taken bodily out of the Sporting Sheet. The association belongs to the professionals as well as the amateurs.

Howard Drew is considered the personal property of the Association. When he made his renowned eastern invasion last year (so long to be remembered by Jo Loomis), a letter addressed to the Association would have reached him quicker than a telegram to his boarding house. A good part of Drew's "come-back" last year was due to the consistent "pulling" of the Association. They took the roof off of more than one armory when Howard breezed through a winner. When Drew experienced his slight reversal of form at the Nationals and lost, Jesse Shipp cried; but when Drew had dressed and come out, he found he was the same Drew to the bunch. A champion can't get in bad with the Association merely by losing. They are game all the way through. Pollard is another favorite at 2283. So is little Roy Morse, and Howe also goes big. And let me say that they treated your writer like a king when he was in town. And if there was disappointment at the showing I made, they were too thorough to show it.

The Association has not lost all of its prestige in the world of the foot-lights. This is evidenced by the fact that when the Broadway production of "Very Good Eddy" decided to use a young colored man in one of the characters instead of the black-faced variety, they applied to Jesse Shipp, Jr., Bennie Wright, the lad recommended, made good in such a satisfactory way that when a second company was organized the management lost no time in making a second application at the source of their original find. The result is Sylvester Corruthers holds a twin-position with Mr. Wright. There are very few fellows around the Association who do not hold responsible positions. Most are in the Wall street district and during business hours the old place is well nigh deserted. After dinner, however, the bunch drops in. The Victrola is going, the chairs are full, and the tables are busy. "Wash" is working hard. Murphy is handing his line to some victim and Jesse is doing somebody a favor. Jesse has a heart as big as his body and that's saying a lot. The bunch knows this, too; they showed it last summer, when they surprised him by making him a present of a railroad-ticket to Cincinnati, his home, and return; and a gang of spending change. A number of towns would be much better off if they had a few more Associations in the old U. S. A.

The learned astrologists advise us that there are one or two spots on the sun; please overlook the fact if you find any "In the Sun."

Negro Composers and Musicians of the World

By A. A. Schomburg

LIKE the wings of a bird so is the relation of dancing to music; they are the wings that give such cheerfulness to our race, the one is interwoven into the other. "When the rhythm of motion became the rhythm of emotion," in the legendary days of the Greeks, it is told that music was born at the sound of hammers on the anvils, but this must have had its birth among the Zulus famous for being the earliest smelters of iron.

The African brought to America among his patrimony musical instrumnts. This is testified to by a perusal of such works as Hans Sloane on Jamaica, Stedman on Surinam and others. The African fetiches with their religious dancing has had its counterpart in the Voodoo ceremonies in Haiti and the Nanigoz societies of Cuba, known to exist in those islands as late as 1890. It is quite true that the Church, not knowing the true interpretation of music and dancing carried on by the African, has dubbed it with the term savagery.

Some claim that dancing was common to the aborigines of the New World and we know that it was the heritage of Africa from the hoary ages. We are reminded that in the various ancient countries music was considered sacred in Egypt, mystic in Israel, heroic in Greece, lascivious in Rome and barbarous in the north of Europe. It has been symbolic in one or other parts of the world. Dancing has given us all kinds of hobbies from Cato the Censor to Mazarin, from Messoline to Salome.

The Africans who were brought from the West Coast of Africa were persons of excellent physique and with them came the drums producing the weird sounds peculiar to Africa and which gave such quaint expression to the tune that no tribe is without its component drum parts. The Spaniards with their guitars, the Indians with their tom-toms and the Africans with their drums have given us the characteristics of each race.

The dance, that delightful, capricious and captivating operation of exercises with its rhythm that gives expression and pleasure to the body has been the oracle making music the art of expressing our emotions. From the rude dances of the past centuries in which Africans in the islands beyond the seas could be seen symbolizing the poetry of motion, to the modern dances of today modified by European contact and civilization, the African has lost in America much of his originality, and yet we are told that many tribal dances of Africa cannot be surpassed for their beauty of motion and martial expression.

In North America the Negroes have been forced, due to the peculiar conditions, to express their captivity with songs of sorrow which in time were carried into the church, or, better said, in keeping with Egyptian tradition, lifted to the ideals of sacredness. In the West Indies and South America the ascendancy of the Church of Rome in the Spanish speaking countries, and the Protestant Episcopal in those under Great Britain, with their measure of toleration in which the church opened its door to Christianize its slaves and freedmen with their rituals and hymnals, effectively destroyed in the years of its enforcement whatever aboriginal chants and songs these people did have. In many islands it was against the law to sing in other than the language spoken and drums were forbidden to be played except on special occasions. The Europeans have succeeded in sending the Indians to be gathered to the land of his fathers.

That the Negro is musical has been conceded for ages; his adaptability to the science of music is well known, no matter whether he comes from Dahomey or Timbuctoo.

It is a remarkable curiosity to know that Ignatius Sancho, who was ridiculed by Thomas Jefferson and befriended by Garrick, Laurence Sterne and Mortimer, "who came often to consult him," had while in London written a treatise on "The Theory of Music," printed and dedicated to the Royal Princess. This extraordinary Negro was born during 1727 on a slave-ship from Guinea to Cartagena.

How the violin got over to the West Indies and South America is not well known except

that among the many soldiers scattered through the islands and the mainland it was carried with their regimental bands. There seems to be a dearth of material, but the regiments of Negro troops had bands and the musicians were adept in playing the music of those days for the entertainment of officers, Bryan Edwards, the historian, speaks well of those Negro musicians in his history.

The earliest Negro violin player in America of reputation appears to be Claudio de Salas Brindis. He was born at Havana in October, 1800, and was well known for his eccentricities. Bellini, who has called the Cuban dance a "gracious musical crazy-patch," never had a better nor a more faithful or constant interpreter than Brindis. Even to this day many remember with pleasure, and imitate, the variations created by this remarkable Negro. He is noted in military history, having attained to the distinction of a lieutenancy in the Battalion of Faithful Blacks of Havana. He had a protector in the person of Count of Casa Bayana, for he was brother of breast to one of their offspring. He has won great honors in the art of arms as well as in music. He studied under Maestro Ignacio Calvo and his popularity eclipsed that of his music teacher which commenced in 1825, while competing for a prize which he won before Professor Ulpiano, director of orchestra.

It is said Brindis won more sympathy on account of his friendship rather than by his violin bow, by his pleasantness he was not as it were looked upon as a Negro, most everybody would stop and grasp his hands, he dressed with immaculate neatness, added to this were his brilliant musical conceptions which resounded in the most exclusive homes of Havanese aristocracy.

When the banquet was tendered to General Bertrant young Brindis showed his discovered musical ability to be of a high order; so much so that it attracted the notice of Marshal Bertrant, who paid an enthusiastic eulogium, and the ladies acclaimed him with honors. Brindis at his first opportunity dedicated a musical composition to this gifted soldier. No less was the triumph he received at the official banquet given by the military to General Tacon when the Honorable Municipality granted Brindis the title of Maestro Composer and Director of orchestra, and he had filled all such positions in nearly all the Philharmonic Societies up to the year 1844, when General O'Donnell made him suffer imprisonment, but General Concha, who succeeded him in command of the island, freed him, and, tho' old and weak in his sight, he was restored to his old profession. He was able to create another orchestra, for the first perished in the "Escalera," the punishment meted out to the Negroes in 1844 when the great Negro poet Placido paid with death his life. But Brindis never did regain his health; his two sons, who he said would be the musical hope of Cuba, were called the miniature musicians and became afterwards musicians of note. Brindis de Sala died blind and poor on December 17, 1872. He set to music an operetta called "The Matrimonial Yoke," but not even its melodies, which were dedicated to Captain General Concha and printed at Havana in 1854, have attained to popular favor.

During the lifetime of Brindis in the city of Matanzas there was born on January 17th, 1836, from humble but respectable parents, a boy known as Jose Silvestrey Lafitte White. He studied music under his father and the Negro musician, J. M. Roman. When less than four years of age he could play on the violin, at eight he could interpret music and at fifteen he composed a Mass for the orchestra of the Catholic Church at Matanzas, where he organized a band on March 21, 1855; when 19 he gave his first concert in the said city and was accompanied at the piano by the celebrated Gottschalk, at which time he played the Grand Phantasy of Osborn and Beriot on themes of William Tell and also the difficult piece of the Carnival of Venice with its 16 variations; he was each time accompanied by the same famous pianist. He left Havana for Havre in 1856, and reached Paris, where, before 60 professors, he played and gained admittance to the Paris Conservatory of Music in this great musical center. In July of the same year against 39 opposing candidates he won the first prize and due to this was honored with the title of Director interim of said institute, by absence of Prof. Alard. The "Gazette Musicale" for August 5, 1857, said, "In one year a conservatory candidate has climbed until he has won the highest praise of the greatest violinists that are known in Europe;" and he was praised by Alard, Gounod, Thomas, Rossini and by the French press. White returned to Cuba after an absence of 18 years and gave concerts in Havana and Matanzas. He was established in Paris dur-

ing 1860, where Rossini after hearing him play said, "Permit me to express the joy that I felt when you played in the home of my friend, Mr. David, your warmth of execution, the sentiment, the elegance, the brilliancy of the school to which you belong, are qualities in an artist like yourself in which the French School can feel proud." He played before Count Newerkerker and Rossini at the Hotel de Ville with splendid style the Mendelssohn Concerto and the Phantasy of Paganini, and from his own work he played a Bolero for violin and orchestra very well orchestrated and full of felicitous melodies. When in Madrid the Spanish King decorated him with the cross of Charles III and the Queen presented him with a memento set in diamonds, and when he played before the French monarchs he was decorated with the Legion d' Honeur; in Caracas the President placed on his coat the order of the Bust of Bolivar. He afterwards became Director of the Conservatory of Brazil and was tutor during the Empire of the Emperor's children. Paganini's famous violin, the double-swan, presented to him by Dom Pedro, was recently quoted at $20,000 in New York City.

While White was reaping a harvest of well deserved glory, Brindis de Sala's son, one of the miniature artists whose father had declared him to be a musical hope, was realizing the prophecy; his name was Claudio Jose Domingo Brindis and he was born in Havana, Cuba, August 4, 1852, studied under his father and when ten years of age made his debut before the Havana Lyceum. He continued to study his violin under Vandergutt and was sent by his father to Paris, where his masters were Charles Dancla and David Leipzick, and he had as counsellors such persons as Leonard and Sivani. While in the Paris Conservatory he won the first prize. "Le Siecle" and "L'Art Musicale" and other Parisian newspapers paid him enthusiastic praises. From here he continued studying in the Conservatory and Scala of Milan, in the Royal Teatro of Turin as well as in Florence and Prussia. He won laurels in Berlin, St. Petrograd and London and was called the Negro Paganini.

The eminent critic, Oscar Commertant, in the newspaper, "Le Siecle," said, "He is an artist of great talent and in all the concerts in which he has been heard in Paris and in foreign countries he has received the greatest praise. We might say that an unseen hand plucks from the instrument the most sublime notes, making them appear as if they came from heaven."

In Berlin, according to the programme issued at his concert, he was called the "King of Octaves," and Weber, the critic for the "Temps," assured us that "no one better than Brindis knew how to take hold of his auditory and dominate it completely."

He returned to America in 1875 with the title of Director of the Conservatory of Haiti, which he resigned after having organized it. He played throughout South and Central America. The "19th Century of Mexico," speaking of White and Brindis, said, "Mr. Brindis de Sala is not of the school of Mr. White; this classic par excellence showed a profound knowledge of his art, Mr. Brindis de Sala reveals a wonderful expontaneousness in his creations and an audacity in his style worthy of his great talents as an artist."

The "Courriere de Florence," Italy, says, "Chevalier Brindis de Sala is a young Negro, perfectly black, a son of Cuba of extraordinary talent, of a handsome and sympathetic appearance, it is said he speaks seven languages; he played last night, during the intermission of the Opera, two pieces on the violin. The young Negro was a revelation and filled with enthusiasm the audience. He is a violinist of admirable activity, his bowing is very quick and at the same time full of energy that carries the impression, the impetus characteristic of his race, he feels and feels with a passion that is shown in his eyes which have an electric expression." The "Gazette dei Teatro de Milan" says, "Two nights ago in the Teatro of Manzoni during the intermission of the Opera the celebrated violin concertist Chevalier Brindis de Salas delighted us with the magnificent sound of his instrument. Brindis de Sala is a sympathetic Negro of a vivid look and intelligence. As a concertist he merits the fame that precedes him, he pulls from the violin the sweetest sounds and passionate feelings, though, in the most difficult variations, he preserves a security, a good taste and purity of intonation most enviable." He was honored by royalty and died in poverty.

His brother Jose de Rosario Sala, was also a noted violinist, who resided in London.

The next person who can be said to have attained the distinction of notability was Jose Mercedes Betancourt, a Negro born in Puerto

Principe, Cuba. He was a violinist and professor of music and director for many years of the orchestra of his city, which was known as Santa Babel. If he had been educated in a conservatory, as was said by his critics, he would have been one of the glories of Cuba. The critics who heard his compositions have praised him, nevertheless. During the year 1861 he published a book containing some of his best compositions under the name "Echoes of Tinima," and dedicated it to the Countess of San Antonio wife of General Serrano, who was then Governor of the Island. He died February 23, 1866.

Juan de Dios Alfonso was a Havanese director of orchestra and a famous clarinet player and was as famous as the elder Brindis; he was a composer of profane music and died in Guanabacoa in June, 1877. Then there was Luis Jimenez, a pianist of note, who studied and graduated from a German conservatory of music.

In Humacao, Porto Rico, a young colored girl showed such remarkable musical skill that the local papers started a subscription to raise funds to aid in the completion of her musical education in Paris. The funds were raised and Anita Otero, the first colored girl from Porto Rico, entered the Conservatory of Paris and graduated with honors.

Raimundo Valenzuela conducted a music school in Havana and was choir master to the churches in arranging the sacred music for their festivities. It is said that more than fifteen churches were under his immediate jurisdiction. Then there was Jose Maria Pacheco, Julian Rojas, Francisco Rendon and among them Evaristo Quiros, the Dean of the Maestros de Musica, whose clientele was composed of whites and blacks.

In the orchestras of Cuba and Porto Rico whenever the Operas that came from Europe were staged it was not an uncommon sight to see among the musicians a large number of Negroes who in private life were masters of their respective branches of music. In these orchestras and Philharmonic Societies the Negroes were admitted, not because of their color or race, but because of their character and efficiency in their respective vocations, which was the rule in those countries rather than the exception.

No music was more popular when I was a boy than a "bomba" dance, the drum seemed to be the leading instrument and the people would flock to those innocent and pleasurable enjoyments which gave the body such splendid exercise.

On a steamer from New York ten years ago, while in the Bay of Samana speaking with a leading banker as twilight suddenly ceased to send its rays of light, and darkness was supreme, there was plainly audible the peculiar sounds from a drum dance off shore. My friend was agitated and told me he was going ashore for he could not stand the musical drum, notwithstanding the fact that he was just returning from Paris.

Noted individual players on African instruments in the new world have not appeared; except with European instruments and musical construction. Negro musicians in the new world have not become notable.

In Cuba there has been music schools in existence for more than a century and the Negro children have had opportunity to learn from able preceptors the fundamentals of music. The reason why two Cuban Negroes have won first prizes in the Conservatory of Music at Paris has been due to this influence. With the advent of music schools like the one recently founded in New York under the competent direction of J. Rosamond Johnson, it will not be long before apt pupils well tutored will show marked signs of genius and records of winning first prizes in European capitals, as did Brindis de Sala and Jose White, will be nothing unusual.

(Continued from Page 404)

And so continued this state of affairs, as disgusting as it was, from month to month and quarter to quarter, until two years had passed At the end of these two years Brother Brownie had become so powerful, so obdurate and overbearing, so detestable to his fellow churchmen that the "little fellers," as he often referred to them, had become a restless, whimpering set of men who followed doggedly after his leadership, praying each day that a change might come, and inwardly cursing each other for the individual cowardice and delay in formulating a plan by which conditions might be mitigated.

Brother Brown was satisfied. So was the good elder. The former's home was the sweet refuge of the latter. But each had a weak spot, mutually unknown, mutually unconfessed.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH)

THE LITERARY MIRROR

"THE AFRICAN TIMES AND ORIENT REVIEW."

WE received as a pleasant surprise a few days ago, the Mid-January number of The African Times and Orient Review, edited by Duse Mohamed, 158 Fleet St., London, E. C., England, which, after a two years' silence, makes its bow again to the reading public. When the news spread over the world that the European War had caused a temporary suspension of the publication of The African Times and Orient Review, the judicious grieved. But, who is Duse Mohamed and what is the African Times and Orient Review? the surprised reader may ask. We will briefly tell of the career of one of the men of might who has come out of Africa.

Duse Mohamed was born in Egypt about forty-five years ago. His father was a distinguished Egyptian and his mother a Soudanese. He was sent to England while a lad to complete his education. But he was called home on account of the Egyptian wars. His father was killed and the property was confiscated. Then young Mohamed traveled over Europe, England and America as an actor. Finally he settled in England and became a playwright, poet and novelist. He wrote the Hull Coronation Ode, a novel and a history of Egypt. Five years ago, a vast idea took form and shape in his mind. It was to publish a magazine that should circulate throughout Africa and the Orient, the West Indies of America and be the voice of the darker races. John E. Bruce, the veteran writer of Yonkers, but now of New York City, encouraged the idea. Wealthy West Africans furnished the needed means five years ago. The African Times and Orient Review issued first as a monthly magazine. It circulated in Egypt, West Africa, England, the Federated Malay States, Japan, British Guiana, the United States, Australia, Canada, Republic of Panama, India, Ceylon, South Africa, Jamaica and Nigeria. The demand for the magazine was so great that it was published as a weekly. Prior to the European war, it had grown into an organ through which the black, brown and yellow races could voice their longings. It interpreted the darker races to the white race. As it resumes publication it has the same perspective as before. It has an interesting article on the Darker Races in the Press of the World. But its reprinting a famous essay overshadows the other interesting features of the magazine. The essay is entitled, "Ancient Egyptians, Abyssians and Ashantees, Their Common Superstitions, Customs and Arts," by T. Edward Bowdick. We extend our congratulations to our Duse Mohamed and wish him and his journal a long and happy life.

The Neale Publishing Company of 440 Fourth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., is largely composed of white Southerners of the best type and is probably the only large Southern publishing house that has ever existed. But, it knows no race or color or creed in literature and for a number of years the company has endeavored to focus the best thought of both races upon various phases and aspects of the perplexing and baffling race question, by publishing books by leading thinkers of the Caucasian and Ethiopian races. By presenting the viewpoint of white and black thinkers, it has paved the way for mutual understanding. Thus, the Neale Publishing Company House has been the forum of free and open discussion of a series of sociological problems upon which information and enlightenment is needed by the public at large. In this way, it has rendered the country in general and the colored race in particular, a distinct service. Three of the publications are before us for our consideration, and we will in subsequent issues, review other books of the firm.

"The New Negro—His Political and Civil Status and Related Essays," by Wm. Pickens, Lit. D., Dean of Morgan College, Baltimore, Md. Dr. Pickens, born of illiterate parents

in South Carolina in 1881, worked his way through Talladega College and Yale University, and startled the world by winning the Ten Eyck prize for oratory from Yale in the spring of 1903. In 1904, he won the Phi Beta Kappa Key at Yale. He has taught in Talladega College and Wiley University; won the degree of Doctor of Literature and is now justly regarded as one of the foremost orators in the Negro race.

"The New Negro" is a book of 239 pages, and contains fourteen essays upon "The Renaissance of the Negro Race," "The Constitutional Status of the Negro from 1860 to 1870," "The Negro, a Test for Our Civilization," "Frederick Douglass," "Alexander Hamilton," "Abraham Lincoln" and allied themes. Dr. Pickens is pre-eminently an orator, with a scholarly turn of mind. The book has the excellences and defects of the oratorical temperament, and is a powerful and effective plea for the civil and political aspirations of the Negro race. A good deal of useful information is packed within the covers of this book and it is expressed in lucid and vigorous language, copiously sprinkled with wit and humor. It is a readable book that stirs the reader and holds him spellbound by its impassioned outbursts of eloquence. After one has laid the book aside, he does not regret the time spent in perusing it.

Dr. Pickens paints pictures of Frederick Douglass, Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln, which will live in the imagination of the readers. He begins his volume by speaking of the black people evolving a civilization in Egypt and smelting iron in Africa, before Greece and Rome were known among the sons of men, and he closes by telling us that the new Negro "is resolved to fight and live or die, on the side of God and the Eternal Verities."

Coleridge, the eminent English poet and literary critic, says that there are two kinds of literature: literature of knowledge and literature of power. Dr. Pickens' "The New Negro" belongs to the literature of power. It is an inspirational book and is a very good book to put into the hands of the colored college graduate. But, when the reader examines the work closely, he finds that it lacks somewhat the judicial tone and critical analysis of Kelly Miller's "Race Adjustment," and the finished style of Du Bois' "Souls of Black Folk." The work lacks, in a word, the care of finished and exact scholarship. But, this is not to be wondered at, for our young author has not reached the years that bring the philosophic mind. In the interesting chapter upon Alexander Hamilton, we are told that Alexander Hamilton was a Negro and that Henry Timrod and Robert Browning had Negro blood coursing through their veins. But the proof is wanting and Dr. Pickens does not cite his authorities. He takes for granted the very thing that the reader wants him to prove. He glides gracefully over the difficulty, "It is not our purpose to deal with Hamilton here as a Negro, but as a man." But that is the thing that the reader wants him to deal with, with Hamilton as a Negro. The reader desires him to untangle the vague floating rumors and gossip regarding the birth of Alexander Hamilton and separate the historical facts from the myths and legends. And, we desire the same treatment regarding the ancestry of Henry Timrod and Robert Browning. In this respect, the work is open to the same criticism that the New York Tribune launched at Du Bois' "The Negro." In the same graceful way, Dr. Pickens glides over the difficulties in his chapter upon Abraham Lincoln. The debated question is whether the Emancipation Proclamation welled up spontaneously in the mind of Abraham Lincoln as a spring gushes forth, or whether it was pumped out by the criticism of the abolitionist. And on that question, Dr. Pickens by no means says the last and final word. And, while he, like Macaulay, is more of an advocate than a philosopher, he is a very powerful advocate.

"Race Adjustment" and "Out of the House of Bondage," by Prof. Kelly Miller, Dean of College of Arts and Sciences, Howard University, are two more publications of the Neale Publishing House. "Race Adjustment" consists of a series of essays, which originally appeared in magazines and in pamphlets and were gathered in book form in 1910. Every phase and aspect of the race question is discussed. The essays upon "Religion as a Solvent of the Race Question," "What Walt Whitman Means to the Negro" and "The Artistic Gifts of the Negro" were very suggestive. But it is in the first essay, "Radicals and Conservatives," that Prof. Miller showed the full powers of his keen, analytical mind, his ability to express generalizations in a phrase or sentence, and his literary craftsmanship.

Never have the principles for which the "Radicals and Conservatives" contended in the Negro race been stated with more clearness and force than by Prof. Miller. Never has the X-ray of critical analysis more clearly revealed the dominant traits of strong personalities than Prof. Kelly Miller revealed the personalities of Frederick Douglass, Booker T. Washington, Wm. Monroe Trotter and Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois. And yet we laid down the book with a feeling that something was lacking. Prof. Kelly Miller perfectly stated the views of everyone he discussed in the book, and imperfectly stated his own views. We found the book interesting and illuminating reading. It starts many suggestive trains of thought. But the reserve and restraint of the author prevent his laying down a Thesis and maintaining it, prevent his putting in a striking form his own solution of the race question.

"Out of the House of Bondage," by the same author, which was published in 1916, shows that he has grown with the years. It also is a collection of essays upon various phases and aspects of the race problem. It harmoniouly blends the brilliant analysis and felicity of phrase of "Race Adjustment" with the positiveness of conviction of Dr. Pickens' "New Negro." The essay upon Education for Manhood is logic on fire. It not only tersely and trenchantly sums up a profound philosophy of education, but it is likely to inspire the colored youth of the land. "The Negro in the New World" and "The Conflict of Color" aptly contrast the faith of Sir Harry Johnson in the Negro with the pessimism of B. R. Putnam Weale. He shows that both authors err in emphasizing the materialistic basis of civilization and in under-rating the significance of the religious element. And the European War bears out his statement, "Until there is developed a higher sanction which transcends the psychological basis of flesh and blood, and the desideratum of the market place, there can never be peace and good will among the rival nations and races of men." His essay on "The Ministry" is a powerful plea for the talented Tenth in the Colored Race and a recognition of the ministry as a field for thoroughly trained men of vision, consecration and practical efficiency. The essays upon "The American Negro as a Political Factor" and "The Ultimate Race Problem" contain a logical and dispassionate discussion of vital themes, but unfortunately the author is rather reserved in stating his own ultimate solution of the perplexing and baffling problems, which he so brilliantly diagnoses. The "I See and Am Satisfied" which closes the book is written in the poetic vein of Dr. Du Bois. On the whole, "Out of the House of Bondage" is a book to keep with you as a guide, companion and friend.

"The Black Man, the Father of Civilization," is a booklet of fifty-one pages. In the first thirty-six pages, the author endeavors to prove from Biblical History that the Black Man was the father of civilization which arose in Egypt and was transmitted to other races, and that Negro blood coursed through the veins of Solomon and Jesus Christ. And he claims that "Ridpath says that the traditions of antiquity point to Memphis and Babylon as the fountains of human wisdom." The author takes issue with Ridpath when he says that the ancient Egyptians were neither Semitic nor Negro, but were considered a branch of that part of the Cushites family which settled in Asia. The author says that Ridpath forgets that the Cushites were grandchildren of Ham. The author says that Cush was the father of all Cushite nations, was the first son of Ham, (Genesis 10:6). Therefore, the Ethiopians and all other Cushite nations who sprang from this first son of Ham were Negroes. Elder Webb claims that Ham was the father of the Hamites and that the Ethiopian is the darkest or blackest tribe of the Hamites. The author further states that Moses selected his wife from his black or Ethiopian tribe (Numbers 12:1). He quotes the Biblical Gazette as his authority for stating that the word "Egypt" is derived from the word "Mizriam," which was the name of the second son of Ham. (Genesis 10:6). He says that Mizriam located on the very spot where Menes, the first King of Egypt, built the famous city of Memphis. This is why he claims that the Egyptians were descendants of Ham.

This method of taking one or two texts from the Bible and working them overtime to the disregard of other texts can be used to prove almost anything under the sun. Consequently, we leave it to Old Testament scholars to decide whether Elder Webb has proven his case.

PASTE POT AND SHEARS

THE recent prominence in the press of the hyphen has called attention to the loyalty of a race group which, despite discriminations, injustice and indifference on the part of the nation, is yet relied upon as an unfailing arm in time of trouble. Under the caption "Our Loyal Negroes," the Grand Rapids Press thus writes:

"One Washington negro was killed by a German shell when the British auxiliary collier Eavestone was sunk. Another Washington—George by name and quite black—went down on the Turino.

"This is quite according to tradition. The first American killed in the war for American independence was Crispus Attucks, a black. Certain men of color charged up San Juan hill, though the rough riders got most of the credit. Other men of color came home from Carrizal, limping, starving and in rags: still others came out in wooden boxes.

"We have come to look upon Negro devotion to the United States as a matter of course, without reflecting upon its surprising quantity and quality. We know our blacks would fight Germany, which never knew the institution of Negro slavery, or all creation for that matter, at the behest of a senate for whose members relatively few Negroes were allowed to vote. We know they would flock to the colors shouting and die, if need be, singing. Yet when the first and again when the second Washington was killed you heard men say on the street corners, 'Well, what's the difference? He was only a Negro, anyway.'

"In American life there is no more touching feature than the love our Negroes bear their native land, notwithstanding certain clearly defined social and political disabilities they labor under, and a general indifference to the hard won advance of the race in war and peace."

Southern statesmanship is beginning to show a beneficent interest in training the Negro, if not for the pursuits of peace, at least for the perils of war. The Des Moines Register keenly observes:

"A demand is now before congress for a great national school for Negroes, made, strange as it may appear, by a congressman from Tennesseee.

"It is to be a school for military training. The southern leaders who during fifty years of peace have permitted the Negro to secure his own training for civil life, have suddenly become thoroughly aroused to the need of government instruction in the art of war.

"Of course, if we are to prepare soldiers much may be said for the proposed school. The Negro has stood up beside the best soldiers in the world, and he is more willing to fight for the flag than many to whom the flag has meant more in privilege.

"But is it not worth thinking about that we should be so suddenly solicitous for the training of the Negro in times of war and so little solicitous in times of peace?

"Suppose the congressman from Tennessee had proposed a great national training school for the Negro fifty years ago to fit him for the common duties of American life?"

The Observer

THE Critic becoming alarmed by the tragedies of life and the high cost of living telephoned the Observer to hold the fort until he arrived. Then the ammunition wagon started on its way. Upon entering the quiet domicile, he met his Royal Highness, who was whistling. The Critic began his story with an outburst that would have startled the men in the trenches. He said to the Observer, "What are you whistling 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Mankind,' for?

"Don't you know that they are slaying thousands daily on the battlefields? Don't you know that the German submarines are daily sending to the bottom of the seas, ships and human beings?

Don't you know that the English blockade is practically slaying thousands of helpless women and children? Don't you know that the Southerners are oppressing the blacks and that they are leaving the sunny South, migrating to the North to freeze to death? Heavens, man, get yourself together, do something, do something."

"Hold on, my friend," calmly answered the Observer. "Don't go so fast and don't get so excited. Take your time, pause a moment and reflect. You evidently were overfed at the banquet last evening. It's a nightmare. Wake up! Go home, take a quiet nap, then come back and talk."

But the ever resourceful Critic had by no means exhausted his supply. So he began a new line of attack.

"If you dislike my telling the truth and speaking of my hobbies," replied the Critic, "perhaps you will listen to the grievances of other people."

"What are you driving at now?" asked the Observer.

The Critic began by saying, "I met Dr. What's His Name yesterday morning. He's a splendid representative of the Old School of preachers. He is profound, eloquent and a man of high character. He cannot only raise a shout when the emergency calls for it, but he knows how to administer horse sense and Gospel Truth in homeopathic doses. Don't you respect that kind of a clergyman?"

"Why of course, I do," replied the Observer. "But, what is the logical connection between the Rev. Dr. What's His Name and your present pessimistic frame of mind?"

This question gave the Critic his cue and he replied, "Well, Dr. What's His Name despairs of the new Negro and especially of the Negro who has had training. He says that when he was a boy, everyone who amounted to anything attended church and the young people took special delight to work in church concerts, entertainments, festivals, fairs and literary societies. But now it is different. The church is now largely supported by the middle aged and the old. The working class form the backbone of the church, while the literary and the professional classes apparently have lost their Christian spirit and are only amused. If you send your son away to college, what does he do for the up-building of the church? If you send your daughter to a Conservatory of Music or a school of Elocution what does she do for the church when she graduates? Answer these questions."

"But," replied the Observer, "you must look at the other side of the picture."

"What is the other side?" asked the surprised Critic.

The Observer rose from his chair, walked over to the mantel, took down a beautiful program, handed it to the Critic and said, "There is the other side of the picture. On that program you will see that a young man, a Master of Arts of a representative university, is billed to lecture upon, 'The Signs of the Times.' A young lady who is a graduate of a famous conservatory is billed to play and sing. Another young lady who holds a diploma from a well known school of elocution is advertised to read and recite. Over a thousand people attend the Sunday morning service of the church in which they were to appear and nearly a thousand people attend the Sunday evening services. Yet, less than a hundred attended this high class lecture, dramatic and musical recital. But, let a suggestive play or a minstrel show, offensive to the church morals, be staged in an up-town theatre and you will find scores of other people standing, waiting in the street for the doors to open for the next show. And they will gladly pay high prices for tickets.

"When the churches sympathize with the men and women who have aspired and toiled and struggled for the higher educational things, they in return will reciprocate and will take a renewed interest in the church.

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

By Hiram H. Holland

IN THE death of Samuel Coleridge Taylor, September 1, 1912, at Croydon, England, the musical world was bereft of a brilliant luminary and the Negro race lost its greatest genius in the Realm of Sound. Coleridge-Taylor was born August 15, 1875, at Holborn, England, of an African father and an English mother. From early childhood, he manifested marked musical talents and was considered by the discerning ones as a child of great promise.

His father was graduated as a physician from one of the leading medical schools in London and is described as a precocious student possessing considerable personal charm. Soon after graduating from a course in medicine Daniel Hughes Taylor met Alice Hare, a young English woman of gentle birth and breeding, and made her his wife. For a while all went well with the young couple. The husband secured a position as assistant to a physician of note and the patients apparently became greatly attached to the young black doctor with his fine manners and genial good nature. But this state of affairs was not long to last. It was not long before a change of circumstances came about and Dr. Taylor succeeded to first place in the hospital where he had served as an assistant.

And here follows a curious commentary on a caprice of race prejudice. The patients, who had shown such a pronounced predilection for the services of the African physician while he was acting as a subordinate, now turned away, unable to yield themselves to the idea of placing implicit confidence in the character and capability of a black man acting in a superior and controlling capacity.

Things grew worse. The father of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor found his color a bar to the successful practice of his profession and he became dejected and despondent, quitting England for Africa and leaving his family without support.

About this time Col. H. A. Walters, a friend of the family, gave the mother and child a helping hand and finally made it possible for the young musical prodigy to enter school. Coleridge-Taylor entered the Royal College of Music, London, and made himself noteworthy by the magic of his personal charm and by the diligence and distinction with which he pursued his studies. During this period he was described as a "bright and shining light" in the Royal College, and a brilliant career was forecasted for him. He did not disappoint his prophets.

At the age of twenty-three, his great choral work, "Hiawatha," was composed and its presentation won for its composer world wide fame.

Many notable works followed in rapid succession, but none has met the favor of the critics as did "Hiawatha."

Coleridge-Taylor took great pride in his African ancestry and championed the cause of the colored people to such an extent that his biographer has designated one chapter in his book, "The Apostle of Color." Coleridge-Taylor was well versed in African and Negro history and enjoyed the friendship of quite a few distinguished colored men of his day. Conspicuous among these was the poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, several of whose lyrics Coleridge-Taylor set to music with great success. The celebrated composer found a deepseated attraction in Negro music, African and American, and some of his best work is the result of studies and sympathies in these fields.

Soon after the presentation of "Hiawatha," Coleridge-Taylor took to wife the daughter of an Oxford professor, Miss Jessie Walmisley. The bride's family was uncompromisingly hostile to

the union, but it took place despite their opposition. Of this marriage the biographer of Samuel Coleridge-Taylor says, "Never was a marriage, objected to on the part of well meaning friends, so justified in its results." Two children, a boy and a girl, came to bless the blissful couple and fortune seemed to beckon toward a fairyland of flowing joy.

In response to an invitation extended by the Coleridge-Taylor Choral Society, which had been named in his honor, the great Anglo-African composer came to Washington, D. C., and directed his celebrated "Hiawatha," which was rendered by the Society named in his honor. The performance was a "proud triumph." The colored people were inspired and sang as if imbued with a new spirit, and the composer, hearing the "call of the blood," yielded himself to its mighty yearning and found himself at home, in his native element.

At the conclusion of the great concert the composer was presented with a silver loving cup as "a token of love and esteem," and he was hailed with the singing of a noble ode, the opening lines of which are as follows:

"O, thou illustrious one,
Whose genius, as the sun,
Illumes our race."

This musical event marks a noteworthy niche in the temple of Negro artistic attainment and achievement. The ode, from which I have just quoted three lines, is composed of several stanzas and is instinct with beauty, majesty, goodness and strength—the genius of the Negro Race. The writer of these stirring lines, Mr. Arthur S. Gray, has lately passed beyond the borders of the dawn. Of him it seems fitting just now to say little. It were best now to quote three lines more from the noble ode which he penned in honor and love of Coleridge-Taylor.

"Tho' earthly joys must end,
And friend must part with friend.
Yet love abides."

Coleridge-Taylor is said to have been so favorably impressed by his reception in the United States, that for a while he seriously contemplated coming to this country for permanent residence. Other considerations prevailed, however, and he returned and remained in England. But his interest in his race never wavered or waned. He was ever the race patriot, the "apostle of color."

Throughout the United Kingdom honor after honor was showered upon Coleridge-Taylor and, although he was hardly more than a youth in years, he was heralded as a music master of the most unique, individual and captivating charms and powers.

Thus, in the personality and achievement of Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, the colored races of the world have earned the right to be respectfully considered in any contemplation of the musical gifts of mankind. But the great man is no more. At the age of thirty-seven he contracted a chest cold which, on account of his overworked condition, rapidly developed into pneumonia. After a few days of lingering frailty, one of the most remarkable and lovable men of the modern world was laid to rest. He was buried with great funereal honors at Croydon, England.

Upon his tombstone a noble epitaph, written by the poet, Alfred Noyes, is inscribed. Assured of our love in his lifetime, let us now leave him "alone with his glory." In the words of Alfred Noyes:

"He lives while music lives."

THE LEDGER

COLORED GENIUSES.

COLLIER'S Weekly contained lately a lengthy and informing article by Mr. Julian Street, regarding the Negro Race. We clip this excerpt from a copy of the Peoria Star:

"Negroes were the composers of such songs of the past as 'Listen to the Mocking Bird,' and 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.' A Negro composer, Will Marion Cook, supplied tunes for many musical comedies on Broadway; so also have the late 'Bob' Cole, and his partner, J. Rosamond Johnson, who together wrote the well-remembered song 'Under the Bamboo Tree.' Cole and Johnson were long familiar as a team in vaudeville, and later as the heads of a Negro theatrical company. Williams and Walker were similarly known, and I would add the gratuitous opinion that the Negro actor, Bert Williams, who has for some years appeared with 'The Follies,' is one of the cleverest comedians, black or white, on the English-speaking stage. The most eminent of his race in the field of music, however, was undoubtedly Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, who was born in London, and who composed some really distinguished chamber music, cantatas and symphonies.

"Henry O. Tanner, the American negro painter of Biblical subjects, now residing in Paris, is probably as well known for his work as Coleridge-Taylor was for his. Meta Vaux Warrick (Mrs. Fuller) has had some recognition as a sculptor, and there are other Negroes now developing in both branches of art."

A CHORAL CENTER.

Washington, D. C., is keeping up her reputation as a musical mecca. In the Louisville News are announced the following future musical events:

"A chorus of 150 voices is to render S. Coleridge-Taylor's 'Hiawatha' early in the spring. The proceeds go toward a memorial in honor of the late Prof. John T. Layton. Dr. C. Sumner Wormley is promoting the movement. Miss Josephine Wormley, Prof. Layton's successor as director of music in the schools, will conduct the chorus.

"The Inter-State Old Folks' Home is inaugurating a campaign for $25,000. Dr. E. S. Gordon is the executive officer of this progressive institution. The home has thirty-two rooms and is located at 1512 Corcoran street, in an excellent residential section.

"Mme. E. Azalia Hackley is to be here after her Baltimore engagement to give a folk-song festival with unique features. The affair will be managed by the Federation of Colored Women's clubs, of which Miss Marie A. D. Madre is president."

NEW POEM BY NEGRO LAUREATE.

The lilting quality of many of Paul Dunbar's lyrics is pronounced, and largely on this account his poems have lent themselves admirably to musical settings. A newly discovered lyric gem by Dunbar, hitherto unprinted, has recently come to critical notice. To the Kansas City, Mo., Star we are indebted for the following:

"An unpublished poem by the late Paul Lawrence Dunbar, greatest poet of his race, has come to light in Kansas City. N. Clark Smith, supervisor of music in the Negro schools, received it as a personal gift in 1893 from Mr. Dunbar, who designed the lines for a musical setting. The first two stanzas were sent April 20. In the following June, Dunbar was on his deathbed in Chicago when he received the music for the song. Whereupon he wrote a third stanza, which he forwarded to the composer, written on a postal card with these words:

"'Your music, my dear sir, is very pretty. I add another stanza which I think is not so good as the others.'

"The poem complete follows:

"Good-Night.

"The lark is silent in his nest,
The breeze is sighing in its flight,

Sleep, Love, and peaceful be thy rest,
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

"Sweet dreams attend thee in thy sleep,
To soothe thy rest till morning's light,
And angels round thee vigil keep,
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night.

"Sleep well, my love, on Night's dark breast,
While speed the hours in somber flight,
Lie thou in silent slumber blest,
Good-night, my love, good-night, good-night."

A TRIBUTE TO GREAT MUSIC WRITER.

The Negro composer is being seriously considered by the best critics of modern music. J. Rosamond Johnson, one of the most peculiarly characteristic of Negro composers, comes in for this consideration which we present from a reprint in the Baltimore American:

"Boston, Mass., February 21.—In a lengthy article in the Boston Transcript recently, the musical career of J. Rosamond Johnson, member of the former famous team of Cole and Johnson and present director of the Musical Settlement for Colored People, New York City, is outlined.

"Mr. Johnson, who is a brother of James Weldon Johnson, was born in Jacksonville, Fla., in 1873. He has had a varied career in the musical world and has composed a number of pieces that have had a popular vogue. He is recognized as an interpreter of what is known as Negro music, and will shortly bring out a volume on 'Folk Songs of the United States of America.'

"'Mr. Johnson,' says the Transcript, 'has made the music of his race his inspiration in all his work, ambitious or lowly. In all his popular songs the Negro element is rarely absent, and in some, like 'Under the Bamboo Tree,' the tunes are actually imitated from Negro 'spirituals.' More significant is the rhythmic feeling which is everywhere present.

"To Mr. Johnson rhythm is the most important, almost the sole mark that distinguishes one national music from another. He takes pleasure in playing any given theme in the typical rhythms of various lands, and making it sound like so many distinct compositions. And the Negro rhythm (of which ragtime is a genuine, but only a single development) is of course to him the most moving of all. His compositions, which are as yet only a promise of finer things to come, have but begun to suggest the varieties of emotional expression of which the Negro is capable. No other race can feel the Negro rhythm so sensitively as the Negro. It is Negro composers who can best plumb its possibilities.'"

The country is gradually recognizing that the American Negro has made a distinct contribution to music. The latest advocates are the South Bend, Indiana, Times and the Osseo, Wisconsin, News, which ran the following editorial:

"NEGRO MELODIES.

"The Atlanta Constitution is indignant at the attempt made by New York music teachers to reform the dialect of the Negro melodies in the school books. It has been urged that in learning songs, as in other branches of instruction, the children should be taught 'pure English, not a dialect.' To this the Constitution replies:

"'True, our southern melodies may not be grammatically perfect as to English—but they know no north, no south, no east, no west in their popularity. They are sung by the girls and boys in the schoolhouse out in Oregon, sung round the camp-fire in the heart of the Rockies, by the timber folk of New England, by prima donnas in the metropolis—and everywhere enjoyed with the same true, downright American spirit.

"'"Go to Sleep, My Little Pickanniny," has lulled as many little babes in the Great Lakes states into the Land of Nod, comparatively, as in the cotton belt. It is known and sung and loved everywhere on the continent. Some consider "Yankee Doodle"—because of the wording of it—sectional; "Dixie" is universal. Yet those precise New York teacher-folk propose, in "Dixie," the change the words "de" and "neber" to "the" and 'never!"

"'"Good English? Who ever claimed those good old southern songs—or any of the old favorites, for that matter—are pure English? Of course they're not. They wouldn't be characteristic, they wouldn't be half so sweet, half so popular, if they were." Burns' songs are not "Good English," and yet we love them, "not for

their rhetoric, but for their sentiment, their melody and themselves.'"

"The Atlanta paper is everlastingly right about it. We might as well admit that the only really native music we have that amounts to anything is 'Negro music.' The fact that Negroes have written little of it makes no difference. It is due none the less to the American Negro. This wonderfully musical race has furnished the one type of music which Americans all love, and which is thus far our only distinctive musical gift to the world. It is absurd to iron out the dialect, starch the grammar and rhetoric and make over our lovely old darkey songs into prim 'literature' that will please nobody but bloodless pedagogues."

SIDNEY WOODWARD GIVES RECITAL.

Sidney Woodward, the well known tenor, was heard recently in New York City, where he presented a very pleasing repertoire of variety and charm. From the Richmond Planet we take this account:

"Sidney Woodward, who resigned his position as director of music at Atlanta University, to become a member of the faculty of the Musical School Settlement for Colored People in this city, gave a song recital at the school last Wednesday evening. He was supported by Miss Stella Hawkins, at the piano, and Andrew Strickland, a young reader, a former student of Atlanta University. The audience, while not large, was an appreciative one, and gave Mr. Woodward a good warm reception.

"He appeared in a repertoire of classical, sentimental and folk songs, all well suited to his voice, and which showed a versatility and a fine musical education. He was in fine voice and brings to his work a fine understanding which places him among the great artists of America. His recital furnished a fine demonstration of vocal training, and won new laurels for the noted singer. He was especially effective in his folk songs, and brings to those songs a freshness and understanding that is delightful. His program was made up of several selections from Negro composers, like Harry T. Burleigh, J. Rosamond Johnson, and Coleridge-Taylor. He opened with a group of songs, entitled, 'Three Green Bonnets,' 'The Spring, My Dear,' from Burleigh, and 'When Love is Kind.' Among the selections he gave from Mr. Johnson, 'I Told My Love to the Roses,' and his new arrangement of 'Nobody Knows the Trouble I See.' His presentation of 'Deep River' was very effectively done. His rendition in Italian of La Donna E' Mobile showed a splendid interpretation of that classical selection, and was rendered in a manner that would have done justice to any Grand Opera program. Mr. Woodward has long been before the country as one of the musical personalities of the race, and there are few singers who retain such a remarkable freshness of voice and vigor as he.

"His voice has been well cultivated, which makes it possible for him to continue to be attractive and interesting to his audiences. While director of music at Atlanta University, he served as chorister at Big Bethel A. M. E. church, where he did good work. He has sung at some of the most notable musical festivals of the country, and is favorably spoken of by the best known critics. Since coming here he has been active in musical endeavors."

(Concluded from Page 392)

the catchy airs interwoven. Mr. Whitney has wonderfully developed of late in his comedy work and like Bob Cole his is a brain-wit laugh, and not the labor of striving for humor. Homer Tutt has a good presence to offer and a splendid stature for the Walker "strut." Blanche Thompson, the sweet cultured singer, always charms the certain class who bask in the element of higher musical education and this is why, perhaps, that the company draws so heavily upon aristocracy on its annual visits. Of the bits of melodies which charmed, "You May Come Back Too Late" and "You Worries Me' introduced Whitney and his new soubret, Juanita Hicks. Alonzo Fenderson, the Boston tenor, was also introduced. The cast as a whole was especially strong this season, including Al F. Watts, Dave Liston, Lee Marshall, Sam Gray, Nathaniel Cash, O. D. Carter, Charles Williams, James Hicks, Helen Harper, Juanita Hicks, Carrie King, Helen Jackson, Billie Young, Sweetie May, Ora Dunlop, Virginia Wheeler, Estelle Cash and Julian Costello. Clarence C. Wilson is the leader of the orchestra. Trevor L. Corwell is manager of the company and H. B. Collins is business manager.

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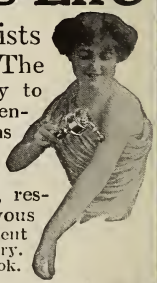

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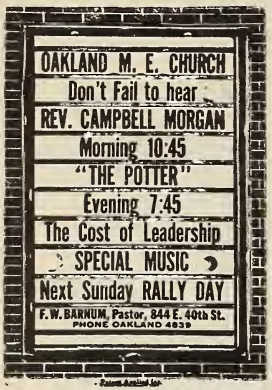

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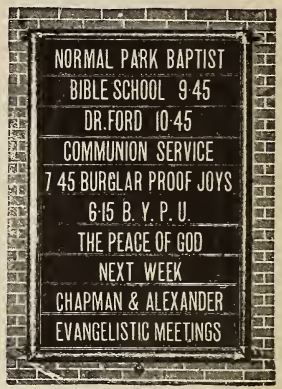

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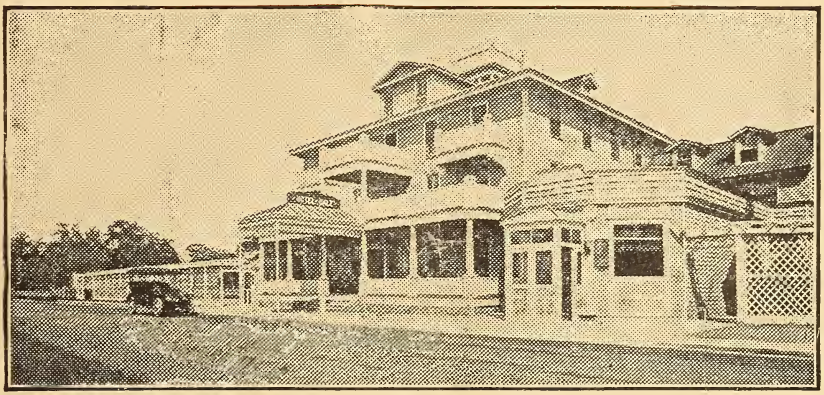

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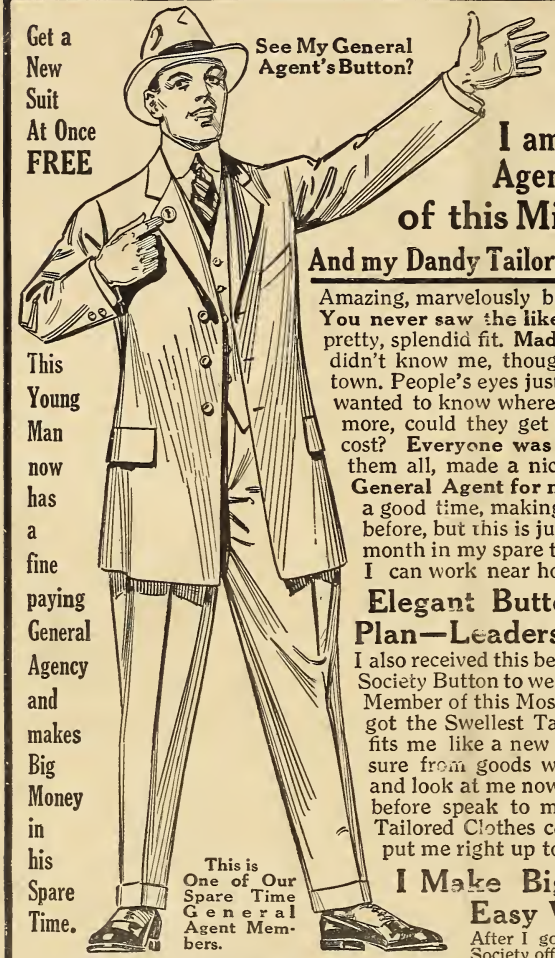

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